N-S EDITION

PICTORIAL REVIEW

IN THIS ISSUE

KATHLEEN NORRIS'S Great New Novel "The Love of Lucretia Lombard"

How Western club-women get things done — Ida Clyde Clarke tells how "noiseless" methods win

Hanging around the political garage — Dorothy Canfield Fisher shows how women can learn politics by using their eyes

What! Motion-pictures in the Sunday-schools? — The new way to make the kiddies love to attend

NOVEMBER 1921

Painting by HASKELL COFFIN

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

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NOVEMBER, 1921

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In the October issue we featured a few magazine clubbing offers at reduced prices. The result simply overwhelmed us. Thousands and thousands of old subscribers took advantage of these offers to renew their subscriptions and save money.

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MOTION-PICTURES *in the* SUNDAY-SCHOOL

BY PERCY WAXMAN

Why Not Teach Our Children by Eyes as Well as by Ears?

CARTOON BY RAY ROHN

DID there ever exist a boy or girl who really liked going to Sunday-school, who skipped off shining with anticipation every Sabbath morn, not merely put in an appearance in dumb obedience to a parental decree? If you have known many such children your experience is decidedly exceptional, for most children go to Sunday-school because they have to, and the only ones ever known to go of their own free will did so just in time to be entitled to attend the annual picnic. This is not some new wayward habit of the ultramodern child. It has always been so. From the moment the first church school opened until today there has never been any indecent haste among children to attend it. For further evidence look back upon your own Sunday-school days.

Were they very joyous, or thrilling, or interesting? Didn't the fact that your attendance was a compulsory matter adequately explain your attitude toward it? And even when you went, was your attention completely absorbed throughout the entire session? Or did it wander just as your child's attention wanders to-day? Did the recital of the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes inspire you with religious fervor? Or were you, even you, sometimes thinking of mundane matters? Come, let us be frank! Isn't it true that, generally speaking, the Sunday-school is, in the eyes of children, a somewhat boresome affair with which their adult guardians for some queer unexplained reasons insist on inflicting them? The average child instinctively resents the odor of sanctity connected with the Sunday-school and looks upon it with mistrust as a "goody-goody" institution. In fact among normal, healthy children a "good Sunday-school scholar" is apt not to be very popular; even the term itself is one of opprobrium with them. When you consider the enormous amount of fascinating and dramatic material in the Bible, it seems, at first sight, peculiar that children do not enjoy religious instruction. Perhaps one reason why they do not enjoy it is on account of the way it is imparted.

Pedagogical experts tell us that teaching children is one of the most difficult of all undertakings, and if this is true with regard to secular education how much more difficult must the task be when it comes to implanting religious and moral seeds in the juvenile mind. Considering that usually untrained men and women, without professional experience and without pay, do all the teaching in our Sunday-schools, the wonder is not that they have done so little, but that they have accomplished so much.

To-day with the introduction of visual instruction a new era has dawned for all kinds of educational work, and the results already achieved in Sunday-schools that use motion-pictures are a happy augury for the future.

The Value of Visual Instruction

EVEN the most conservative clergymen, who would not sanction the introduction of films into the church itself, have enthusiastically indorsed their use in the Sunday-school. Educators everywhere have been quick to see the advantages of teaching children history, geography, and other lessons with the aid of pictures, and their use in Sunday-schools is the direct outcome of their use in secular circles. Pedagogical students have long been aware that ninety per cent. of all education comes through the medium of the eye, and this is why they were quick to embrace the marvelous opportunity motion-pictures offered them in their work. The value of mental pictures is so universally accepted that it needs no stressing here. Many an infant who has been unable to master the metaphysical problem of two and two making four has instantly seen the light when told the same story in terms of apples. A child's interest is aroused by something that he can visualize.

If this is true of a lesson in arithmetic, how much more true of lessons in ethics and morals. There is an old proverb which says, "Example is better than precept," and the mind of a child is much more open to good example than it is to a recital in words about right conduct. A boy or girl who sees how others behave is much more likely to be impressed by it than if *told* how to behave. What a child can see, he knows. What he merely hears may not take root in his consciousness.

A returned missionary from West Africa recently said: "Children in Africa are extremely fond of pictures. They sit patiently and absorb every view. One little fellow expressed it very clearly when he said, 'We like to hear the Bible stories, but it just seems as if the words come in this door' (*pointing to his ear*) 'and out the other into the bushes and get lost. But that which comes in these doors' (*pointing to his eyes*) 'stays inside because there are no doors' (*pointing to the back of his head*) 'for the pictures to get out.'"

Until recently both religious and secular instruction has been directed almost exclusively to the ear, altho we have had for a long time a shining example of the value of ocular demonstration in our schoolroom in the shape of a blackboard.

The teacher working at the blackboard instantly receives attention, and this fact has long been known and utilized by instructors.

Frederica Beard, an authority on Sunday-school work, says: "Facts are made clear by means of pictures, while others are valued for their silent influence that is unconsciously absorbed. In all schools of religion, pictures are needed for interpreting truth. Pictures will not only clarify and impress, but will also suggest and thus often tell more than words." Miss Beard was talking about pictures in frames to hang on a wall, and if what she says is true of immobile paintings and prints, and no doubt it is, how much more true is what she says of pictures that move.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, the famous novelist, also says: "As a vehicle for sermons on moral and religious teachings, motion-pictures can, I believe, be made to reach thousands who are not brought within the sound of a preacher's voice."

Teaching the Bible with Films

TO TEACH the Bible stories to a child by the use of pictures is to impress them indelibly upon his mind, for while instructing him you are also providing him with the most interesting form of entertainment. Properly told there are no stories more fascinating than those of the lives of Biblical heroes and heroines. Can you imagine the effect upon a boy of the story of David and Goliath if he saw it acted in pictures? Can you imagine the effect upon a girl of the story of Ruth and Boaz? They would never forget these stories if they were told in terms of action, and how easy then would it be for the teacher to draw inferences from these stories that would affect the conduct of her scholars!

Think what it would mean to children to see the most dramatic incidents that humanity has ever known, thrown on the screen in front of them! Would interest in this kind of teaching ever flag?

Prominent educators have come to the conclusion that a great deal of a child's unwillingness to attend school is based on the fact that his lessons are not made interesting. If this is an accurate estimate, the use of motion-pictures would seem to go a long way toward solving that problem.

Another important thing that the use of pictures makes possible is the standardization of religious instruction. Untrained, voluntary Sunday-school teachers have always presented a problem to church authorities.

Teaching from pictures makes the interpretation of lessons uniform, and the entertainment from pictures insures regular attendance and constant interest on the part of the pupils.

An original plan for the Sunday-school has been worked out by the Rev. L. M. Hainer of North Baptist Church, Jersey City, N. J. On the day the lesson is to be on Samuel, Mr. Hainer arranges to display a one-reel picture in the Sunday-school called "The Call of Samuel." Previously he has prepared the lesson on this subject and delivers mimeographed copies to the teachers. In this way a standardized lesson is possible. Mr. Hainer says: "We feel that inasmuch as it is an acknowledged fact that impressions through the eye are much more lasting than those through the ear, we can do much better work by using films than with the old method. Of course this has many disadvantages. It means much work in preparation of lesson helps, and also much work in securing films. However, we still feel that it is worth while. So far as I know, we are the only church using the films in just this way, that is, with the lesson prepared and taught on the film's subject. While this is an experiment, we feel that our 'laboratory work' in this school ought to be of some value." This plan is obviously not one that can be blindly copied by all church schools, and is included here as a suggestion for those who care to adapt it to their own use.

Another Sunday-school that has found the use of films highly successful is that of the Park Congregational Church of Norwich, Conn. According to Mr. Weston C. Pullen, the superintendent, motion-pictures were first started there in July, 1920, and they have been in use since then with marked success. For the first time in the history of the school, sessions were held without church services during the months of July and August, and the attendance during the two hottest months in the year was above the average of the regular session. During these two months the program consisted of two reels, one either religious or educational and the other purely scenic. Following the showing of the two reels, a ten-minute talk was given in which the speaker would draw some practical lessons from the pictures.

Attendance and collections in the school as a result of the pictures have been from twenty to thirty per cent. higher than formerly. Not only is the attendance better, but the children eagerly await the arrival of Sunday to see what religious stories are to be told in the pictures.

The Congregational Church of Osage, Ia., is another church which installed community motion-pictures in the Sunday-school. Before the introduction of films the workers were much distressed by pupils coming late. In order to improve this a free ticket to the Friday night entertainment was given to each scholar arriving on time. This resulted in a marked improvement. Scarcely ever is a child late. It also increased the attendance at the Sunday-school, and to-day pictures are firmly established as a permanent feature of the work.

Another Sunday-school reported an increase of one hundred per cent. since the introduction of pictures, both in attendance and in enrolments. Forty per cent. of this increase was directly traceable to the use of pictures.

Films to Use

PICTURES dealing with prominent figures from the Bible and incidents drawn from the lives of the ancient prophets, heroines, disciples, and others are eminently suitable for this class of work. Pictures dealing with mission work might also be exhibited in Sunday-schools; pictures of life in the Holy Land, films depicting the wonders of nature, awe-inspiring scenes, or those giving information on historical, patriotic, and national events have their place in the

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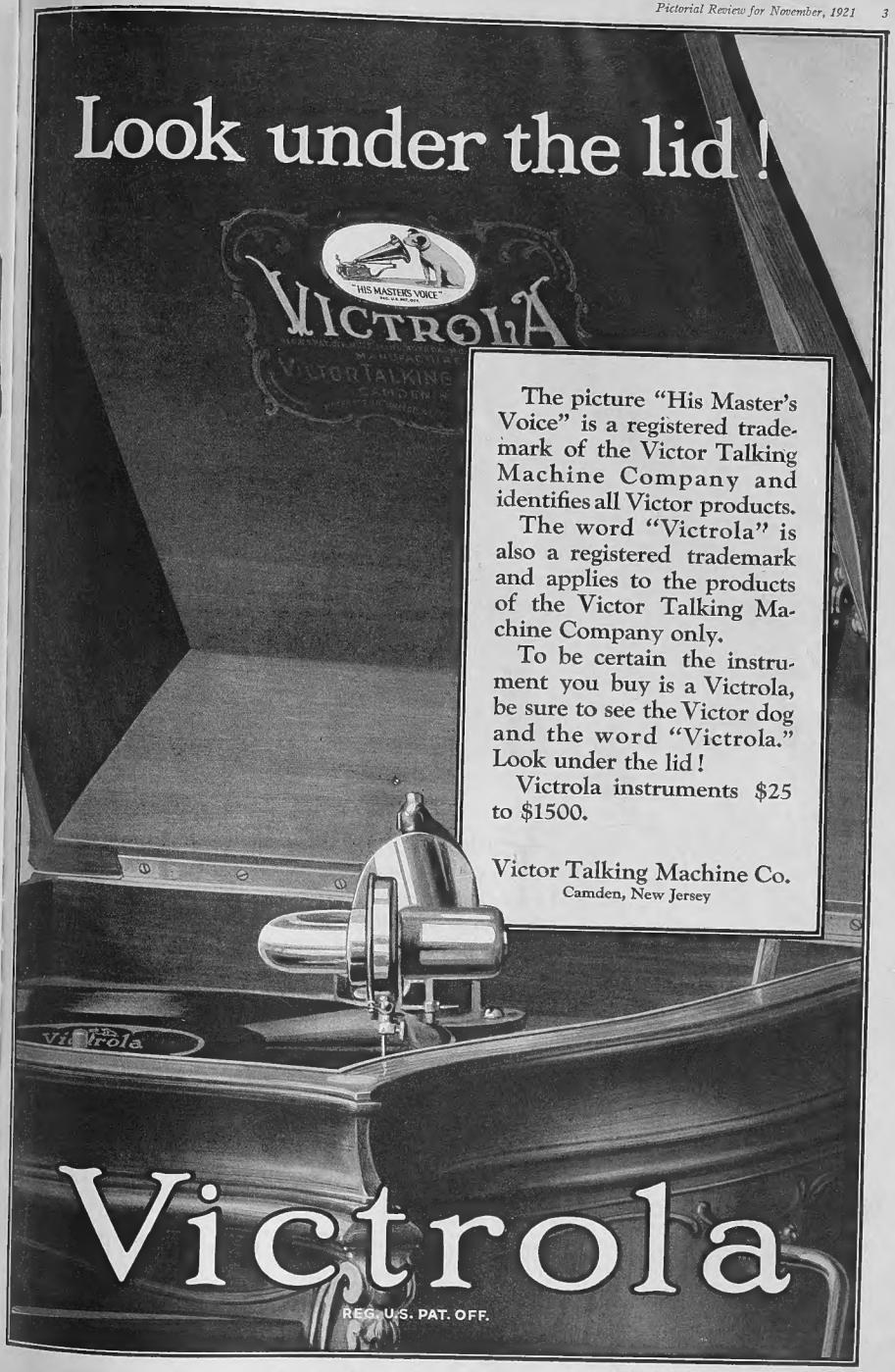
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"'I AM AFRAID—IN FACT I KNOW, THAT I HAVE GIVEN MY HUSBAND THREE MORPHIN POWDERS SINCE TWO O'CLOCK'"

THE LOVE *of* LUCRETIA LOMBARD

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COMPLETE IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART ONE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I

IN THE long drawing-room of the stately home of Judge Samuel Curran and Bessy Emerson Curran, his wife, there reigned an utter, almost an uncanny silence. Yet there were six persons seated there, any one of whom, under ordinary circumstances, might have been considered equal to the carrying on of a more or less brilliant conversation single-handed.

The room was large, softly and beautifully lighted, delightfully warm on this cold Winter night. A fire of great logs had fallen to pink embers in the big fireplace; dim lamps here and there picked out a detail of the handsome rugs, the orderly ranged backs of leather books, the great piano holding an immense brass jar of chrysanthemums, the subdued richness of hangings and walls. Wide spaces were broken by polished mahogany surfaces bearing potted ferns; above the mantel were the large oil-portraits of the handsome old white-haired Judge and his plump, comfortable, bejewelled wife.

Outside in the darkness a rain-storm was howling over Sanbridge, a prosperous little city placed somewhere between Boston, the beauty, and peace that the jurist intellectual ideals from the one as surely as it drew its amusements from the other. But inside were the luxury, had known for all their thirty-odd years and his wife together, the usual half past ten o'clock tray Emma and Bobby, the chauffeur, were gossiping as they prepared of coffee and sandwiches. Up-stairs, turning down the beds in the big, warm, orderly bedrooms, Nancy and Lizzie were deep in talk. But in the drawing-room there was silence.

Presently it was broken by a girl's voice.

"Don't push it, Fred!"

"I'm not pushing," a young man's breezy, ready tones answered cheerfully, almost as if he were pleased to speak. "I give you my word as a gentleman of the old school that——"

"Oh, hush, Fred!" an older voice, chiding and maternal, said impatiently. And again stillness spread itself over the long room, and the slishing attack of gusts of wind and rain against the windows and the comfortable crackling of a fallen ember of wood made themselves pleasantly heard.

"It's moving—" said an extraordinarily rich and poignant voice, suddenly. The words lingered on the air like the notes of a bell. And after an interval several voices said together "S—s—sh—sh!"

Of the six persons seated about the round bare table—empty except for the little heart-shaped planchette-board in the center and the three or four hands that were laid upon the planchette—two were the kindly originals of the portraits over the mantel. Judge Samuel Curran was well past sixty, his wife a few years younger. Both were inclined to grow heavy, but while the Judge wore his extra weight becomingly, seeming to increase in smile and twinkle as he increased in girth, his wife, like all the women of her type and generation, had been pommeled, corseted, massaged into shapeliness; her pretty middle-aged face showed the hours of care it cost her; her gray hair was elaborately and carefully dressed. All the girls of Sanbridge loved "Aunt Bessy," and told her that she was prettier than any one of them, and she believed them, was grateful and struggled on courageously, never enjoying a meal, and rarely free from actual hunger between meals.

Next to her to-night, with her dark, gipsy face glowing with excitement and absorption, was the dearest thing in the life of these elderly persons, their ward, the daughter of the closest friends they had ever had, the legacy that had supplied them with responsibility and delight for almost twenty years. This was Mary Yolande Warren, nicknamed "Mimi" in the days of her endearing and orphaned babyhood and Mimi still to those who loved her.

She was not quite pretty, but there was every evidence of charm, good sense, and humor in the young face: she was astonishingly vivacious, and brimming with healthy mischief and energy. Her eyes were black, under a silky cloud of black hair; her cheeks crimson; her mouth, her joyous laugh, never long silent. Her gown was one of the odd Oriental robes she often wore in the house; there were big pearls in her ears, and these and a bizarre chain of Chinese beads hanging about her slender throat gave her to-night, at this occult enterprise, the air of a youthful seer.

MIMI was an unmitigated satisfaction to her guardians, just naughty enough as a child, just unconventional enough as a young woman, to add spice to everything with which she came in contact. She was adored still by the girl friends who had shared school and college days with her, she was just good enough at golf and tennis and riding and boating and dancing to be always distinguished without ever being conspicuous. Her wealth, the Warren money, and the Warren interests, had not spoiled Mimi. Upon reaching the age of twenty-one more than a year ago, she had most sensibly and charmingly pleaded to be allowed to remain with the Currans; and here she was, the adored daughter of the house, with the two nephews who

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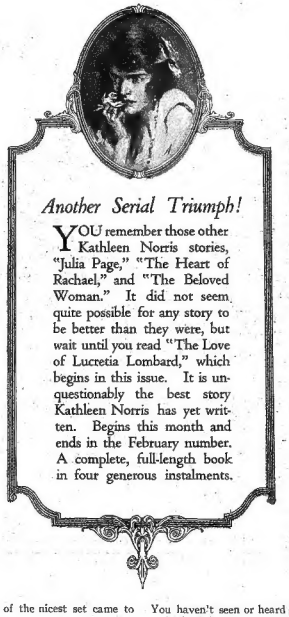
were more like sons here, to serve her in the place of big brothers.

Next to Mimi sat the younger of these nephews, Fred Winship, handsome, largely built, fair-skinned and fair-haired, and just now with his customary look of amusement and interest slightly touched with incredulity and something a little like ashamed self-consciousness. Fred had always been affectionate, always endearing and delightful and droll, but he had been as much a care as Mimi had been a delight, and traced about the handsome mouth were faint signs of looseness and weakness, and etched about the confident eyes were microscopic lines. There was something not quite hard, not quite sneering, lying like a cloud across his beauty even now, when the nearness of Mimi Warren was, as always, bringing out in him what was finest and best.

The fifth person at the table was Mrs. Curran's girlhood friend and lifelong neighbor, Mrs. Cyrus Porter, who, with Mrs. Curran, was the dictator in social and philanthropic matters in Sanbridge, something vain, something of a snob in manner, but underneath the surface only a simple, good-hearted, small-town woman, interested alike in friends and foes, and anxious only not to get thin to the worrying-point, and go into a decline like poor Ma and Mabel.

Last in the circle, and with one of her beautiful bare hands laid upon the toy, was a woman who was almost a stranger to this group and to the city, whose introduction into their midst to-night was the result of a little social mischance, but whose frank and simple interest in what they were doing had already gained the graces of them all.

Sanbridge, like all similarly situated cities, frequently drew strange residents from the greater cities, and to Sanbridge, it had become gradually known, during the past few months, had moved from England, via the Argentine and New York, a certain Allen Lombard—rumor even hinted at "Sir" before his name—and his wife. Doctor Gedney knew them, was actually treating the man, who was an invalid. A quiet, soberly clad "Mrs. Lombard" had appeared at the Red Cross rooms during the last months of the War, and Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Curran, and sometimes on Thursday afternoons, when the young girls of the nicest set came to sew, Mimi had talked to her there.



Another Serial Triumph!

YOU remember those other Kathleen Norris stories, "Julia Page," "The Heart of Rachael," and "The Beloved Woman." It did not seem quite possible for any story to be better than they were, but wait until you read "The Love of Lucretia Lombard," which begins in this issue. It is unquestionably the best story Kathleen Norris has yet written. Begins this month and ends in the February number. A complete, full-length book in four generous instalments.

TO-NIGHT, by appointment, Mrs. Lombard had called to discuss committee work with Mrs. Porter, as president of the Red Cross. And, with the storm keeping every one else away, Mrs. Porter had suggested their going in next door to see Mrs. Curran, who was one of the vice-presidents. And finally coming in to this warm, delightful drawing-room, they had found Mimi and the Currans and Fred, seated about a small round table, and between amusement and incredulity and scorn over their first experiment with the occult.

Every one had gotten up; the visitor had been introduced to the old Judge; all the others knew her, even Fred, who surprized them with the pleasure and friendliness of his greeting. He had been at her house, had played cribbage with her husband, it appeared, and she had a cordial, almost affectionate smile for the handsome, big, eager boy.

After a moment or two of laughing awkwardness over their occupation, the experiment with planchette had been resumed. Mrs. Lombard admitted an interest in it, but, like themselves, she was half amused and half ashamed in saying so.

Another log had been thrown on the fire, lights were again dimmed, and the circle formed about the table. The matter had assumed a new dignity with the entrance of this unknown and interesting Mrs. Lombard.

She was a tall, beautifully made woman, whose face and voice and manner instantly proclaimed the gentlewoman. She laid aside her umbrella and her plain, old-fashioned cloak, and quite simply took her place among them about the table. The close-feathered hat that came down almost to her eyebrows kept them from seeing her face fairly, but it was a charming, even a lovely face; skin, eyes, and the glimpse of hair, all of warm, clear brown; cheeks almost colorless, and the fine, wide mouth that showed her dazzling teeth supplying a note of crimson. Above her wedding-ring, as the older women instantly noted, a magnificent diamond shone. She put only her right hand on the board, and as the séance proceeded had little to say. She knew nothing of spirit-writing, she had confessed, had never seen it tried before.

It was Mrs. Lombard who had said that the board was moving, and almost immediately she removed her hand, an odd look in her eyes.

"Now, you *were* pushing it," she said to Fred Winship. He laughed delightedly.

"I give you my word I wasn't!"

"Take your hands *off*, Fred," Mimi commanded, breathing hard, her eyes almost frightened.

Fred obediently removed his hands, his aunt immediately doing the same with her own soft, fat fingers.

"It's—creepy!" she whispered.

"It's moving!" said Mrs. Lombard's extraordinary voice again.

The pencil was making rapid twirls and circles, Mimi's slender figure and gipsy head swaying with its quick motion.

All the others, except Mrs. Lombard, were merely absorbed watchers now.

"Well, that's extraordinary!" said the Judge. "It's actually trying to write. Does it say anything? Read it, Mimi!"

"It's repeating and repeating!" Mimi said. She pushed the board aside—and looked at the penciled sheet. "'No end and no beginning—no end—' It's unmistakable!"

"And see, up here, '—and no beginning!'" finished Mrs. Curran eagerly.

"And here's the same thing again," Mrs. Porter said. Mimi, awed and enthralled, looked boldly into space.

"Who are you?" she said clearly and unashamedly. "No end and no beginning to *what?*"

"Say, you've got to ask one thing at a time, Mimi," Fred warned her. "These spooks——"

"Oh, shut up, Fred!" Mimi said wearily. "Who are you? Oh, look, it's jerking my arm off!" she gasped.

There were more rapid scrolls; they saw the letters "Gr—grn—grd—grace—grace—grace——"

"*Grace!*" said all the women, exchanging questioning glances.

"Grace who?" puzzled Mrs. Porter. "We had a cook named Grace, but she was colored. Still——"

"There's Grace Leonard—but she isn't dead!" Mrs. Curran pondered. "Grace—wasn't that little Middleton girl that you used to go to dancing-school with named Grace, Mimi? That family that moved to Minneapolis?"

"But she's not dead, Aunt Bessy!"

"Why, she might be, dear. You haven't seen or heard anything of her for years——"

"I don't know any Grace," Mrs. Lombard said thoughtfully. "We might ask for the last name."

"She's been an actress, with that voice!" Mrs. Curran thought.

It was agreed to ask planchette for the second name. There was a flurry of scrolling. Mrs. Lombard took her hand from the board.

"I think you are the really occult one, Miss Warren," she explained.

"Right. Mary understands," planchette confirmed.

"Mary?" questioned Mrs. Lombard, glancing up.

"My name is Mary!" Mimi explained, in a quick aside. "It's writing something——!"

"April second," the pencil scrolled quickly and evenly. "Now, that is what is so dark—you must not—terrible——"

"I declare, I don't like it!" said Mrs. Curran, a little pale. "It's just foolishness, Aunt Bessy," Fred said, lighting a cigaret. "It's Mimi's subliminal consciousness—that's all."

"Who *are* you?" Mimi demanded again. The pencil jerked so rapidly that the pretty sunburned hands were twisted to and fro wildly. "I can't tell what it's writing!" she whispered, half laughing.

"Bohn—Bohn—Bohn," planchette wrote. "It is in Bohn."

"What is your name?" insisted Mrs. Lombard's bell-like voice.

"Grace Field," was rapidly written. This was scratched out. "Della Field, Grace and Della—this is not Della," scribbled planchette. "Grace—Grace—Grace."

"ARE you somebody named Grace who wants to talk to us?" Mimi asked. "I know the pencil is going to write 'yes'!" she added in distress, as it made a graceful sweep and began the first letter of the word. "Oh, I *hope* I'm not cheating!"

"Money got by cheating don't do nobody no good, little girl," Fred interpolated morally.

"Does any one here know you, Grace?" Mrs. Porter said, with a little nervous titter.

"No. Nobody—nobody," wrote the pencil promptly. Mrs. Curran sat back, a little discouraged.

"When there are—so many—over there whom we know!" she offered dubiously.

"In the arbor," resumed the pencil. "In the arbor—but George had to go back!"

This was repeated several times, and Mimi looked about the group doubtfully.

"I'm afraid it's writing rubbish," she admitted. "Just what's in my head!"

"I wouldn't say that that was in your head, dear," Fred said kindly. "You are young! Read good books, cultivate intelligent friends——"

"Oh, shut up!" Mimi whispered, entirely without animosity, and without removing her eyes from the board.

"It was my fault," wrote planchette. "It will be all happiness! But you must not—Steve must not—tell Steve he must not——"

"*Steve!*" gasped several voices. "Does it say 'Steve'?"

"Stephen is my other nephew," Mrs. Curran said to Mrs. Lombard.

THE agitated scrolls and twists died away into mere scalloping and looping, sometimes facing one way, sometimes another.

"Steve must not—" began the pencil once more.

"Must not what?" demanded Mimi.

"This generation must not ask for a sign," suggested the Judge.

"I know, Sam! That's exactly what I feel!" his wife added, nervously.

"There is fire," wrote planchette. "But after the fire you will be happy."

"Who will?" the girl asked.

"Burchisons. Go by Burchisons," the pencil scribbled rapidly. "You must go by Burchisons!"

"There *is* an old road, somewhere up near Red Pine," Mimi exclaimed, struck. "I've heard the name 'Burchisons Road'! Isn't that funny?"

"You may have remembered it without meaning to, Mimi," said Mrs. Porter.

"Happiness for every one, no more trouble!" wrote planchette.

"Happiness for who?" demanded Fred.

"For—" the pencil began. "It's going to write 'for Mimi,'" Mimi herself said, smiling. "Well, I'm going to be happy, anyway!"

"Let me run it five seconds, and I'll bet you I'm going to be happy, too," Fred offered.

Mimi, ignoring him, asked the old question,

"Who is this, writing?"

"Grace," was instantly written. "Grace F—Field. April second."

"Grace Field!" Mrs. Curran exclaimed. "That name sounds familiar! Don't we know any Grace Field?—no, we don't!" she finished, subsiding, after some thought.

"And have you a message, Grace?" Mimi asked patiently

"Be friends. But L. must go back," was written with feverish swiftness, in a gradually diminishing script. "It's too bad—it's too bad—it is too bad——"

When this had been repeated a score of times, Mimi paused.

"Is this Grace?"

"Yes. This is not Della. Della—this is hard. This is very hard. Della and Grace. April second. April second."

"What do you want?"

"To give back—to have him understand—to give him—bohn—bohn—bohn——"

"It *is* the colored cook!" Fred said, pleased. "Sure's you're bohn!"

"Oh, Fred, you ruin everything with your idiocies!" Mimi broke out angrily, pushing the planchette away, and rising, excited and nervous, from the table. "Nobody can do anything while you're here! And I think we were just going to *get* something, Aunt Bessy!"

The Judge had touched a switch; pleasant light flooded the room. Lizzie, who had her own religious convictions, and considered this sort of thing as nothing less than sinful, came in with the heavy silver tray.

"Yes, we'll have some coffee!" Mrs. Curran said relievedly. "Put that thing away, Mimi. It makes me nervous, and I don't like it!"

"No, but you *do* think there's something queer about it!" the girl said eagerly.

"Well, there is—when it jerks about under your fingers that way!" the elderly woman conceded.

Mrs. Lombard sat thoughtful in her big chair.

"L. might be me," she said, smiling. "My name begins with L. But isn't it supposed to be some one who is dead? Sir Allen has a daughter Louise, but she isn't dead. She's living in England, with her husband!"

The women all heard it, altho nobody gave a sign of doing so. It *was* Sir Allen then!

"We had a garbage-man named Leonardo," Fred supplied brightly. "He and his wife and two children died from ptomaine poison after a family wedding—it was in the paper. Oh, say, aren't you going to have some coffee?" he interrupted anxiously as Mrs. Lombard rose. Her wistful eyes lingered on the fireside chairs, but she shook her head.

"Mr. Lombard will be anxious about me," she said, deliberately correcting the former slip. "He is not well, you know——"

"But just a cup of coffee?" pleaded Mrs. Curran, everything else forgotten in hospitable solicitude.

"I'm sorry. But truly—it's after ten now. And we keep very early hours. The rain seems to have stopped."

"I'll send you, of course," said the Judge. "Lizzie, will you ask Bobby——"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lombard, without protest. "Will you come and play cribbage with Mr. Lombard one of these evenings, Fred?" she said, buttoning her coat; "and will you bring your occult little cousin to have tea with me some time?"

"Once and for all, she's not my cousin!" said Fred, with his wild laugh.

"Indeed, I'd love to come to tea," Mimi said, still holding the visitor's hand, "and let's set the day now. Thursday?"

"Thursday." Mrs. Lombard was pleased. "Fred knows where my funny little house is."

"In Kingsgren Square, Aunt Bessy," Fred said. "Right opposite the old Curran home! There's a second-hand book-store in the house now."

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"Kingsgreen Square—shucks, you don't say so!" beamed the Judge. "Bessy and I were children down there! I haven't been in that part of town for years and years!"

"You have to cross a horrid region to get there, but it is quiet and near the library," Mrs. Lombard explained. "We are in the old rectory of the church, there——"

"St. Thomas's, where we were married!" Mrs. Curran supplied. "Think of that, Ella," she said to Mrs. Porter. "I am coming down there some day to see you," she added, with something less than cordiality and certainty in her voice.

"Do," Mrs. Lombard answered, with just enough civility.

"You know I was going to take my brother down there to talk Buenos Aires with Mr. Lombard," Fred said, "If I can, I'll get hold of him on Thursday, hey, Mimi?"

"We can try," conceded Mimi, wondering how much her face showed what her heart experienced whenever Stephen was mentioned.

"MY NEPHEW Stephen, Fred's older brother, is our District Attorney," the Judge said, with a paternal pride. He rocked Mimi with an embracing arm as she stood leaning against him. "He and I shared the responsibility of this young lady after her father's death," he said fondly.

"That must have been a dreadful strain! But I knew Fred was very proud of his brilliant brother," Mrs. Lombard said, pleasantly and easily, smiling her farewells. "No, Fred—please don't bother!" they heard her say in the hallway. But Fred caught his hat and coat, and went out with her into the darkness.

"Now, I don't know whether you're cross with me for bringing her here or not, Bessy!" said Mrs. Porter, settling comfortably down before the fire for a gossip when they went back into the sitting-room. "It seemed the only thing to do. And we've not done one thing about the committee!"

"I think she is perfectly lovely!" said Mimi, on the arm of the Judge's chair.

"Charming, charming woman!" said the Judge, going happily to sleep.

"I think—yes, she's very nice," Mrs. Curran said. "I believe—would you, Ella? I think I'll call. Will you drive over there some day with me, Ella?"

"Did she say *Sir* Allen?" Mrs. Porter asked in a low voice.

They exchanged serious glances.

"She most certainly *did*," said Mimi.

"But Fred's friends are often so—so queer!" hesitated his aunt. "Titled people? —you really don't know a thing about 'em! And Kingsgreen Square——"

"Loveliest part of the city," droned the Judge from under his silk handkerchief.

"Yes, it is really—just that block or two, altho the neighborhood is awful. I'll tell you, Mimi, you can judge a lot better when you've been there to tea!" Mrs. Curran said in relief.

"There's Fred coming back," she added, hearing steps in the hall; "he can tell us about them!"

But it was her older nephew who came in, cold, storm-blown, and breathless to the fire. The women rearranged themselves with a welcoming exclamation of "Stephen!" and Mimi, in whose face all the roses of June had suddenly bloomed, brought a cup of coffee to his chair.

"Here, don't you wait on me, Mimi!" Stephen Winship said, with his own inimitable smile of affection and content brightening his face.

"Oh, Steve, you've missed such fun!" the girl said eagerly. "What do you think we were doing?—planchette! And Fred's friend, Mrs. Allen Lombard, was here—and she's lovely—and Steve, I'm occult—really I am! The pencil simply jerked and flew for me, didn't it, Aunt Bessy?"

Stephen watched her, smiling indulgently. It was good to get back from an ugly and lonely death-bed where testimony had been recorded from dying lips, through wild and bitter weather, to this comfortable fireside, this welcome, this pretty, fragrant girl with her dark and dancing eyes.

He was thirty; shorter than his brother, and not so handsome—not handsome at all by any ordinary standard. But there radiated from his fine gray eyes, and from his firm, well-set mouth, and from his ready, intelligent smile, something so warming, so winning, and so universally friendly, that it must be a hard heart that could pause to analyze his appeal. Stephen in his office, in his club, and among his friends was without a rival. His name was the first upon every list, whether it was for a dance, a municipal committee, an art contest, or a big charity concert. Dozens of girls had loved other men, and married other men, without ever dislodging Stephen Winship from a little special niche upon their altars, or ever feeling that Christmas was quite Christmas without a word from him. Dozens of young club-men

"THERE WAS NO BOOK IN THE WORLD THAT WOULD NOT SLOWLY RISE TO THE SURFACE HERE, IF ONE WAITED PATIENTLY ENOUGH!"

made other men their chums, without forgetting that whatever Steve Winship said and did was the supremely admirable and desirable thing. He worked hard, and went little into society; the one real passion of his life, as all the world knew, was his brother Fred. But he was welcome everywhere, and it was tacitly conceded that the woman he married would be the acknowledged leader of the Sanbridge socially elect.

And everything pointed to Mimi Warren as that woman. His uncle and aunt had hoped for it for twenty years; and Mimi had adored him with all the fervor of her earnest young heart almost since babyhood. Fred flirted with her; she played with Fred. But to Stephen she had long ago given all her soul had to give of utter devotion. In return she had only the shadowy consolation that at least he liked no other woman better than herself, and that she had no more loyal friend and champion in the world. With Judge Curran he had been joint guardian of her person and her property until her twenty-first birthday. He had always been devoted to her in a big-brotherly way.

And just lately—just during the past week or two—all life had become roseate and miraculous for Mimi with the hope that he cared differently—that he was beginning to care, as she did. Surely—surely he was developing a new fashion of being at home for dinner, surely he was taking more interest in his little grown-up ward's music, friends, employments, and amusements than he had formerly. Mimi's spirit, as it were, held its breath, waiting, watching, wondering.

"And did Mrs. Lombard introduce the planchette?" Stephen said to-night over his steaming cup. "Is she—that sort?"

"Gracious, no!" Mimi protested. "She said she never had tried it before!"

"Steve, do you think there's anything in it?" his aunt asked eagerly. "I don't believe it—not all of it—but how do you explain it? *Can* you explain it?"

"It's all nonsense," Mrs. Porter added, uncertainly. "Some of it is, anyway. But sometimes they do get remarkable things! It actually spelled out your name, Steve."

Stephen smiled in weary, contented indifference, looked comfortably about the big, beautiful room, stirred his cup, and gave Mimi one of his indulgent, affectionate glances that never failed to stir her.

"No, but Steve, what do you think of it?" she urged him.

"Why, I don't know a thing about it, or Mrs. Lombard," he answered. "Fred makes queer friends sometimes——"

"But Steve, we want you to go to tea with us at her house on Thursday," Mimi told him. "They've been in the Argentine, you know, and he knows all about it. And Fred told him you were interested in Buenos Aires—you will go, won't you, Steve?"

Stephen smiled at her in silence.

"I'll do anything you want me to do," he conceded, presently.

FRED came in shortly after Mrs. Porter had gone. The others questioned him, and he answered them enthusiastically. Wasn't she a peach? Sure, he knew the Lombards, had known them almost since they had moved to Sanbridge.

"Doctor Gedney knows them," said Fred; "met them on the steamer coming up from Barbados. He took me there to call one evening. The old boy—he's an awful crab; plays cribbage or something. He's and that sort of thing—paralytic Scotch—Sir Allen——"

"Really, Fred! And she's *Lady* Lombard?" Mimi exclaimed.

"Sure she is. But they don't use it. It's one of those Scotch titles; he isn't in the Peerage, you know. She told me they had dropped it, traveling. But they're fine people; honest they are, Steve. The British consul down in New

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York runs up to see them—spent last Saturday and Sunday there!"

"Mr. Davenport?" Mrs. Curran asked eagerly. "Then I'm going to call. I'll go there next week!"

"Keyser was telephoning all over the place for you this afternoon, Fred," his brother said, after a pause, with a half-quizzical smile. Fred looked uncomfortable.

"He telephoned here twice!" his aunt added, in mild accusal. Mimi looked distressed.

"My Lord, that old boy certainly is a slave-driver!" Fred observed, unimpressed. Keyser was the old confidential clerk in the law firm of Winship & Winship. Stephen said nothing further; he had dropped his elbows to his knees, and was looking thoughtfully into the replenished fire. "What happened," Fred added, a little uncomfortably, "was that Jerry Stover ran me out to the club, for lunch, and Hicks—that's the professional from the Singing Hill Club, was there, and he took a few of us over the course. My Lord, I never saw such golf! All Stover picked off me was forty bucks—that's all. That feller——"

"I met him—he was up there this morning when we were riding," Mimi contributed animatedly. "Isn't he ducky, Fred? Marjorie can imitate him—oh, I wish I could!"

Stephen glanced at his brother, glanced back at his own linked fingers, and was silent.

"Nothing doing at the office to-day, anyway, Steve!" Fred said, a trifle uneasily.

Mimi and Mrs. Curran looked unhappy; the Judge spoke unexpectedly from under his handkerchief.

"No way to run an office, Fred. Steve didn't take you into that firm to lose money!"

"Perhaps I'm not so darned anxious to stay in, if it comes to that!" Fred said bitterly.

"You had a chance at medicine," Stephen said mildly. "And you had a year in Billings's office——"

"But Steve, Mr. Billings himself said that architects are born and not made!" Mimi said eagerly. "Don't—don't be cross at Fred for doing just what Marjorie and I and Ted Rutger are doing all day long!"

She had gotten to her feet, and now Stephen rose too, and stood looking down at her earnest, concerned face.

"You're twenty-two, dear," he said, with unusual tenderness. "Fred's twenty-eight! You have a fortune, Mimi—" He smiled. "*If* I give it to you!" he warned her.

The group separated for the night; Fred and his brother went up to their big rooms on the third floor; the Judge and his wife lighted their old-fashioned, luxurious bedroom; lights were put out down-stairs; silence and sleep held the Curran mansion.

But for another half-hour—and another—a figure, wide-eyed and motionless, was curled in a moonlighted window in Mimi's room. And through the girl's whirling heart and brain the look Stephen had given her was fading and swelling, fading and swelling, as an undertone to the ecstasy of the rising, strengthening hope within her. The storm had died away; a strong, wild wind was blowing.

COLD, bright moonlight lay on the decorous garden, and on the tops of the plumy great trees, and on other gardens and trees, all down beautiful and prosperous Washington Street. The Porter garage, next door, was cut like a classic little house of stone in the sharp lights and shadows. Beside the rods of the iron fence its own clear shadow lay on the misty green of the grass.

This was Mimi's world; she had never known any other. She had always found it a safe and happy and loving world. But now it was something more.

"You're twenty-two, dear. You have a fortune, Mimi, if I give it to you!"

Nothing in the words, but there had been something new in Stephen's voice, even at that troubled and abstracted moment! Mimi remembered the smile; it was as if he had been glad to turn from Fred's inefficiencies to something real and true that she could give him.

She was twenty-two; she was alive and eager in every inch of the silk-clad form that was huddled here in the big woolly white wrapper. And her golden hour was close upon her.

Mrs. Lombard, after a good night to Fred, had opened the side door of the old rectory of St. Thomas's, in little Kingsgreen Square. The rain had stopped now, but ledges and roofs everywhere were still dripping in the gusty dark; a full moon was fighting behind streaming masses of cloud.

She went quickly up-stairs, a short, broad flight; for the rectory had not been designed for its present use, and its arrangement was unconventional.

The old church was closed now, and the basement of the rectory was stored with church-furniture and hymn-books. The two upper floors had been rented, as a somewhat oddly conceived apartment, to the man who was sitting, pillowed in an invalid's chair, in the one large room of the six, and to the returning woman, his wife.

The room in which he sat was long and low, facing the southwest, and lighted, just now, by a dying coal-fire and a green-shaded lamp. To the knowing eye it instantly announced itself an Englishman's room; there was that comfortable mixture of homeliness and richness, that independent, almost defiant use of the useful, the beautiful, and the wholly domestic, that belongs to no other race.

The chairs were many and beautiful, deep leather chairs, mahogany chairs with broad cane seats and spindle arms, and one inviting old, shabby chints-flounced basket-chair, with a tangle of knitting laid upon its broad arm-rest. The carpet was a fine old moquette, tacked from base-board to base-board in the old-fashioned way, and almost covered with splendid rugs; and at the three long, cloistral windows fringed rep curtains were looped back over fine transparent lengths of white net.

There was a square piano in the room, and several variegated bookcases, of carved mahogany, of white-enameled pine, and one, beside the invalid's chair, a revolving stand, of ugly yellow oak. There were tables, large and small, a student's green-shaded lamp, and a beautifully severe white, orange-shaded lamp of pottery; there were one or two large dim portraits in oil, framed etchings and water-colors. On the mantel a large cracker-jar of cloisonné, and a traveler's clock in shabby green leather, stood between wonderful old candlesticks of gay-flowered china; on the tables and bookcases were odd plates and jars, two or three beautiful china teacups, and a caddy. Two canaries were silent in a brass cage over which a silk handkerchief had been thrown.

Bowls full of flowers were everywhere, Winter roses in glass, sturdy pink gilly-flowers tumbling in a china jar, wild huckleberry spreading its polished small leaves over the Chinese mandarin coat on the piano, and even violets in the tiny silver vase that stood upon an old-fashioned high desk in an alcove that almost doubled the size of the room. And everywhere were the inevitable family photographs of the Englishman's sitting-room, wherever he may transplant it, dozens of them.

There was a family group on the mantel, long-maned girls in their awkward teens and full-cheeked boys in tennis flannels, pictured on the steps of some boat-house; a stout, middle-aged father and a lean, somewhat unsympathetic-faced mother beside them. On the bookcases were faded reminders of the last century: high-breasted young mothers with plainly coiled heavy hair and staring infants, foolish-looking young men with flowing ties and neatly cropped side-burns, small children on pony-backs by ivied walls, and thin-faced, crimped women who subscribed themselves in dashing letters as "Aunt Flo" or "Affectionately, Cousin Madge." A large framed photograph on the revolving bookcase was that of a florid, curly-headed, middle-aged man in hunting-pinks, under whom was subscribed, "Yours—Hetherinleigh."

The room, despite the heterogeneous mixture which crowded it, was specklessly clean and orderly, and possessed a quality of permanence not often found in American apartments. One felt, upon entering it, that life was established here, that these things were valued for more than their market values, and, placed and treasured thus for years, would still be so placed and treasured when other years had gone. There was no sense of temporary botching, nor of the choice and taste of paid decorators or experienced collectors. This was home, and these dear, familiar chairs and tables were what made home.

As unmistakably British as his apartment was the man who sat near the window, near the fireside and table, and close to the oak bookcase. Months of experiment had shown this to be the desirable position for his chair, and a trying quarter of an hour, every morning, for wife and maid, was that in which they attempted to wheel him to exactly the same place and attitude. To get the heat of the coal-fire that burned all day behind a fender of polished steel rods, to reach the table easily for his pipe or his book, to see from the window the trees and balconies and iron gratings of little Kingsgreen Square, without having the loathsome walls of the Fanning Mattress Factory affront his eyes, this—as he sometimes reiterated plaintively—was all he asked. It did seem—it *did seem*—extraordinary that so much trouble had to be made about it.

He was a lean, grizzled man of perhaps fifty-two or -three, with red veins upon his high cheek-bones giving an unhealthy and uneven floridity to his long, thin face. His gray hair was long and curly; his nervous, deformed hands, emerging from the loose sleeves of his bed-coat, were long too, knotted and colorless. He had sharp eyes, under bushes of wiry black brows that almost met above his aquiline nose, and his harsh mouth was half hidden by a plunging curve of black mustache. About him were the evidences of his imprisonment; writing-materials in an ornate old gift-case, a chess-board with a problem in progress, a pitcher of water and a covered tumbler, and actual hundreds of books.

WITH his wife, returning, came a rush of sweet, fresh air. She looked at him amiably, nodded to his surly glance, and disappeared, to reappear a few moments later with hat and coat gone, trim now in a dark gown of shabby black velvet, with plain white at her throat. A clock struck eleven, with sweet and silvery deliberation; another clock boomed in an adjoining room; the cuckoo-clock beyond the piano, somewhere in dimness, chirruped mechanically. A coal broke in the fire.

Mrs. Lombard sank into the chints chair without speaking, but with a dutifully keen glance that took in the details of the water-pitcher, the fire, and the general condition of everything in the invalid's immediate neighborhood. Her hands, fine, strong hands that seemed somehow older than her young face, busied themselves immediately with the knitting, altho she did not look at it often, as the silver needles slipped out and in.

"Well," said Allen Lombard, suddenly breaking the silence after two or three moments when his lowering, restless gaze had traveled furtively over her. "You decided to come back?"

"I decided to come back," she answered evenly, giving him a fleeting look quite devoid of resentment.

He looked at the fire, bitter discontent in his face.

"How many of your precious committee got out in the storm?" he asked.

"Not one! But do you know, Allen, we had a really quite amusing time!" said his wife aloud. To herself she said, "He is tired, he is ill; this is the bad time for him!"

"Mrs. Porter," she resumed, as he very studiously refrained from any mark of interest, "lives next door to Fred Winship's family, Judge—Judge—I am so bad at names!—Curran. I've seen old Mrs. Curran at the Red Cross rooms, and the girl—she's a dear, sweet girl, Miss Warren. She seems to be a sort of ward of theirs. I imagine your friend Fred is in love with her."

"You mean you guess so," suggested his lordship.

"Did I say guess?" his wife asked, with a quick flush.

"Not this particular time, perhaps!"

"Oh! Well, we tried planchette, Allen!" said Mrs. Lombard, courageously, after a brief silence. "He is tired and sick, and this is the worst time!" she reminded herself. "And truly—but do you believe in it at all?"

"It doesn't seem to mean much to you that some of the most prominent Englishmen alive do?" he asked scathingly.

"Yes, I know. But one does seem to want personal proof! But Allen," said his wife. "This truly was remarkable. It wrote a lot of rubbish, of course. I had the word 'bosh' in my mind, and I thought at one time that it was trying to spell the word! But——"

"How do you mean '*it*'?"

She looked at him with mysterious, wide eyes.

"Ah, that's just it! Who was writing? But anyway, presently we got the name Grace—Grace was trying to be heard!"

"Nonsense! Some one wrote it!" said the invalid.

"Why, Allen, you were defending it a moment ago!" His wife merely thought this. She had long ago learned to avoid scenes at any cost to her sense of justice or pride. Aloud she said, good-humoredly, "Do let me go on! It wrote Grace several times. And casting about for a Grace—as you do, you know, I remembered that my grandmother had been a Grace, Grace Delafield, of Baltimore. So I took my hands off; we all did, except little Miss Warren, who was desperately in earnest. My dear, do you know that the thing—the pencil, call it!—began to struggle with De—and Della—and Field—! I assure you that it did, Allen. I sat there quite frightened, really, it did seem so uncanny."

"SO YOU were quite the heroine of the hour!" said her husband unpleasantly.

"No, I wasn't! I didn't tell them. They don't know me, and it would have sounded so flat. Then it got L. Two or three times. I did tell them that that was my letter. And then rubbish—nothing else, and Fred Winship was bubbling with nonsense, as usual, and they brought in supper—and that was all! And now I'll get you your supper. Did the evening go comfortably?"

"As usual," he answered, opening a book. "Your being here makes little difference, you know."

Mrs. Lombard put aside her knitting, rose, raked the fire.

She went out of the room, returning with a small iron saucepan, which went, in British fashion, upon the hob. While the evening gruel heated, she straightened the room, handling books quickly, opening the alcove window an inch or two to the Winter night.

The invalid had his supper from a Sheffield tray, in a Canton blue bowl. He ate it noisily and rapidly, scooping the tipped bowl forty times with his spoon when he had finished. All his movements had a rheumatic awkwardness. He wiped his mustache with one angry, dragging motion of a trembling hand.

Now his wife came toward him with a quarter glass of hot milk in her hand, into which she was stirring a bitter, dissolving powder. He looked at it jealously; he had powerful salicylates every waking hour of his life, but this precious teaspoonful was an opiate. He had been thinking about it since four o'clock in the afternoon.

Sometimes it did not bring sleep, and he begged the doctor—unsuccessfully, for a double dose. Gedney, like all his other physicians, was cautious. He must try hot baths, more gruel; he must avoid sleep in the afternoon.

Mrs. Lombard kept the aspirin powders and the sedative in an adjoining room. Her quiet inflexibility in their administration was a cause of incessant resentment on her husband's part. He hated his dependence upon her, hated

A Norris Recipe

TO a heaping cupful of love add a spoonful of mystery and sweeten with a wife's loyalty. Finally add just a dash of the spice of life. Mix all these ingredients with the stirring hand of Fate and you will have one of the most enthralling novels of the year. Serve this literary treat on the library table under the title of "The Love of Lucretia Lombard" to the most satiated reader in the world and he will smack his lips at the very joy and intense interest that will hold him spellbound to the end.

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every separate evidence of his helplessness day after day. There were moods in which he hated her, for her calm, her patient service, her resolute cheerfulness, her mysterious amber eyes.

When he had gulped down the hot milk to-night, she wheeled him to his bedside in the next room, her fresh, firm, young hand touching his papery, cold skin as she drew off the warm stockings and fur-lined slippers. The bed was opened, beautifully fresh and inviting; she helped him awkwardly in; his gingerly extended feet touched the warmth of hot-water bottles. His grizzled head sank upon a snowy, soft pillow; his wife brought the covers evenly up about the humped shoulders. She extinguished the light, breathed a good night above his already drowsy head, and was gone.

THEIR program was always the same; it had been the same for every one of the more than two hundred nights in this house; it had been just this in the house in St. John's Wood, in the house in Rosarios, in the New York apartment. While he lived it must be so, and he might live for thirty years!

His bedroom had been intended originally for the dining-room. His wife's room, and the two servants' rooms, were on the top floor, all small and boxlike, with the shallow, tiny closets of forty years ago. Mrs. Lombard's contained only the simplest furnishings, a white narrow bed, a white straight curtain, a blue rug, a line of shabby books on a white shelf. The plaster walls and smooth old woodwork were white.

She came to the dormer-window in her trailing blue wrapper to-night, and stood looking down, as Mimi had done, at the trees in the little square, and the fronts of the old brick houses softened and beautified now into romantic loveliness. But she saw nothing. Her face was almost devoid of expression, except perhaps for a little narrowing of the eyes and the faintest compression of the lips.

After a while she sighed sharply.

The room behind her was utterly still; candle-light wavered softly over the low ceiling and doubled itself in the little mirror. Outside, the storm had died away, in the west, but the air that entered the open window was still restless and fresh. The trees moved uneasily in the wet wind, and the moon was riding among tossing clouds. On the opposite side of the square, only three hundred feet away, the silent woman could see the light in the little second-hand book-shop still burning; that, they had said, was the old Curran house. The Judge had been born there, and his sister, Fred's mother.

Her thoughts went to Mimi—fortunate, protected, beloved Mimi, with life so sweet and plain before her!

"She will marry Fred, perhaps," she mused, "and have a nursery full of blond girls and dark-eyed boys, with plenty of money for nurses and schools and country Summers! Or perhaps the husband will be the older brother—but how simple it is! She is sweet and clever and affectionate, and the money and the beauty are thrown in!"

And suddenly she knelt down at the old window-sill, over which the kind, good eyes of clergymen's busy wives had for a hundred years looked down into Kingsgreen Square. No one was awake there to-night to hear her whisper,

"Oh, my God—my God! Isn't there ever such a thing as a second chance!"

The routine at the rectory was extremely simple, but unchangeable, as the routine must be in the house of an invalid. At seven every morning the mistress went, sweet and fresh, into her husband's bedroom, and the little maid busied herself in his sitting-room, adjoining. At eight he was in his chair, his thin tangle of grizzled hair brushed, his wrapper neat, the difficult business of shaving and dressing accomplished.

Then came his breakfast, before the fire in Winter, beside the narrow eastern window in Summer, his wife sharing his tray. After that came a comfortable time of letters, the morning papers, and the half-hour diversion afforded by the hopping and chirping and bathing canaries.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lombard talked with her cook, put on her plain hat and coat, arranged the ten o'clock powder and the glass beside him, and went forth to market, only a few squares away. After the question of chops and asparagus and lettuce had been conscientiously settled, she stopped at the public library. There must be two or three new books every day: travel, letters, biography had first choice, exciting fiction was always welcome, and sometimes an odd book about such varied topics as Hindu village life, beetles of Brazil, Russian folk-lore, or the making of furniture might safely be hazarded. With these hugged under her arm, Mrs. Lombard usually crossed to the old second-hand book-shop. This was a treasure-trove; there was always something here that she could not resist, and, far more generous than the publishers of the world, the old homes of the city were constantly disgorging fresh plunder for her eager hands.

This was the pleasantest time of her day, in the Summer morning freshness, or with the bracing Winter air bringing color to her face, with the sunshine glinting upon the fruit in the market—in the dim, whispering sweetness of the alcoves of the old library, or the tumbling richness of the book-shop before her.

After luncheon, for which she had always to prepare at least the salad and the sweet, the invalid usually fell asleep, and his wife might seize the precious hour for a walk or for her Red Cross work. He always resented her going, but she knew that she must go or lose her reason, and on this one point she braved his unending displeasure. She must get away—from the fire and canaries and the dry, skeptical voice—into the open air, where people were laughing and talking, going to theaters, buying shoes for boys and girls!

But she must come back. She must always come back.

A DAY or two after her call upon Mrs. Porter she escaped from the house a little earlier than usual, and made her way briskly, between coal- and lumber-yards, and across a bridge powdered with coal-dust and sawdust, toward the open spaces where city houses and odd factories thinned into country fields. A mile away were actual barns and meadows, and presently she came to the hillside where a clear little brook ran over big scattered stones and under frail, wind-whipped willows, carrying the great fallen leaves of maple and sycamore-leaves with it as it went. Autumn had paved the banks with scarlet and yellow, bright, dry, and pungent in their brief hour, but now the early November rains had soaked them into sodden masses, odorous of the woods, and Winter, and decay.

Footing upon the bank and upon the stones and fallen leaves was slippery and uncertain, and, climbing up the course of the little creek, she paused often, to catch breath and rest strained muscles, and to look downward at the farm roofs and the huddled chimney-pots of the city, rapidly falling below her.

A mile up the slender, noisy waterway, she came to an immense dry boulder, rising into the Winter sunlight, and here she laid her armful of clear golden leaves, and seated herself to study with dreamy eyes the scene at her feet.

"'IT WAS MY FAULT,' WROTE PLANCHETTE. 'IT WILL BE ALL HAPPINESS! BUT YOU MUST NOT —STEVE MUST NOT—TELL STEVE HE MUST NOT—'"

The softness and thinness of the dying year were still in the bright air, but on the farms and the dim blue mountains beyond all the trees were leafless, and the silent watcher could see steam rising from the barns into blue sunshine, and pumpkins piled in orange glory upon the shriveled and discolored fields. Leaf-fires sent plumes of lilac-gray straight up toward the soft, uncertain sky, and the day was so still that the regular whistling of a crane, far down the river, came faintly to her ears.

Sanbridge, prosperous, bustling, ugly and beautiful, reactionary and progressive, hateful and lovable, as are all American cities, roared through the accustomed business of the afternoon. The woman could see motor-cars parked in diagonals along Washington Street, see other motor-cars, beetles in a toy city, scuttling to and fro. Smoke rose from great brick chimneys, joined its shadow to other shadows, swept lazily south. The interurban trolleys skimmed out between high brick buildings and the captured masts of ships, and fled through the city's fringe of ugliness—factories, sheds, packing-houses, railway tracks, hideous wooden houses and tenements, humming toward suburban cottages—brave little ventures in shingles and art brick, with clothes-lines in the square back yards, and hooded baby-carriages in front.

TO THE east lay the finest residential section, secluded in splendid trees, intersected with handsome fences, rich in fine old gardens, and with new garages risen beside the old, high-shouldered carriage stables. From the hill Mrs. Lombard could see the pasture of the Curran house, with a fawn-colored cow and a bay horse respectably grazing.

And to the west lay the inevitable slum, with the church-spires, and the new charity hospital, and the rescue home, rising like fresh wheat above its filthy tares. Between it and the business part of the city, on a little twist of the river, was the old brick church in a feathery oasis of tall trees, the queer little crowded brick rooms of the rectory wedged in beside it. Mrs. Lombard spent some time in identifying the trees to her satisfaction; there was more than one group of old maples and elms in that old-fashioned region. The windows she had no hope of finding, not even a glassy flash in the rays of the declining sun. But she could tell Allen, if Allen chanced to be in a receptive mood, that one could see St. Thomas's from far up on the hill.

To-day he had been playing cribbage with Doctor Gedney, a blessed variation. He might be more serene than usual——

She carried home her yellow leaves, divested herself of hat and wrap, and came into his room with the jar of Autumn beauty held high and steadily before her.

"Doctor gone?" she asked cheerfully, wondering how much of this stale, overladen air she dared change before the young guests came in for tea.

There was no answer. She set down her bowl, carried him a glass of water, tilted the contents of a powder-paper carefully upon his extended tongue.

"I didn't hear you!" her husband said, suddenly.

The superfluous question would have been nothing but idiotic now; she did not repeat it. Instead she spoke of the walk and the clear, nipping early Winter day.

"I thought this was the day your Americans were coming in for tea?" the invalid said, sourly.

"We're all ready!" she answered, cheerfully. "Bertha has the tray in order, and Hannah was just putting the most delicious pan of Graham rolls into the oven!"

"Hannah?" he echoed, scowling. "Oh, you mean Cook?"

"Cook," she conceded absently.

"So the latest idea is that we are to be patronized by the Sanbridge elect, is it?" he asked, presently.

"Why, no, I wouldn't call it that, dear. Miss Warren asked to call, and to bring Fred Winship and perhaps his brother with her——"

"After seven months, eh?"

"Allen, I can very simply ask them to make it another day!" she countered, with a convincing air of eager consideration. "Shall I telephone them that you are having a bad day——?"

"No, I don't seem to lie as easily as you Americans do," he drawled, "and, as a matter of fact, I am having a particularly good one!"

His wife was silent; rejoicing in her secret heart that he did not seem to know that the alcove window was open, and the clean, sweet air carrying away the odors of luncheon, and canaries, and of carpets, and of his and the doctor's pipes. She knew he was really interested in the little approaching break in the day's dulness, and that even the prospect of engaging young Fred Winship for cribbage was enough—poor Allen!—to brighten his whole day.

He reached for a fat, shabby, public library volume, opened it with a shrug of his thin, high shoulders and a nervous settling of his eye-glasses, and composed himself to read.

Mrs. Lombard presently went out of the room, came back with a small folding table, spread it with a fine white cloth, moved china, clinked silver teaspoons, set a brass kettle upon the hob.

"I propose to have my tea at five o'clock whether your friends choose to be prompt or not," said her husband, looking up.

"You shall, dear," his wife assured him amiably,

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continuing her simple preparations. But she felt a secret relief when, ten minutes before the hour, the bell sounded, and there were voices and footsteps audible on the stairs.

Just two callers; for a special, last-minute emergency had kept the District Attorney in his office, and it was only Fred and Mimi who came into the long, dim room. Mrs. Lombard introduced her.

"Miss Warren, my husband, Mr. Lombard—Mr. Winship you know, Allen. Take that chair—Miss Warren——"

"I'm sorry I can't say 'Pleased to meetchoo,'" said Allen, bent only upon being disagreeable. "But to tell you the truth I am not Americanized yet! Of course I recognize the immense superiority of everything American, including your speech——"

"Oh, you're being horribly sarcastic!" said Mimi, with a delightful laugh, looking straight into his eyes with a simplicity instantly disarming, and holding his hand. "Aren't you bad!"

"Mimi'll Americanize you!" Fred Winship announced. "She's the demon limit on patriotism—a Continental Damn, and all that. It was her uncle, you know, who marked the spot where freedom fell—or no, there's a statue where *he* fell; that was it."

"Hic," Miss Warren commented, sinking into a chair, and looking about her with pleasure. "He'll gabble that way, indefinitely," she explained to her host. "Do keep quiet, Fred," she added plaintively; "I never talked to a baronet before!"

"Nor I either," Mr. Winship said, vivaciously. "I've come up to Armageddon to do battle with the——"

Allen's sudden, reluctant laugh rang out, and his wife's face brightened at the unfamiliar sound. Bertha came in with the tray; the delicate odor of fine tea drifted through the air. Fred, leaning forward in the most comfortable, easy manner imaginable, broke the heavy lumps of coal with a brass poker; Miss Warren tossed aside her gloves and her long, loose coat.

A big tipped hat shaded the animated face, and if Mimi's chief beauty was usually in her clear, rosy skin, her wide-open, dark eyes, and her expression of sweetness and intelligence, there were moments when she was actually pretty, too, and this was one of them. The novelty of this little tea-party, with its silent, mysterious-eyed hostess, its invalided, lowering host, and its flavor of something entirely un-American, was enough to send spirits as blithe as Mimi's soaring at once. All life was joy to her, and the least variation might spell romance.

"But how did you ever happen to find a house in Kingsgreen Square?" she asked vivaciously.

"How do people usually find houses—?" drawled the invalid, unencouragingly. Mimi's bright color came up, but she was unabashed.

"Now you're snubbing me again!" she accused him.

"Oh, on the contrary," he said, won by her simplicity, and with his pleasantest manner, "I am quite wondering why Fred hasn't given me this pleasure before!"

"Fred," said Mimi, solemnly, "does not control my movements!"

"I thought he was—I beg your pardon, Allen!" said Mrs. Lombard. He had interrupted her.

"No, go ahead!" he said ungraciously, glowering at the fire.

"I was going to say that I thought he was your guardian," said Mrs. Lombard, after a second of distressed silence.

"Fred's father, until he died twelve years ago, was my guardian," Mimi elucidated: "after that Stephen shared it with Uncle Sam."

"Not the gentleman in the striped pants and beaver top-hat," Fred explained, with an elegant air, "but Judge Curran—that's who she means by Uncle Sam. No, I'm not her guardian. I don't seem to impress mothers with the desirability of handing me over their fair young daughters. Would—would that I did! I——"

"You could embezzle their trust funds, like the guardians in the movies, Fred," Mimi suggested pleasantly.

His face grew violently red, and she could see, to her amazement, that she had hurt his feelings, altho he laughed.

"MRS. LOMBARD—" she began, with a brisk change of subject, and stopped. "Do I call you Lady Lombard?" she asked, looking from husband to wife.

"We don't use it here under the ideal conditions of a democracy, where there is no class distinction," Allen Lombard said harshly. "It seems to be out of place, where there is no poverty and no suffering, no labor trouble, where everything is quite ideal——"

"Sir Allen belongs to an old Scotch clan," explained Mrs. Lombard simply, "and if we could live in the Highlands—which unfortunately he can not—he would be the Laird, of course! But the dampness and cold there are very bad for him, and when we travel, and especially in America, it seems more natural to be just Mr. and Mrs. Lombard."

"You know they tell us that American girls are always ready to jump at titles," the invalid said to Mimi, "but, being happily married, I no longer have that excuse!"

The insult was unmistakable; his ugly look went to his wife, and Mimi saw her turn pale under the warm, creamy tan of her skin. Mimi had been rather won, girl-fashion, to the stern, irritable, nervous man, who was so obviously so traveled, so cultured, and so experienced. But now she felt the indignant blood hot in her face. She marveled at the composure with which Mrs. Lombard could say,

"Break that coal, will you, Fred? Are you going to let me give you a fresh cup, Miss Warren?"

"What I was going to say was that we know this part of town very well, Fred and I," Mimi said, a trifle hastily, turning a shoulder slightly toward her host. "That old-house opposite, where the bookstore is, still belongs to the family. That was built by Fred's great-grandfather, old Captain Tom Curran; that was the Judge's grandfather. His son George was the Judge's father, and Fred's grandfather. Whom did your grandfather Curran marry, Fred? How does that come in?"

"HE MARRIED *some one*, I am sure," Fred said virtuously, "because he had sons and daughters. And one of the daughters married my father, John Winship, who—lacking heirs male——"

"Oh, shut up!" Mimi laughed. "Anyway, this is the cradle of the race!" she added, turning to Mrs. Lombard. "The Currans bought their new house—it was almost in the country, then!—thirty years ago, but Uncle Sam's mother, old Aunt Fanny, as we used to call her, and her sister, Cousin Mary Dolliver, used to live down here until Aunt Fanny died about six years ago. I used to come visit them when I was a little girl. And Cousin Mary's still living—tho she is eighty or more, and very indignant because the place is used for lodgers and tailors and a bookstore, and all that! Fred, how old is Cousin Mary?" she broke off.

But Fred had turned to his host.

"If you'll give me the queen and a couple of rooks, I'll take you on at chess some day!" he offered valiantly. Allen Lombard's eagle eye lighted with pleasure.

"I didn't know that you played, my dear boy! I play very badly, I assure you!" he answered eagerly, with a gesture toward the board. "My usual game is cribbage, but my wife seems to have an unconquerable aversion to games of any sort!"

"I'm wretched at them!" Mrs. Lombard's extraordinarily sweet voice conceded amusedly. She had risen, to stand beside the low mantel, with one long, velvet-sleeved arm resting upon it. From the sheer linen cuff came the beautifully formed hand, bare and flawless. Mimi, looking at her, noted for the first time that she was tall, splendidly formed; the simple, worn black gown was open at the throat, and as she leaned forward, her eyes on the fire, there was visible a hint of the curve of her smooth young breast.

To Fred and Mimi, even in this sober gown, she seemed suddenly different from the shabbily dressed Mrs. Lombard of the Red Cross workroom and the evening meeting. She had covered her thick hair with a small hat then; she had worn enveloping cloaks and furs. There had been something staid, something unfashionable, in her appearance. It occurred to both now, for the first time, that she was in reality young and that she was extraordinarily lovely.

She had a wide, low forehead, under banded masses of soft, thick hair of so light a brown that it was almost tawny. Her eyes, her smooth skin, and this rich crown of braids were all of a golden brownness, with an even absence of color, yet shiningly, even brilliantly, alive. The mouth, a warm scarlet, was the only vivid spot in the face; it was a wise mouth, thin-lipped, slow to smile, and showing, when she did smile, her large and splendid white teeth. In her close-set, small ears, this afternoon, were quaint round earrings of old filigree and pearl.

"If you will come and play chess now and then," she said, conscious of something a little marked in their regard, and smiling over the trifling awkwardness, "you will be a good Samaritan!"

"Say, I'll do that very thing!" Fred said eagerly. "And I'll do it to-morrow night, if I may?"

"DINE here," said Sir Allen, crustily, from his scrutiny of the fire. So it was arranged, and Fred and Mimi began to make a little stir of departure.

"Perhaps you would dine with us, too, Miss Warren?" Mrs. Lombard said, going with her to the stairs in the hallway. Mimi pleaded an engagement; the matter was not pressed. "I like your—squire very much," the older woman added, smilingly, as she fingered, in an affectionate, big-sisterly fashion, the girl's collar and fur.

Mimi glanced back toward the sitting-room, where Fred was momentarily delayed over the chess-board.

"I wish his brother, Steve, had been able to come!" she said eagerly. "He was so sorry—but you'll meet him soon. *He's* —wonderful!"

"What—more so than this Adonis?" asked Mrs. Lombard, amused.

"Oh, well—" April color was in the girl's face as she looked laughing up at her taller companion. "Stephen's thirty," she confessed, round-eyed, "and he's—he's been a regular father to Fred. Fred is—has been—a responsibility, you know! And Stephen manages us all, my aunt, and my uncle, and Fred, and me—he was joint guardian with Judge Curran until I was twenty-one."

"And have you been twenty-one very long?" Mrs. Lombard's deep and thrilling voice asked musingly as, with one hand still lingering on her shoulder, she watched the girl's radiant face.

"Oh, I was twenty-two last week!"

"And I was twenty-eight last week," the woman said.

Twenty-eight! Mimi's face showed her astonishment; her glance went in quick, troubled fashion toward the oppressive, lifeless backwater of the drawing-room, toward the middle-aged man who was chained there. The quiet, forgotten street, the old piano and the old photographs, the coal-fire sucking and sputtering, the cuckoo-clock hiccuping half past five. And this woman only six years older than herself; beautiful, and titled, slipping quietly into the Red Cross rooms——

"I wish you would come and have luncheon with me some day," the girl said impulsively. "We could have it at the Country Club, if you like. Have you been there?" And as the other indicated a negative with a faint shake of her head, she went on, "I would love to drive you out there!"

"You drive your own car?"

"Oh, I have since I was sixteen. You—you don't play golf?" said Mimi.

"No." Again the little negative motion, and this time a glance toward the sitting-room. "I take a long walk every day," said Mrs. Lombard. "But I am not free for anything like tennis or golf."

Mimi felt the spell of the poignant voice, and cast about for something consolatory to say.

"Will Sir—will Mr. Lombard always be so ill?"

"We hope not. But it is arthritis."

"And has he been ill long?"

"Not helpless, as he is now. This is the fifth year."

"Since—not since before you were married?"

"Oh, no. We have been married more than eight years."

It was simply, wearily, almost indifferently said, but the tragedy of it made Mimi's heart close in a sort of spasm.

"All the nicest years!" she said, with shy daring.

Mrs. Lombard did not answer. She had laid one hand upon the yellow-brown fox-skin that was loosely linked about Mimi's shoulder; and she moved this graceful, warmly brown hand idly in the rich fur. Her tawny

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PARADOX

BY HARWOOD STEELE

OF ALL this world's entrancing mysteries,
I hold you most mysterious and strange.
A charming puzzle—restless as the seas,
But stedfast as the deathless mountain-range;
Elusive as an elfin trumpet, blowing,
Or rainbow-treasure; distaht, too, and cold
As some far planet in the darkness glowing,
Yet nearer than my shadow; twice as old
As Time itself; embodiment of Youth;
A laughing spirit, weeping in her laughter;
As fickle as the winds, but true as Truth;
As tranquil as the calm that follows after
A tempest like yourself; as clear as day,
But fathomless as night; a heart revealed
For all to see and capture, as they may,
And yet—a fortressed heart, that will not yield!

Drawing by John Wolcott Adams

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"SUPPOSE THIS FILMY, UNDULATING THING OF BRAHMS WERE TO BE A SORT OF WEB OF ENCHANTMENT THAT HE MIGHT FLING OVER THIS AUDIENCE"

HE THAT HATH EARS

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

What is music for? Does it, like a clean fire, warm us and give us courage, or does it merely stimulate desires and strange self-deceits?

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM FISHER

SNOW clung to twigs white against gray sky. Intake of Winter air came with delicate stimulus. The ivied brick house stood in warm red block amid cedars of the winding drive.

The throngs that alighted from automobiles or sauntered easily up the swept paths had all the touches of a material civilization that the further it removes its victims from realities the more definitely gives them the bearing of assurance. The women's furs, their suavely shod feet, the voluptuous fall of misty pearls on necks bared to Winter winds, these things spelled a security that does not exist except by the assertions of an artificial society. Clusters of orchids pinned to muffs, the faint, delicate scent of a taste-tempered cigar, even the half-real, half-affected interest in each other, like so many dancetté spots in heraldry, picked out the background of this assemblage.

Seen against the primitive landscape of snow the groups had an almost opera-bouffe effect. Gasgoine, the musician, watched them from the window in the upper hall. Here he had taken refuge until his recital should begin. He saw old Filbert, the banker, leaning back in his rose-cushioned limousine; saw him wave his black cigar with the peculiar flourish of the "successful" man to Mrs. Sheering, who was walking, her high heels tottering in speculative steps, her figure Oriental in a fantastic costume of gold and green. There was something saturnine in the old man's smile, his cigar rolled between thick lips of a red mouth draped in its white goatee. Three young girls made way for the cars. Their eyebrows were trimmed to beauty-parlor penciling, their faces whitened to dramatic pallor against massy lacquered hair. Two of them carried swagger-sticks, which they swung like light swords.

These were the people who came to hear Gasgoine play. The musician, watching them from an upper window, was young. There was something very grave, almost formidable about him as he stood there. Gasgoine's eyes, long, gray-green, looked out from beneath a forehead that was broad and square, but it was his mouth, locked as upon an age-long discipline, that betrayed him. The secret of his bodily being was veiled in the delicate, sensuous lines of nose and throat, the high-swung glory of the russet head. These things, ripe in animal youth, seemed to be bowed down before the remorseless resolution, the pitiless, grim honesty of that Covenanter's mouth.

As the young fellow stood there he tapped out with flexible fingers the vague rhythms of tree-branches brushing back and forth on the afternoon sky. This metronome seen against the gray tones of impending snowfall beguiled him. His mechanically perfect body was alert to all vibrations, even to the shuffle of little feet coming up the stairs.

These friendly little steps were of the son of the house, that small image of man who had been "allowed to talk" at the breakfast table, and so by his descriptions of a green toy automobile had formed a friendship with this stranger of the intense quiet and the air of remaining apart.

Scofield Frederick, familiarly called "Scuffy," now had the little toy automobile in his hand. He displayed the model as a superior thing. "This is the machine I told you about." The child used his father's inflections, his terse, direct forms. He copied his voice as nearly as he could, addressing the musician in a quaintly, manly manner. He also looked down on the smiling, chatting groups stringing up drives. To do this he had to stand on tiptoe.

"I'm glad I got up here before you go down to play," he observed. "Miss Clark" (he pronounced the name a little like "Clock") "put a clean necktie on me, and of course I had to wash my hands and brush my teeth. But that's all," Scuffy sighed cheerfully. "When they"—indicating the arrivals—"all get here I'm going out to coast. Mother said I needn't stay in for the music."

Gasgoine smiled. Scuffy looked into his face. "Perhaps I will, all the same," he added politely. He glanced naïvely at his friend. "Do you go right away after the music? I want to show you my pet rat. He isn't white or in a cage, you know, or tame. He's a real rat, wild like a tiger or—or a zebra—Nobody knows that I own him except me and our furnace-man."

The face, looking up into the musician's concentrated face, was of that undeniable candor that sometimes stays in a boy's face until the seventh year. The hint of mobility, of almost genius, was very marked. All the constructive signs in this little countenance were, however, balanced by other forces, sensitiveness, irritability, the rich look of imagination and its accompanying weaknesses. Gasgoine, dreamily studying it, suddenly straightened up—if life, for himself, had meant domesticity and the enduring love of one woman, he might have had a little boy like this. Some one to call him "Father"—to have a face like that look to you for strength, for the right dope on everything, for all the totems and tabus—whew, but it would be a challenge! Scuffy, in agreeable fashion, smiled straight into the dark eyes. He proffered the little mechanical toy.

"It's a good model," admired Gasgoine seriously "You're up in these things; you'll soon know how to assemble and run a machine of your own. I've never driven a machine," he admitted as man to man.

"Neither have I," confessed seven-year-old Scuffy, gravely. He also spoke as man to man. "I'm not quite old enough," he added.

"And I have to be careful of my fingers," laughed the musician.

THE two stood there looking down on the plume-hung snow trees. The perfume of flowers and women's furred warmth came faintly up the winding stairs. Gasgoine recognized this atmosphere with a curious little tremor of the senses. He was in the habit of suddenly realizing his audiences like something that he must catch and tame anew;

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THE AMERICAN

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK STREET

IT WAS stiflingly hot in the dirty little café, but this was to be expected; the whole of the wretched village of Yen-Shai-Kwan was hot to blistering—the whole of the great plain of China lay like a tortured animal under the merciless eye of the sun that scorched and seared and branded it until you could almost feel it writhe and hear it pant. In the Café of the Honorable New-year you were at least out of reach of the glare, and tho it was not yet noon, the room was crowded to the darkest recesses with a scurvy clientele. They sat, hunched up and brooding, silent over the pallid liquid in the tall glasses on the dirty green tables, or chattered abominably over their eternal dice in the far corners, or bent slant eyes at some incredibly intricate game of checkers, weaving the chipped counters in and out, sinister and deft as executioners.

Outside it was curiously silent. Ordinarily Yen-Shai-Kwan was steeped in the clamor of the ordinary Chinese village, but to-day it lay exhausted, beaten into dumb suffering by the fantastic heat. The blind leper was playing her flute on the door-step, of course—and far off at the end of the street some one was beating a sad little drum, and a child was crying as tho its heart would break, desolate and inconsolable—but it was still enough to hear the loud ticking of the battered alarm-clock that occupied the place of honor on the counter. The alarm-clock was an hour and a half slow, but as no one regarded it as anything but an ornament, it made very little difference—especially as the French calendar that hung above it was fifteen years slow. It stated with misleading simplicity that it was December 15th, 1906, and no one since then had taken the trouble to contradict it. Flanking it on either side two tattered railway posters of Evian-le-Bain and Vichy flaunted the shameless blues and scarlets. They constituted the entire interior decoration of the Honorable New-year, with the possible exception of a tarnished mirror, hanging at a distressing angle against the peeling wall. There were no windows, but the light came flooding in through the great open doorway.

The owner of all this glory sat at the table near the counter with his back to the assembled company, his head propped in his hands, his eyes fixed moodily on the contents of the tall glass before him. It was the only thing in the world that interested him, and he was supremely indifferent as to who knew it. Even in the dim light of the café his red head flared out like a torch, and it was possible to see, too, the tragic hardness of the haggard young face, white and bitter, the eyes deep sunk in the bruised shadows.

The proprietor of the Honorable New-year was obviously not engaged in brightening the corner where he was. His head was pounding ominously, and the fever was licking behind his eyes in cruel little flames—he was sick clean down to the bone, and he made no effort whatever to pretend that he liked it. After a long period in which he did nothing more active than stare, he pulled the glass toward him. It was his third that morning, which meant that noon was rapidly approaching; there are more kinds of hour-glasses than the bulb-shaped ones through which the sand runs, as the red-headed proprietor could testify. He lifted it slowly and then sat rigid for a moment, the clouded liquid suspended in mid-air. Outside in the quiet street some one was laughing—some one very near—a rather unusual laugh, engaging and defiant, clearly feminine, clearly not Oriental. The laughter stopped, and he put the glass down very carefully. The light voice carried across the ugly clamor of the room as tho it were on wings.

"Lin dear, don't be so stupid—of *course* he's an American. I don't care what they say—look at his shoes—and for pity's sake, look at his hair! Who ever heard of a red-headed Frenchman? If you won't speak to him, I will."

He picked up the glass again, his eyes, reckless and wary, lifted to the fly-specked mirror on the wall. For once its depths reflected something young and radiant, a startling contrast to the dim faces that usually hovered in its tawdry frame. The joyous and adventurous little figure was coming straight toward him, her white veil floating about her like a bride's, brushing by the sullen drinkers as tho they were not there, blithely ignoring her companion's protest.

"Nancy, for the love of the Lord——"

"Oh, Lin, keep quiet. Please, you *are* an American, aren't you?"

At the sound of the voice, he turned his eyes from the shadowy mirror, a sudden passionate eagerness flaring behind their darkness—but the look that he finally bestowed on Miss Nancy Farr was one of bitterly insolent indifference.

"Aren't you?" she repeated uncertainly.

"*Pas compris.*" The level tone was at once a rebuff and a challenge, and the girl hesitated, biting her lip. Then she turned slowly away.

"I'm—sorry," she said. "I thought that perhaps—" She stumbled, clutching at the table, and the cloudy glass slid with a crash to eternity.

"Hell!" commented the late French scholar forcibly.

Miss Farr turned on him a face flushed with triumph.

"That was most awfully stupid of me," she murmured. "Stupid, was it?" He rose, pushing his chair back violently. "You knocked that glass off on purpose—I saw you."

"Did you?" inquired Miss Farr, obviously relieved. "That's splendid! I was perfectly sure that you were an American, but I wasn't perfectly sure that you were clever, and you see I need some one who is very especially clever pretty badly."

ALLAN eyed her grimly. "Well, you're out of luck. The only thing that's for sale in this shop is liquor, so my own special brand of cleverness isn't going to help you any."

Young Farr pushed forward hotly.

"Look here, you take a different tone with my sister——"

"Your sister, is she?" He surveyed the slim youngster unemotionally. "Well, get her out of here. This is a poor place for sisters. Hey, Luen Ching."

The blue-clad Chinaman cast a horrified eye on the shattered glass and slid off into the blacker depths of the room. Miss Farr slipped into the vacant chair, stripping off her white gloves.

"Oh, nonsense!" she remarked amiably. "We aren't going for ages and ages—maybe we'll stay for lunch. Get two more chairs, Lin—the kind gentleman's going to give us a party."

She ran experimental fingers through the bright hair under the close white hat, and smiled across the table—a friendly and radiant smile.

"Let's all have some of that yallery-green stuff in glasses. It looked wonderful, and I'm nine-teenth dead of thirst. There's Luen Ching with yours—if I lift up two fingers at him, will he bring two more?" She raised the required fingers gaily. "Look see, Luen Ching! *Pas compris, cognâc?*"

Allan swung fiercely toward the helpless Lin.

"Get her out of here, you young fool. Can't you see what kind of a dive this is? Those dirty——"

"Nancy," Farr's voice cracked out sharply, "you're to come at once. *At once*, d'you hear? Get up from that table."

"He did understand," announced his profoundly unimpressed sister. "Three of them—three—count 'em, Linny; you shouldn't get so excited—not in this heat. Should he, Mr.—but what *did* you say that your name was?"

"I didn't say."

"OH!" The gay eyes clouded, but they met the defiance in his unflinchingly, and after a minute they danced again, as she picked up the glass with a brave flourish. "Well, here's to mystery——"

Allan was at her side, swift as a cat.

"Don't touch that stuff." His fingers closed over the glass, reckless of hers, and he leaned forward, his voice suddenly fiercely urgent. "Listen, I'm giving it to you straight—get out of here. This is no place for a girl—get out, won't you?"

"But doesn't it belong to you?"

"What—this shack? Sure—that's what's wrong with it. But you ought to get out of the whole blamed village; the river boat stops at Nankou this afternoon—that's only a couple of miles—you can make it easy——"

"But we have to be here." She smiled at him like a confiding child. "It's Dr. Farr's job, you see. He's the medical missionary; he's been studying plagues for ages, and the authorities sent him out from Canton. Didn't you know?"

"I know he's been monkeying around here too long for his own health," replied Allan slowly. "This whole village is rotten with sickness—it's been rottener since he got here."

"For two cents I'd knock your teeth down your throat." Farr's voice was shaking with rage, but the red-headed young man leaning against the table seemed uninterested.

"For two cents I'd let you try," he remarked indifferently. "Well, go to the devil your own way; it's not my party."

"But it *is* your party," Miss Farr assured him earnestly. "And a perfectly lovely party, too—I'm enjoying every minute of it. Lin, do stop looking like that and sit down."

"I've had enough of this," remarked Lin with passionate conviction. "You must be out of your head, Nancy! Do you suppose for one minute that I'm going to permit you to stay here talking to this infernal bounder——"

The infernal bounder removed his hand from the table with lightning swiftness, and then checked himself even more swiftly.

"Now you get out," he said evenly, but there was something ominous in his low voice, "and get out before I get six of my Chinks to throw you out. I'd do it myself, if I wasn't afraid of hurting you. I'll give you till I count ten to take your girl and get to that door. One, two——"

Miss Farr laid a detaining hand on his arm. "But I don't want to go," she announced firmly; "I want to stay. Of course it probably wouldn't take more than four Chinamen to handle me—I'm rather small—but I do want to stay." She turned a coldly critical eye on her outraged brother. "Perhaps you're right about Lin; he's a good deal of a nuisance. Maybe the heat's gone to his head. Do you suppose that we could throw him out very gently?"

"*Nancy.*"

At that outraged cry something flickered in their unwilling host's dark eyes—a distant and fleeting mirth—lighting them strangely. He glanced down at the small confident hand on his arm, and straightened his shoulders abruptly.

"All right," he said briefly; "you stay." He swept the glasses crashing from the table with one swift gesture, turned the third chair to the wall with another, and faced Miss Farr with a low bow. "The party's on," he said. "Going to sit down?"

She sat down, her eyes dancing, her face a little white—and suddenly it went tense.

"Lin, look, there's Marie Angelique. Something's wrong, or she'd never have come. Do see—hurry."

The boy shoved his way through the tables, heedless of the following glances, and Allan turned in his chair, casting a careless eye over the small, gaudy creature in the doorway. "What's that half-breed doing here?"

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"She's the girl we live with," Miss Farr explained absently, her troubled gaze still on the door, "and it must mean that some one else is ill. Oh, I do wish ——"

Allan interrupted her harshly.

"Live with her? For God's sake, what's the matter with you two? What are you doing here anyway?"

"I told you what we were doing," Miss Farr in-

"How disgusting!" she commented perfunctorily, and again that fleeting mirth touched the other's ravaged face to charm

"Sure is," he assented gravely. "But I'm not much good even when I'm sober. Not any good. That's why I stay drunk."

The lady refused to be trapped into a smile. "Are you too drunk to understand what I say to you?" she inquired coldly.

"Not if you talk slow and use nice, simple words."

"I'm ashamed of you!" she stated with vigor, and not slowly at all. "Ashamed! You knew we were in trouble when we came into this room, didn't you?"

"I knew you were liable to be."

"And yet you never lifted a finger to help us—not a finger—it's too hateful to be true! You, an American——"

useless seconds lingeringly, and suddenly its owner stirred and bent forward, his shadowed eyes following the course of one laborious finger, tracing, waveringly, but with infinite care, three straggling letters. A U—an S—an A—a U -an S—an A—over and over again—they had woven their uncertain pattern over the whole table before he flung his arms across them with a gesture at once violent and protective, his red head bowed low over the wreck of his handiwork——

Afterward -ages afterward—some one lightly touched his shoulder.

"I'm sorry," a voice said from some immeasurable distance. "I'm dreadfully sorry, but I had to speak to you again. Please listen to me—please."

He stumbled blindly to his feet. She had come back.

"It's about Marie Angelique. She's been telling me—

"'WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, YOU DIRTY YELLOW DEVILS? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? DO YOU WANT A MACHINE-GUN? LET'S GO!'"

formed him with some asperity, "and she's the only person in this unspeakable place who talks any kind of a language that I can understand. The only one who talks to us at all

"The first day that we got here, when I was just about ready to lie down in the street and die with despair, she came up to me and touched my veil and said, 'Belle, Belle.' And I could have kissed her!" cried the owner of the white veil wildly.

"Be quiet," Allan ordered. "You don't know what you're talking about. That girl——"

"Don't you dare say anything about that girl," Miss Farr returned recklessly. "I don't care what she is—she's a poor, horrible, dreadful little thing, but she's been good to us. No one else in this nightmare place has given us anything but fear and hatred and suspicion -no one at all—and she has given us kindness."

"I tell you——"

"You!" The flushed face was suddenly fixed in scorn. "You'll tell me! Well, I'll tell *you*. We've been here one week now—one week of misery, alone, in trouble, in danger. And where have you been?"

Allan raised his eyes to hers, and suddenly his lips twisted into a smile—a ghost of a smile, tragically boyish.

"I've been drunk," he stated with disarming simplicity.

"Drunk?"

He nodded acquiescence to the echo. "I'm drunk now Didn't you know?"

She shook her head mutely.

"Well, I don't show it much—not any more. You can't go around yelping and smashing up things forever. After a while you just soak it in as quiet as breathing."

Miss Farr looked profoundly interested before she remembered to look severe.

"I'm no American," he broke in.

"No American?" repeated the girl blankly. "Then for Heaven's sake what are you?"

"I'm—nothing!" The low voice was quite steady, but he made a sudden uncontrollable gesture with one shaking hand as tho he swept something else cloudy and poisonous from the smeared green table.

"Nancy," Farr's strained voice broke in sharply. "Nancy, it's that kid of Chang's; he's a lot worse. Chang's sent for me."

"Oh, Linny" At the despair in her voice, the man lifted his bent head alertly. "Can't I do something, dear?"

"You can go home with Marie Angelique—there's a good girl, Nan. I'll try to get back for lunch, I swear."

"All right." She rose reluctantly, drawing on the white gloves as tho they could, in some mysterious way, protect her from the terror that was closing in. "I'll go. Hurry, Lin -hurry, dear." She stretched out the gloved hand to Allan with a wan smile. "Good-by—and thank you for the party. I'm sorry that we were such troublesome guests."

Allan touched the extended fingers lightly and briefly.

"That's all right," he said—and after a long moment, in a low voice, "all right," he repeated painfully.

LONG, long after they had gone he turned back to the table, catching at the chair, and sat, huddled and tense, staring down at the soiled green surface as tho it were a map spread out before him—a map of battle, intricate and close-threaded, of grave import. The clock ticked away the

horrible things. Horrible, horrible things." She smiled at him piteously, keeping her lips steady by a gallant effort. "I'm frightened," said Miss Farr.

"What kind of things?" His voice was carefully unmoved.

"About—about Linny—and me. About what they'd do if any one else died. About—" She put her hand to her throat, a shudder convulsing her from brow to heels. "It's not true," she whispered, stiff-lipped.. "It's not true, is it? Is it; is it?"

"Likely not. You cross a Chinaman and a Frenchy, and you get something that can turn out one grand line of talk—especially on a hot day. Just what was this particular song and dance?"

"She said that if—that if Chang's boy got worse they were going to -take Lin away—and if the boy died—they were going to—they were going to —" Her voice trailed off into silence, and again that dreadful tremor went through her. "I can't. I can't."

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"ONE SLIM HAND AND FOREARM LAY ALONG THE TABLE. STEPHEN FELT THE WARMTH OF IT RUN THROUGH HIS VEINS"

THE INHERITORS

A CLOSE CONTEST BETWEEN A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS AND HER HABITS

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

ALL through dinner, to Stephen, with intuitions sharpened by an absence of fifteen years, and by loneliness and much travel during those fifteen years, the situation had grown increasingly unreasonable. As to his own part in it, his critical self, surveying his surface self, withdrew into a state of indignant amazement; of amused, puzzled disgust. It was not as if he were dazzled by Meldrum, dazzling as Meldrum undoubtedly in some respects was. Without question the man had power, an extraordinary vitality of power; without question there was a certain charm as well, a charm compounded of blond good looks and health and buoyancy; but if one saw him with a complete eye, and Stephen did, the complete eye was sardonic—inclined to be boisterously so.

He should not, Stephen told himself, have forgotten so completely what Meldrum was like, or rather, what Meldrum had, in the dim past, threatened to become; but then, in the three days Stephen had been at "Meadow-Saffron," Meldrum, occupied in his mysterious capacity of millionaire in New York, had almost ceased to exist. It was as if he were some distant, entirely impersonal institution maintained for the purpose of supplying Mrs. Meldrum with an appropriate and undisturbed background—this gracious red-brick house, for instance; these gardens, shadowy with the blue haze of August; especially, perhaps, the vine-clad, open veranda, where, for three nights now, Stephen had sat with Mrs. Meldrum reconstructing in a way he had not thought possible a friendship that at twenty-five had been, for him at least, tragically broken. He had rather dreaded this renewal when first the chance was offered him; dreaded and at the same time welcomed it, as was the habit of his experimenting mind; but the renewal had been different from what he had imagined: singularly lacking in embarrassment or reminiscence. Too much so, perhaps. Even the most generous of lovers *is* not altogether dissatisfied to find, however much he may try to conquer the lapse into shabbiness, the choice which rejected him a mistaken one.

Apparently Nora Meldrum regretted nothing; apparently she was altogether content. Vast wealth agreed with her, as it usually does with women—not men—who have been brought up in comparative poverty. Marriage had enunciated her, awakened her. About her was a very shining impression. Stephen recalled the slim, amber, inarticulate girl of fifteen years before. And now, on top of this shining impression, was this preposterous Meldrum! And he, Stephen, sitting quietly beneath the flood—a well-bred-enough flood on the surface, generally oblique, fairly quiet, but none the less flood—of self-laudation and confirmed opinion. He felt rather like a man who has got under a waterfall and can't get out.

Shortly before seven, Stephen, dressing for dinner, had heard the sound of a motor on the driveway and had looked out of his window to see a heavy, straw-hatted man in a check suit, accompanied by a smaller man, descend from the car and mount the steps leading to the house. Half an hour

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later, coming down to the drawing-room, he found Meldrum, now in a dinner-jacket, smoking a cigaret across the fireplace from a thin, dark, curly-haired young Englishman—Roget, Stephen thought his name was.

Stephen had stopped for a minute in the doorway, his lean brown face suddenly astonished, his narrowed eyes fixed upon the alert bulk of his host. How extraordinary! So this was Meldrum! He had forgotten completely what he looked like, or rather, Meldrum had altered so in appearance that no one could be blamed for failing to recognize in this reincarnation of forty-five the thin, tawny young man of fifteen years before.

Stephen came forward. Meldrum was finishing a sentence of introduction, gesturing with an expensive hand upon the little finger of which shone dully a subdued, gorgeous ring.

"Roget's been sent over to see if I could do anything for him," he explained in a large, engulfing manner which immensely aroused Stephen's most passionate distaste. "One can't just putter along with music any longer—after the War. Can one? Eh, Roget? Too bad, but it's true. Nowadays we've all got to get out and do something." His voice was smooth but finely vibrant. One had an impression of huge lungs, used sparingly.

For so long now Stephen had had to do only with men caught up by some impersonal idea, national or warlike, that his mind dwelt lingeringly upon the last sentence. He remembered, somewhat, that he was back in New York. He supposed a great many people really thought such things—such preposterous things! Meldrum, probably, was merely representative of a not unusual class. He wondered how many lords of finance thought "puttering with music" not "doing anything."

Roget, to one side of the fireplace, shifted uneasily, twisting his head with the quick motion of the neck common to nervous young Englishmen. "Oh—er—yes!" he agreed heartily. "Yes! Yes! Quite so!" But not cheerfully.

Stephen, who had been watching Meldrum with amused, reflective eyes, turned toward the other. "You're a musician?" he asked.

The young, rather harassed face brightened. "I was, but then, you see, I've been out of it so long. And I hurt my hand—not badly, but enough. I was in the tanks." He held out a left hand, the delicate fingers of which were blurred and maimed, and laughed deprecatingly.

The darned War! A flush darkened Stephen's high cheekbones. He experienced the same sick indignation that had been his so often during the past six years. The incredible folly of fate arranging that a musician should be in the tanks! Should lose, with such nice irony, the use of the very thing he most needed! He raised his head and smiled.

"I was with the South Africans myself for three years," he said.

"But you're an American?"

"Oh, yes, altogether! But I've been out in Africa since about nineteen-five; knocking about, doing some jobs for your Government—exploration mostly."

Meldrum's bland, compelling voice cut out across the elucidation. "He's a very mysterious lad, Roget," he volunteered. "We can't keep track of him over here." He smiled at Stephen, showing under his well-tended mustache his large and perfect teeth. "What are you going to do now?" he asked. "Settle down?"

Stephen wished there wasn't going to be quite so much explanation—it would be rather hard to bear for a day and two nights. He watched Meldrum somberly as he stooped over a table and selected a rosebud from a flower-filled bowl on a table and stuck it in the lapel of his flawless coat. Meldrum straightened up and looked at him again. "I hope you will," he resumed. "Your experience—you would be very useful, you know, in some of our departments. Any time you want—ah, Nora!" Mrs. Meldrum had come into the room with her aunt, Miss Whiting.

THE affluent, soft-toned room received personalities erasingly. They were warmly absorbed and overridden; became one with the luster of silver, the color of pictures hung upon the wall, of flowers and books and mellow wood. This was particularly so at night, when beyond the orange illumination of lamps were pools of shadow. Stephen, during the past three days, had seen Nora Meldrum come into the room many times, but now, for the first time, she appeared to stand out from her background with unexpected sharpness—a startling sharpness. Meldrum's coming had increased, it seemed, the possibilities of vividness. Perhaps it was the white, clinging dress Mrs. Meldrum was wearing; perhaps, and this seemed the better explanation, the contrast her slim elegance presented to the sleek abundance of her husband. At all events, a second of clear stillness touched Stephen's heart. The figure of Meldrum, the figure of his wife approaching him, the indistinct background that Roget's personality afforded, grouped themselves in a circle of clarity. The August night, heavy with the scent of hayfields and of grain, pushed aside the curtains, and for a distilled interval overcame with a hint of wildness and loneliness the perfume of cut roses and the gentle redolence of occupancy. Stephen found himself oddly glad that Nora Meldrum greeted her husband only with words. "Hello!" she said casually.

"THAT'S a warm welcome," he returned, but smilingly. "Sick?"

"No! A little tired!"

"What do you do to tire you?"

He was studying her carefully as she came up to him, his head a little on one side. Now he put out his hands and, seizing her by her slender shoulders, drew her close to him. His expression was that of a man who has invested capital in an enterprise and comments judicially.

"Why invariably white?" he asked resignedly.

Mrs. Meldrum smiled up at him and then down at her dress. "Don't you like it?" she said. "It's quite new."

Stephen was aware of a startling petulance, ill concealed, in Meldrum's reply. "No," he announced shortly; "of course I don't! Why should I? Over week-ends I look forward to a little gaiety, even if I don't get it. God knows there's not much of it in August in the city. Women ought to think of those things; oughtn't they, Roget? Englishwomen do. I'll bet you wouldn't see one of them greeting a husband at the end of six days like a sister out of a convent. I'll tell you what"—he fell with the ease of habitude into the accent of oratory—"the American woman gives less for what she gets than any woman in the world." His assured manners saved his speech from entire vulgarity.

Roget exhibited nervousness by a further twisting of his neck and a retirement into the depths of his cocktail-glass.

"'I DON'T BE STUPID! I'M NOT MAKING LOVE TO YOU! I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO RUN AWAY WITH ME! I'M ASKING YOU ONLY TO GIVE ME A LITTLE OF YOUR CONFIDENCE!'"

From her place on a cretonne-covered lounge, Miss Whiting spoke. She was a small, plump, carefully compressed, gray-haired woman, who clearly all her life had dreaded men even while she despised them.

"I have told Nora that again and again," she observed. "You like strong colors. She knows it; so do I. I do think a man's taste should be consulted in such matters. I remember very distinctly—" Her voice died away in amazed wonder at the sudden lack of interest exhibited in what a moment before had seemed to be so vitally interesting. One felt, however, that she should be used to similar moments of amazed loneliness. Meldrum had turned his back and was pressing another cocktail upon Roget. "Gaiety!" he was saying. "Hard work all week, and then gaiety over the week-end! That's my motto, and a good one! If we don't get it from our women, I'd like to know where we're going to get it!"

Miss Whiting turned a bemused eye upon Stephen. He nodded his head at her. "Exactly!" he said. "The fatted ox meeting the fatted ox! Is that the correct quotation?" Her dissatisfaction was unrelieved. He wasn't sure whether he had made an enemy, or had merely left a puzzled acquaintance. Miss Whiting, who during the past three days had been noteworthy for unobtrusiveness, a trait not too usual with elderly women, seemed to be pushing herself to the foreground in what, it struck him, promised to be something very much like a week-end obliteration of her niece's personality—a customary week-end obliteration. With his inclination to exaggerate, possibly, tenuous layers of meaning, he imagined deliberation, no doubt unconscious but none the less existent. A certain obstinacy in Nora Meldrum's character would arouse the obstinacy in that of her aunt; a certain submissiveness would arouse the latent truculence of her husband. Stephen's love of the grotesque pictured a fantastic uprising of gnomes and giants; a Walpurgis night in which portentous Magogs and earnest witches danced about a bewildered wanderer with a chuckling hatred of soft beauty. No, not bewildered! That was the curious thing. Nora Meldrum had known all along that this lay upon her Saturday horizon, and yet she had been able to maintain unbroken her attitude of glowing adequateness. Stephen wondered if by any chance she could really be in love with Meldrum. Many women could. He went in to dinner absorbed in chiaroscuro thought.

WHAT would it be like to be a woman and altogether alone with a man like Meldrum? Imagine the proximity of that face with its curious mixture of dullness and confirmed strength; its absurd, heavy, waxed mustache and opaque, arrogant blue eyes! Imagine those plump, pink, highly manicured hands upon your arms! Imagine the necessity of having to laugh at what Meldrum thought funny—the wit of the Stock Exchange quintessentialized for the dressing-room!

Upon the shimmering white damask of the table-cloth four silver candlesticks with violet shades cast a soft brilliance over the sparkling silver and the sharp lucidity of cut glass. Beyond their circle of light the dark-wainscoted room was filled with opaqueness, out of which stepped and into which retired an alert man servant. Against the screens of the open windows moths fluttered with a small, creaking sound. Above the mantelpiece the portrait of a man in a many-folded stock looked down. He had a thin, high-flavored, humorous face, high-nosed and patrician. The world went on, Stephen reflected. He wondered if this ancestor of Nora Meldrum's—if he remembered correctly, Meldrum had no ancestors—had ever, in all his life, imagined just such a person as Nora Meldrum's husband. Each century expressed itself in its own peculiar way.

The mental attitudes of the others at the table piqued his curiosity. He supposed it was necessary for Roget to laugh at Meldrum's jokes; to applaud the way in which Meldrum apparently all through life had been proved so inevitably right—he supposed it was necessary. And Roget was a distinguished man. At least, he had been a distinguished man. He had enlisted as a private, so Stephen gathered, and had risen to be a major; he had been decorated; for three years, at all events, he had very persistently and grimly risked his life for a world that promised everything, took everything, and forgot everything. He would have been better off had he shirked the War and fled to New York and entered Meldrum's office as a clerk—four years further along the road to what Meldrum would have called "success." Roget's intellectual processes required no explanation; they were obvious and pathetic; obvious also were those of Miss Whiting. On her concentrated and vacant face as she listened to her nephew-in-law was the infatuated look of the woman who worships power no matter how expressed. In the same way she would have watched a train go by. Her tight little body trembled at the thought of delicious, half-hearted resistance to a brutality it had never been called upon to endure. No,

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BABIES WANTED

Bobbie heard Mrs. Brown say she'd give ten dollars for Little Brother.

Bobbie couldn't spare Little Brother, but—— He has collected ten others—that is, he started with ten.

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

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HANGING AROUND THE POLITICAL GARAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

"The presence of the 'hunch' on politics among men voters is all that keeps the country from certain destruction. How do they get it? Is it essentially masculine? Many of us women say that 'men are made that way!' But they are not. They go where they can get that sort of information. It is something that we women must learn to do,"

CARTOON BY TONY SARG

TOWARD the end of last Summer, when elections began to loom up, one of my Vermont neighbors, a farmer's wife, energetic, competent, a perfect "manager," roused herself with characteristic vigor to the need of doing something about the new political responsibility which Fate and the United States Government had put on her shoulders. Talking it over with me, she said, "I never paid a spark of attention to the Government in my life, and it makes me mad now to have to. I've always had plenty to do without that, what with children and butter-making and hired hands to cook for. But now I've got to vote because if us older women don't, the rattle-headed, dressed-up girls that work down to the factory will have it all their own way, and they'll vote, goodness knows, the way anybody wants 'em to that'll give 'em a pound of chocolate candy. I don't approve of women votin' anyhow. Look at such girls votin'! They ain't fit to; women ain't, as a general thing. But I'm in it now and I got to do my best. I'm going to ask Alfred to start in to tell me all about it, this very evening. He's set there every night reading the newspaper and he's voted every election for forty-five years."

A week after this I met her in the village street, three miles from home, a grim look on her face. "I'm going to see one of the Selectmen of this town, or the Town Clerk or somebody," she announced, "and get him to come out to our schoolhouse to tell us women how the town is run, about the laws for school appropriation, and all the rest of it."

"Why, wouldn't Alfred tell you?" I asked.

"*Alfred!*" she cried. "If he ever knew, he's done the best job of forgettin' you ever saw. He couldn't answer a single question I asked him; said he'd been too busy farmin' and lumberin' all his life to tend to all that. And me for forty years thinkin' he was lookin' after that end of things! Land! If I didn't know any more about makin' butter and curin' pork than he does about what is a lot more important, we'd ha' been in the poorhouse years ago."

Late that afternoon, driving our car back from the village, I overtook my neighbor, walking home. She climbed in at my invitation, and sat down heavily. There was a dazed look on her face.

"Well, who did you get to come out and tell us about the town and State government?" I asked.

She turned her broad, serious, intelligent face squarely to mine. It was a little pale. She looked shocked and incredulous. "Do you know," she said solemnly, "there won't one of them dare to try to do it. When they heard what I wanted to find out, they all just laughed and said goodness! they couldn't begin to answer such questions. I'd ought to go and pay a lawyer. They said they'd been too busy runnin' their own business to bother all about this government idea! Yes, Mrs. Fisher, they weren't ashamed to say that—men that have always told us women we weren't needed because they'd look out for things. And we believed 'em. They ain't *fit* to vote!"

She clasped her strong, muscular hands together hard. "It's *time* us women were shoved out and made to do our part!" she said.

I had been feeling as uneasy and "gone" as my neighbor over the new position in which I found myself, because up to this time I have always had, in my own country, the position of a well-cared-for Greek slave in the Roman Republic, entirely outside any thought about the Government except to grumble when I thought it incompetent. My imagination had been struck by my neighbor's exploring expedition into the minds of the men of her circle, and that evening I undertook a little exploration of my own. A cousin of mine, a well-to-do, unesthetic, prosperous, unliterary business man, strolled into the house. "Dick," I said, "you have voted all your life, haven't you?"

"Yep," he admitted with no enthusiasm.

"How ever did you start to learn how to vote?" I asked curiously. "Did you study it in college?"

He was horrified at the idea. "Gosh, no!"

"Well, did you discuss it with your friends; talk it over?"

This idea tickled him to open laughter. "What do you think boys are like, Cousin Dolly? No, we talked baseball and girls, of course. A fellow'd have been put out if he talked politics, as much as if he tried to talk about his studies."

This expressed the *ne plus ultra* of tabu, of course.

"Well," I insisted, "you do have opinions. You do want to vote one way rather than another."

"Sure I do," he said; "what's it to you?"

One of the things we had to vote for that Fall was who was to be Governor of our State, and I found myself blankly ignorant of the merits of the case. "Do you know whom you want to vote for—for Governor, for instance?" I asked him.

He replied with perfect and instant conviction, "You can bet your life I won't vote to put back the man we've got now."

I felt myself on the track at last and pressed forward eagerly. "*There*, Dick, that's what I mean! What *makes* you have that opinion? Is it something you've read in the newspaper? Is it something you've heard somebody say?"

I was baffled in my search for exact information, but I got the germ of an important idea out of his answer. He looked at me out of shrewd eyes, and said, "Oh, I just gotta hunch he's no good."

There was the accent of finality in his voice. He could not tell me where he had acquired that opinion because he did not know. But I could make a guess. As I meditated on the matter, it came to me that what we women voters lack is just that—a "hunch"; and that the presence of the "hunch" on politics among men voters is all that keeps the country from certain destruction.

CERTAINLY as we come into political responsibility and actually see at first-hand the workings of the political machinery and the mental equipment and attitude of the men who work it, we are most of us appalled by the revelation of the careless, haphazard, ignorant, nonchalant, conscienceless way in which most men voters perform their civil obligations. I think most of us would echo the outcry of my Vermont neighbor, "And me for forty years thinkin' he was lookin' after that end of things!"

And yet, ignorant as they shamelessly are, and negligent as they make no pretense of not being, most of us women recognize in most of them the existence of that "hunch" on political matters which made my barbarian of a cousin know just how he was going to vote, altho I, at least twenty times as well informed as he on most matters, had not had the slightest opinion in the matter.

How do they get that hunch? Is it anything essentially masculine? Not in the least. We all have hunches about the things we happen to know about. We all run our lives by hunches, which is the other name for intuitions derived from first-hand information assimilated into the unconscious. The man from the garage who cocks his ear at the noise made by the broker's car and has a hunch that the front cylinder is not getting oil enough, is not more gifted or intelligent than the broker, who hasn't the faintest notion what the trouble is. Only he has hung around a garage all his boyhood and worked in one for years. The broker, on his part, looking at the stock-market quotations, has a hunch (and could not tell you why) that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé stock is going up, whereas the mechanic could have looked all day at that page without making the faintest guess at that.

WE WOMEN are to politics and the art of government like the mechanic looking at the stock quotations or the broker standing helpless over his car. But let us remember for our encouragement and warning, that a few years ago everybody was helpless over his automobile, and that all the expert knowledge of how best to repair and run cars results only from a great deal of practise in doing it. It can be acquired. But it can not be acquired without practise! To this day twentieth-century people who happen to have had no direct contact with automobiles know no more than their grandmothers did; and neither will we ever learn anything about successful government if we don't turn to and practise, ourselves, and watch other people as they work away at the job. Expert knowledge of how to mend cars does not float around in the air to be absorbed by the passive. And neither does knowledge of how to run a government.

Let us steal a page from the book of our sons, and go at the business of learning how to govern as they learn how to manage cars. All mothers know what they do—streak it off to the nearest garage in every leisure moment, hang around and watch the men at work, and occasionally get entrusted with tightening a screw or holding a wheel in place. Everybody sees how from this informal school is graduated a great raft of young men who know as instinctively as they breathe, how to manage cars of any make. We mothers, having stayed behind in our homes and clubs, and studied the influence of Masaccio on Giorgione's use of draperies, marvel at the boys' hunch on cars, and many of us say, "Men are *made* that way!" But they are not. They go where they can get that sort of information, and we don't. And that is what they have always been forced to do, more or less, about politics. And that is what we women must learn to do.

The "garage," so to speak, for us newly enfranchised voters, is anywhere where any actual work in government is being done, or anywhere where anybody with experience in the business will talk about it. This last means practically anywhere we come in contact with any man and are willing to talk about government with him, from the milkman to the head of the railway.

Now, we can not expect to get the exact historical facts, laws, and theories of government by asking casual questions of casual men, because most men have so entirely assimilated what they know of it that it puts them off fearfully to try to get it out and present it in orderly form. They did

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THE EYES OF LOVE

BY CORRA HARRIS

THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

The Story of the Story

THIS is the last instalment of "The Eyes of Love," which are, according to Mrs. Harris, the only eyes that see. In the preceding chapters Windy Cutmore has fallen in love with Betty Marshall, charming, beautiful, and quite modern in her matrimonial views. He has come through the War and been taken on as the partner of Puckle, a middle-aged, prosperous lawyer.

After three months of double blessedness he finds himself a changed man. His debts are paid, his business prospers, and his happiness is apparently assured; but a tragedy lies buried in his past, about which his wife knows nothing.

The skeleton in Windy's closet has begun to rattle six bones. Captain Hayden, Windy's senior officer in the big War, has turned up again. He is a coward and a bully and is responsible for the deaths of many men. Windy has knocked him out completely in a private brawl which has aroused the town's suspicion.

Mrs. Harris says that "you may kick a dud and survive, but it is often fatal to even play with a real love peaceable bomb." Somebody has been scratching matches on Windy's back. Will he explode?

WOMEN are by nature lyrical. They may become elegiac, plaintive, under oppression, but they never attain the great emotional stride that makes an epic. And not one of them ever wins from experience, however terrible, the mournful, rolling, drum-beating rhythm of tragedy. Some man must always furnish the lines spoken by a tragedienne from Lady Macbeth down. They can endure desolation, but they can not speak the Promethean tongue. They have a blissfully diminishing quality of the mind which corresponds to the tintinnabulating treble of the feminine voice, so that in their very thoughts they reduce their sorrows with smaller terms, miss the awful dignity and the sonorous tones of despair. If the average man could endure the vicissitudes of the average woman's life we should have ten thousand volumes a year of Promethean poetry, and Sisyphus would become a national hero. To survive the tragedy of living one must not have a too lofty imagination. This is how women get away with it. Their very existence is tragic, but by the grace of God their nature is lyrical, not informed with the deeper sense of tragedy, never able to hold the note long enough, always breaking into hysterics before they reach the grand, dirgeful pitch.

Thus it happens that every woman is born with a gift for being a bride. She has a pretty talent for the light histrionics of love. And she could play that rôle until her hair turned gray and her face withered like a dead and dried rose but for the fact that no man can long bear the tender perfections of being a bridegroom to just one and the same woman. And no woman living can be a bride to a mere husband.

Windham Cutmore was drifting into this normal prose state of a man who finds himself cast for the perpetual rôle of husband, a condition no bridegroom realizes until he has played out as a bridegroom. He was now capable of thrusting his chair back from the table without tasting his food. He no longer concealed his perversities as an eating animal. He frequently complained that the house was too hot, that it was too cold.

One evening when Betty lifted her hand as usual to pin back her vagrant forelock he watched her frowning. The repetition of this pretty performance had got on his nerves.

"Why don't you cut that cow-licked lock off and have done with it?" he exclaimed.

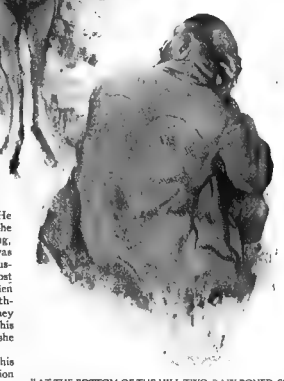
She was shocked. She considered several things that she might say in reply to this brutal suggestion. Then she decided to make no reply. She had a hunch that it was wiser not to cross swords with a husband like Windy. Besides, if you never quarrel with your husband you prove your superiority.

But from this day he never saw that lock of hair which had been the golden semaphore of Betty's countenance since he had first known her. He missed it, and a certain waywardness in Betty herself which seemed to have gone with it.

When a man becomes a mere husband you know it by the fact that he begins at once to shrive his bride of those manners and trifles which first endeared her to him. He demands the prose of her, but he never ceases to miss the poetry of her which he has suppressed, and which he sometimes seeks in another woman.

Betty did not understand the wringing process through which their happiness was passing. She attributed Cutmore's sharpened temper to his recent illness. He was not quite himself, she thought. As a matter of fact he was just now becoming himself again. He was reacting as usual from the novelty of having a dear, young, and devoted wife. He was returning to his own consciousness, separate and distinct. Most men do that. It is the time when their brides begin to weep without being able to tell why they are so sad. Betty escaped this tearful period only because she was a financier in love.

Other circumstances at this time distracted her attention and kept her balanced. Colonel and Mrs. Marshall came up from Culloden on a visit. It was a season of quiet but rapturous happiness for Betty, because Windy had been at his eighteenth-century best. His display of decorous and formal affection for her parents filled her with prideful assurance. Let Aunt Theodosia rage now and imagine vain things. Her dear people would know the quality of man Windy was!



"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL TWO RAW-BONED SORREL MULES HITCHED TO A COVERED WAGON—A GRAY MULE HITCHED TO THE END OF THE TONGUE"

MRS. MARSHALL was a placid, dark little woman whose dignity was softened and scriptural. She enhanced Betty in the eyes of certain Millidge ladies who met her at the informal tea-party which Betty gave in her honor. Such dim, sweet elegance! White ruching in the neck and sleeves of her frock; hair crimped! "Little Mrs. Cutmore has been wiser in the choice of her mother than in the husband she has chosen!" one woman said to another as they came out from this party.

If Mrs. Marshall had any misgivings about her son-in-law, she concealed them—with that astuteness which is frequently the unsuspected characteristic of apparently simple folk. But on the first night after they returned to Culloden she remained so long on her knees in prayer beside their mutual bed that the Colonel immediately asked her when she finished what she thought of Betty's husband. He had observed during their married life that Mrs. Marshall's prayers were normally brief at night unless her maternal anxiety was excited for some reason.

"HE IS very fond of Betty," she answered evasively as she slipped in between the sheets and drew the covers up.

"Yes, of course," the Colonel replied, taking the last whiff from his cigar standing on the rug before the fire, "but what do you think of *him?*"

Mrs. Marshall stared at the ceiling. Her face, framed in the dark hair with locks of gray on the temples, looked strangely like an older image of Betty's face, paler, sweetened with faint lines and wrinkles, but the same blue eyes.

"I think," she said after a silence that made the Colonel shift uneasily, "that he is capable of anything."

"My dear!" he protested.

"Anything, good or evil," she repeated.

"That may be said of every man," he said.

"Potentially, yes," she answered slowly, "but Windham will go the limit. Most men don't, either way. He is not so much the husband Betty has taken as the risk she has taken."

"Puckle likes him," the Colonel insisted. "He thinks Windham has a brilliant future."

"Mr. Puckle likes Betty. He only likes Windham because she requires that of him. And he will think any kind of future for him to oblige Betty!" his wife returned.

There is something queer about the mother-in-law. The whole world knows it and frequently refers to her in terms of defeat. She may be an ordinary woman with no marked gift for detecting you, but the moment her daughter marries

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you her nature changes. She becomes psychic. And it is not her nature to love a son-in-law, but to know him.

Meanwhile Colonel Marshall had completely changed in his attitude toward Cutmore. He conceived a voluntary father's patronage for this promising young man. He made a point of coming to Millidge to see him and to be seen with him. He imagined that his implied approval would be of benefit to Cutmore.

What with this happy welding of family ties and her other social duties Betty had no time to languish over her own condition or grieve over changes so subtle in her husband that they appeared only momentarily. In the main he was dear Windy still, only dimmer at times.

The Cutmores had just given their first formal dinner-party. It was all over and the guests gone at eleven o'clock. The parlor had a disheveled look as if much merriment had just passed out of it, leaving the chairs still drawn together in groups, standing crankside, shoved together, looking a little tipsy as chairs always do look after people who laugh and are friendly have been sitting in them. Sheets of music lay scattered on the piano. Somebody had left a fan, spread where it had fallen on the floor, like feathers from a bird's wing. The fire in the hearth was now a heap of red coals with a frost of fine white ashes on them. Cutmore sat in a deep chair before it, Betty on a low stool beside him, one arm on his knee, her head resting upon it.

"Every one seemed to enjoy it, didn't they, Windy?" she said with a happy sigh.

"Of course they did," he assured her.

"The Turners are nice people," sleepily.

"Very substantial, yes," he agreed.

"Do you think Mr. Tovey has proposed to Margaret yet?"

"Not if he knows a lime-twig as well as I think he does," he answered. "Margaret Miller is too obvious. No sport to winning a girl like that."

"Sarah and I are so anxious to make that match."

"Well, you show it! Tovey looks like a rabbit about to be mesmerized."

"He looks that way anyhow," she replied, laughing.

"Sarah ought to be ashamed of the way she kicks that fellow Towne around before people."

"She can't forgive him," Betty explained.

"Forgive him what? Everybody says she will marry him!"

"That," she murmured darkly, "she resents having to marry him."

"But she doesn't have to," he said.

"Oh, yes, she does, in a way. He is the only man who ever proposed to Sarah. Think of marrying the only man you could possibly marry. It is awful. She will never forgive him!"

Cutmore let out a peal of laughter that aroused Betty. She sat up and regarded him soberly.

"Well, suppose I had been the only girl you could have married, don't you see there would have been no—no free will in the matter at all. You would just have had to do it. And you would—well, you would have resented me. Love is eclectic, or, not love."

"I suppose I should feel complimented then because you had other lovers," he said.

"Of course, because you know by the same token that you were chosen, not a dire necessity as poor Charlie Towne is to Sarah."

They went on in this strain for some time, then Betty remarked that Mr. Crombie was quite crazy about his new car.

"He should be. It cost a small fortune," Cutmore answered.

"Windy," Betty began after another silence, "what is the matter with Mrs. Patten?"

"Nothing that I know of; why?"

"Sarah was here when I was making the list for this dinner-party. I was about to include the Pattens; she said no, it was best not to ask them. You know they have been very nice to us."

"You ask Mrs. Patten, Betty, only when you ask everybody," he said.

"But why?" she wanted to know.

"No particular reason. She is one of those good women whom nobody trusts. She looms large only when there is a drive on for some charitable purpose. And she is the most uncharitable woman in Millidge. She keeps the book of transgressions. She knows everybody's faults, and tells them. The awful thing is that she speaks the truth."

"Windy, do you know a Captain Hayden?" Betty asked suddenly.

"No; why?" he answered after a pause so brief it was scarcely perceptible.

"Mrs. Patten said something dreadful happened to him at the club. She said you knew about it. What happened?"

HE KNEW absolutely nothing about Hayden, he answered shortly. Besides, it was late and time honest folk were in bed.

The most fearlessly truthful man in his relations to other men will be untruthful to his wife. This is a form of instinctive cowardice in the elder sex which has not received the attention it deserves. His own explanation is fallacious, but creditable to his kinder nature, that his wife must not be frightened or disturbed by the gross and frequently dangerous incidents of his strictly masculine existence. And he will insure her peace of mind with this mendacity when he has ceased to insure her happiness or even her physical comfort in any other way. The truth is that the eyes of his good and faithful wife are more disconcerting and diminishing when she beholds him in the light of his secret deeds than the remote omniscience of Almighty God, whose judgments are silent and indefinitely deferred.

SO CUTMORE lied to Betty about that affair with Hayden, because it was none of Betty's business, but, strictly speaking, a man's business, and because Betty must not be alarmed by the knowledge that her husband had earned and sustained a reputation for being an exceedingly dangerous man. If he had been addicted to strong drink, or if he had been a gambler, he would have denied that too, with the fervid language of truth. They all do it. Every husband, for some Adam reason, feels honor-bound to keep a part of his character secret from his wife. And not one of them ever succeeds. From this hour the name of Hayden was fixed in Betty's mind by a strange involuntary connection with her husband. She thought she would ask Mr. Puckle about that man Hayden, not that she doubted Windy's word, of course not, but she just wanted to know what the word "dreadful" used by Mrs. Patten concealed. She did, when Puckle came next time to dine with them.

They were seated before the fire in the parlor waiting for Cutmore to come down-stairs; Puckle was very comfortable. His face glowed redly from the heat of the fire. And he was watching Betty, trying honestly to think of her in general terms, such as what a charming hostess she was, what a good housekeeper she was, how considerate of her to always make him so welcome, and—how softly pretty she was perched, as usual, delicately and primly on the edge of her chair leaning forward, hands clasped over one knee, her blue eyes matching the flame that shot up in violet rays between the burning logs, and silent. Few women, he thought, had the beneficent repose of silence.

Puckle was only a man, not even a husband. He did not know, therefore, that a woman's silence is always dangerously potential, that she invariably makes up for it with a punch the next time she speaks, and that you, if you are present, are sure to become the victim of this cumulative silence. She is only taking the more careful aim before she lets go at you.

"Mr. Puckle, who is Captain Hayden?" Betty asked, breaking this beneficent silence.

Puckle received the shock of this question leaning far back in his chair. When it passed he sat up slowly, perceiving that Betty's eyes were upon him. He uncrossed his legs, turned his head sidewise, bowed it with the air of a man who searches his memory for a trifling thing.

"Hayden, Hayden," he repeated in a musing voice. "The name is familiar. Yes, I recall him now, never knew him myself, but he enlisted from Millidge, I believe. Probably one of the officers trained here."

He caught her eye. It was still an interrogative, unsatisfied eye.

"Windy doesn't know Captain Hayden, either," she said.

"Bless me, Betty! What can you imagine dreadful that could happen to anybody at the Old Hickory? It's as solemn and respectable as a church," he exclaimed with a faintly injured air. He added that he was one of the governors and he surely would know if anything out of the way happened.

"That is what I thought, but it does seem strange," she answered.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Mrs. Patten told me. That is, she didn't tell me, only that something dreadful had happened to Captain Hayden at the club. She said Windy must have told me. I said no, he had not. Then she looked very queer and said in that case she was very much surprised it."

"That woman!" Puckle snorted.

"I asked Windy, but he said he knew nothing about it."

"Well, then, of course there is nothing to know," he assured her.

"There is something," she insisted. "And Mrs. Patten seemed to connect whatever it was with Windy and this Captain Hayden. That is why I wanted to know about it."

"Betty!" Puckle exclaimed.

She glanced at him and was shocked at the malignancy of this good man's countenance. His brows bristled, his lips snarled, his nose spread and flattened.

"The less you have to do with Mrs. Patten the better, the less you listen to her the wiser you will be. She's got adder-blood in her. She's venomous. She's been the poisoned yeast of every scandal in this town for ten years. She——"

"But is this a scandal?" Betty interrupted, still keen on the scent.

"What?"

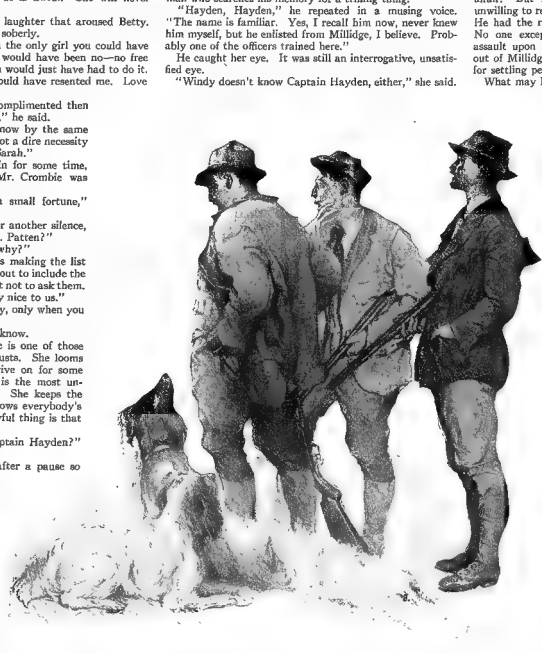
"This something dreadful that happened at the club," she answered, harping on that.

"Gossip! Nothing that could possibly concern you!"

"But she connected Windy——"

AT THIS MOMENT Cutmore came into the room, furbished up for dinner, and for some reason Betty did not finish what she was about to say.

Puckle was flustered. He talked so much more than usual that Betty kept her eye on him. She thought Mr. Puckle made a noise like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. She was perfectly certain that he was trying to create a diversion, and she was very suspicious. Puckle was secretly indignant. Why in consideration had Cutmore not mentioned to his wife the licking he had given Hayden? In his opinion this was a mistake, making a mountain of a mole-hill. He might know she would hear of the whole affair. But he understood Cutmore's silence. He was unwilling to reveal the tragedy of his experiences in France. He had the reserve of a decent fighting man about that. No one except himself knew the reason for Cutmore's assault upon Hayden. He hoped that fellow would keep out of Millidge. Cutmore was a man who had an instinct for settling personal accounts of this kind.



"CROMBIE'S CONSTERNATION WAS TOO DEEP FOR PROPER LANGUAGE, AND LANGUAGE STRONG ENOUGH HAD NOT COME TO HIM"

What may have been a sort of natural providence in the beginning can become a destructive element in life. Some scientists, with that peculiar and unbridled imagination which is a characteristic of all notable scientists, hold that man might have remained indefinitely in his original brute simplicity if he had not accidentally discovered the delectable flavor of fermented juices, if he had not taken his maize in the form of a sour mass. The effect of this intoxicating nourishment was to excite the nervous system, which in time changed the whole physical organism of man, multiplied the brain-cells, thereby causing a functioning of the same beyond mere instinctive animal action. It also produced an inebriate self-consciousness which exalted man emotionally, causing him to continually stand on his hind legs and to use his fore legs for the purpose of gesturing. What followed was a matter of development. From the lowest forms of nightmare superstitions he has progressed to the present stage of arts, ideals, civilizations, and assured immortality.

But whatever may be said of the inspirational effects of intoxicants upon the development of man it has now been moved and seconded in our own most enlightened nation that a dearth of intoxicants will be much better for him. Wherefore we have recently acquired national prohibition in this country, not as a fact but as a law, because you can not wean a nation from the habit of twice ten thousand years by legislating against the habit.

The present effect of prohibition has been to close the saloons and to spray the whole country with the forbidden beverage.

Millidge had long been known as a town of sober intoxication. The decanter was still a household institution among the best families. Wine was a liquid preparation for conversation taken at every table in Millidge. Housewives of the grander sort believed in the noble flavoring, and used it. It was like depriving a fine old community of its finer sentiments to banish its liquors. Not that those citizens accustomed to their toddies did without them. It was that honest men with impeccable reputations were reduced to expedients dark and devious to get the stuff, and such stuff! A set of criminals known as "bootleggers" prospered exceedingly there. Mud-bespattered

This was news. Puckle felt like a man holding one foot up in the dark, not sure where to set it down for the next step.

"Well, what do you want to know about him?" he asked, smiling at her.

She refused to return this smile.

"Did anything dreadful ever happen to Captain Hayden at the Old Hickory Club?" she wanted to know.

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"flivvers" shot in and out of Millidge at all hours. Old and formerly honorable cars went into the business when they were purchased from second-hand dealers. Never had so many well-intentioned and highly connected cars been stolen and spirited away also to be used in this traffic. The *Millidge Ledger* carried half a column of advertisements for stolen cars offering rewards for "evidence to convict."

But until the third day of December none of the prominent cars in Millidge had been taken. Crombie's contention was that a six-thousand-dollar automobile was too expensive and heavy to be used advantageously in the moonshine trade and that Millidge had no professional thieves of the other class.

ON THIS day he started out in his precious car for his annual hunt. He was accompanied by Colonel Turner, who occupied the seat beside him; Towne and Tovey, who sat behind; two bird-dogs, and a substantial roll of sandwiches bestowed in the hammock-rack of the car above the noses of the dogs. They had everything but the best thing. It developed at the last moment that no one could produce the essential flask. Five miles beyond Millidge they sighted a covered wagon coming slowly toward them.

"That looks promising!" Turner said, who was now at the toddy age.

Towne stood up, bent forward, and squinted over their shoulders through the wind-shield at this wagon.

"Depends upon whether there is a gray mule tied behind," he announced judiciously.

This wagon was well known on the country roads around Millidge, altho it was never seen in the town. It was drawn by two raw-boned sorrel mules. But the driver changed identity frequently. Sometimes he was a leather-faced mountaineer with chin-whiskers, sometimes he was a youth with only a colorless down on his lip. Frequently it was a fat elderly woman with a snuff-stick in her mouth. But the sheet of the wagon was always rolled up behind, where a crate showed. This crate carried anything from pigs to turkeys. Provender for the team was piled on top of it. There was a roll of bedding in front of it, and the dingy mess of a camping outfit, including provisions and enough apples to smell. If the wagon was proceeding in the direction of Millidge there was always an old gray mule tied behind and apparently following unwillingly. A sign to the initiated that a full line was inside. But if it should be going in the opposite direction this mule was hitched in front to the end of the wagon-tongue as leader for the team, which conveyed the information to possible customers that "there was nothing doing." And if you should be curious enough to pull up the wagon-sheet behind, which was now drawn, you would probably see the same pigs or the same turkeys in the crate going home again.

"The mule's tied behind, all right!" Tovey sang out cheerfully, having got a side view.

"Praise the hills!" Turner exclaimed fervidly.

Crombie was already in the road waiting for the wagon, now near at hand.

"I don't know the driver; never saw him before," he said uneasily.

This man, seated high above his team, wore a black slouch hat flared from his face, and brown corduroy clothes. He was young. His skin was pink, his eyes black and piercing. He had a fighting man's nose, arched, thin nostrils, that lifted into a snarl at the corners. His glance was bold, and he was regarding Crombie with the shadow of a grin, not challenging, but provocative.

"I don't like his looks; can't afford to make a mistake, you know," Crombie muttered.

"Oh, what does it matter how he looks?" Turner growled impatiently, seeing that the man meant to drive on.

"The mule's there! You go by the mule, not the driver!" Towne urged from within.

Crombie waved a signal, crossed the road to the wagon.

An undertaker and a moonshiner have the advantage of their customers. And they usually take it, for you are either too dead to dicker with the former about the cost of your funeral, or you are too hurried to dispute with the latter about the price of his commodity. This was an open road, a very public place. Crombie was a prominent citizen, about as well known as this wagon with its mule trailer.

The transaction was made with celerity. He stepped hastily back across the road, swung himself to the car, and made off at a lively speed.

"Fifteen dollars a quart! It's awful," he complained.

"That's the only prohibition we've got so far, the price these rascals charge for the stuff," Turner said.

Still they were cheerful. The car was now faintly fragrant. The day's pleasure was assured whatever luck they had with the guns. They left the highway and turned into an old farm road. Presently they came to a long stretch of meadows and stubble land below wooded hills.

"This is the place," Crombie said. "I thought we might get further in, but the road is ditched; can't make it!"

Turner wanted to know if it was safe to leave the car there. He was assured that it would be perfectly safe. In fact, Crombie doubted if he could get it out when they started home. They shouldered their guns, the dogs spread out in the stubble. Presently hunters and dogs disappeared over the rise of the hill into the meadow beyond.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before Tovey and Towne reappeared over the top of this hill, the elder men far in the rear. Suddenly Towne halted and stared.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. Tovey followed his gaze and also stared.

At the bottom of the hill two raw-boned sorrel mules hitched to a covered wagon grazed by the roadside. A gray mule hitched to the end of the tongue stood with his ears laid back, too tightly reined up to get his head to the ground.

"Same outfit we met this morning!" Tovey exclaimed.

"Where's the car? That's what I want to know!" Towne returned.

"Must be behind the wagon," Tovey said, as they started walking fast.

The car was not behind the wagon. The earth had been skinned for fifty feet where the wheels skidded across the road into the field and then back to the road. They went back to the wagon. No driver. Nothing inside but the roll of bedding and the crate with three small pigs in it.

"Can you beat it?" Towne exclaimed with a look of dismay.

They heard a yell and saw Crombie and Turner standing on the hill above them.

"What's the matter?" Crombie shouted as he came plunging down.

"Somebody's stolen your car!" Towne answered.

Crombie's consternation was too deep for proper language, and language strong enough had not come to him. Turner was plaintive. He was a fat man; he was also a tired fat man.

"Well, we've got to get back to town as soon as possible to notify the police," Tovey announced.

"We can get back, but not soon," Towne answered ruefully.

The four men stood with a single thought contemplating the wagon. Crombie's face was swelling with suppressed rage. He began to rumble profanely.

Towne climbed into the driver's seat and took the reins. Tovey seized the gray mule's bridle. They undertook to turn the team and wagon. They were inexperienced in this business. There was a terrific commotion; the wheels cut in beneath the bed, and at one moment disaster seemed imminent as this cumbersome body careened like a prostrated balloon. At last, however, they were back in the road.

"Crawl in, gentlemen!" Tovey shouted. "I may have to ride the gray mule, but we'll try driving him at long distance first. Never do to hitch him behind!"

He scaled the front wheel to the seat beside Towne, while Crombie and Turner went in laboriously over the crate of pigs.

"Tovey," said Towne while this scuffling ascension in the rear was going on, "if this is a straight road we can make it, but I'll never get this darn thing around a sharp curve without an accident!"

THEY started for Millidge in this fashion. Turner slept, not peacefully, but soundly, reclining against the crate, legs stretched in a medley of guns and dogs, with bunches of partridges dangling from the frame of the wagon above. But Crombie, seated hunched up on the end of the straw tick, erupted from time to time when the road was smooth enough for his voice to be heard above the rumble of the wagon. He reminded the two men in front that he suspected that fellow from the first. He had not wanted to deal with him when they stopped to get the stuff that morning. He suspected then that he was not what he pretended to be. Never had seen a bootlegger or moonshiner gotten up like that. The whole thing had been planned, to steal his six-thousand-dollar car and leave this contaminated wagon in exchange. It was not only the boldest kind of robbery, it was an insult, especially that gray mule. Why didn't Towne make the condemned beast move on faster? At this rate they would not reach Millidge before midnight! And it was imperative to start the police on that rascal's trail while it was fresh! Whereupon the drivers united in the effort to urge the tired team.

Millidge was agog next day with news of this affair. Other cars had been stolen there, but never one from among the elect before this time. A reporter hastened to interview Crombie, and was coldly received, but he gathered sufficient details of the disaster from the other three hunters to write a faintly humorous story for the *Ledger*, not omitting a veiled reference to the hunting party's first meeting with the suspected thief. Deputies and detectives bestirred themselves. They wired the particulars and a description of the car to every town and city in the State. Meanwhile they followed the clue furnished by Crombie and his companions and sought the man whom they had seen in the wagon. It was like chasing a red fox across the mountains. Few people would admit ever having seen these mules and this wagon, which was now on exhibition at the police station, and nobody remembered ever having seen such a man, least of all in the remote fastnesses of the hills from which he was supposed to have come.

One day Cutmore had gone to the police station to see a client. When he came out he saw the mules standing hitched in the sun beside the wagon. Later a police sergeant reported what happened to the chief. He said Mr. Cutmore acted as if he recognized that outfit, which was not remarkable, since a lot of people must know it. But the singular thing to him was that these mules seemed to know Mr. Cutmore. He had distinctly heard him address the gray one as "Pete," and he had been astonished to see the said mule prick his ears and whinny as Mr. Cutmore approached him. Now the chief knew that no man in the department dared trust himself within reach of that blasted mule, but he had seen Mr. Cutmore rub his nose and actually stroke his hind legs. He would have said that there was every evidence of a former agreeable acquaintance between Mr. Cutmore and that mule. What did the chief think? The chief thought it was a coincidence. "Pete" was a common name among mules. Some men were unaccountably attractive to animals. That was his explanation.

THE next day Crombie called Puckle on the phone. The man who stole his car had been taken. He had been brought in the night before from the mountains above Millidge. No, they had not got the car. The remains of it would no doubt be found somewhere up there. Yes, of course he protested his innocence; they all did until they were proved guilty. There was no doubt, however, that this fellow was the thief. Crombie had gone at once to the jail and identified him. Turner, Tovey, and Towne, who went with him, had also recognized him as the man they had seen in the wagon. They had passed him in the road on the morning of the hunt. This was the wagon that had been left in exchange for his car.

Then he told Puckle that he wanted him to take the case.

"I am asking you to take it because I want a vigorous prosecution," he explained.

Puckle said he would do his best. Crombie did not think the man could give bail. He was a stranger. Nobody in Millidge would go bond for him. But if the matter came up he hoped Puckle would see that the bond was adequate. Puckle was glad to have this case, not that it was important, but Crombie had never employed him as counsel before. He hoped this would lead to other business. He supposed he was indebted to Cutmore's relation to the Crombies for this, which reminded him that he would go in and see Cutmore about it.

Cutmore was not in his office. He went back and rang for Smalley.

"Has Mr. Cutmore been in this morning?" he asked.

"He was here, but he went out about an hour ago," Smalley answered.

"Do you know where he went?"

"He had a call very early this morning from the police station. Miss Smith answered it. Some one there wanted to see him at once. Miss Smith gave him the message first thing when he came in. He went out then and has not been back."

"Well, if he comes back while I am at lunch, tell him to wait here for me," Puckle said, putting on his top-coat and hat.

When he returned at two o'clock Cutmore was in his office.

"We have a new case, not much of a case, but an important client," Puckle announced, dropping into the chair, leaning back and regarding Cutmore agreeably.

"The more the better; who is he?" Cutmore asked.

"Crombie."

"What sort of case is it?" he asked.

"It seems that they arrested the fellow who stole Crombie's car. I have just had lunch with Crombie, the whole bunch of victims, in fact," he laughed.

"They will make star witnesses," he went on. "Crombie is madder about being obliged to come back to town in that bootlegger's wagon than about the loss of his car. Old Turner must be coached. They say he slept all the way home, but he dreams vividly. He believes some one passed them after dark in Crombie's car. He thinks he saw this through a split in the cover of the wagon. But his

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

FIRST, the heart of a woman is different from any other kind of heart in all the world.

It's bigger, it's more tender, it's more "various." It's more susceptible. It's more tolerant. It's more long-suffering. It's more kind. It's more generous. It's more lovable. It's more wonderful —than any other sort of heart.

The heart of a woman is the heart of hearts.

If you would know what real suffering is, find a woman's heart that has been broken. Look there into the ashes of its ruins and you shall know. Also, if you would learn of the superlative sweetness of happiness, again search for the heart of a woman who has found the gold behind the glitter of love, and there you shall see such wonder as your eyes have never before seen.

For again I say that there is no heart like unto the heart of a woman. Its patience is that of Job, plus that of a dozen worlds. And its suffering and forgetting power is greater than the crystallized power of the sun, the moon, and all the stars.

Through gentleness it breathes. Through strength it walks.

But the greatest thing about the great heart of a woman is its love. Its walls are lined with it. Its furnishings are of love in its entirety. While, if you would but peep into the heart of a woman where love is, such fragrance would greet your senses as of the rarest myrrh. And you would believe that heaven is here and now.

The heart of a woman is the mainspring of the world!

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description of the driver does not correspond with the one they all give of this man who has been arrested."

"Did the others see this car?" Cutmore interrupted.

"Oh, they say a dozen cars passed them, but Crombie was in strict retirement inside the wagon. And Towne says he and Tovey were too much occupied with that three-mule team to pay attention to anything else, but they are certain that they would have known Crombie's big car."

"I am glad you told me this," Cutmore said.

Puckle glanced at him, and only remembered afterward the grim expression of his face.

"CROMBIE wants a vigorous prosecution. I told him we could not promise a conviction, but we would do our best. The trial ought to come off this week. You might go down there now and arrange, if you can, that the fellow is not released on bond. Can't trust those mountain wild-cats," Puckle said, about to rise from his chair.

"He is innocent," Cutmore announced.

"Hey!"

"Thomas did not steal Crombie's car," Cutmore repeated.

Puckle leaned back and stared at him.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"I have seen him."

"Since his arrest?"

"Yes; he sent for me this morning. I have known him a long time. We have eaten and slept together. And I am the only man he knows here. That is why he sent for me."

"Where did you know him?" Puckle asked. Some sort of revelation was always flashing out of Cutmore's past.

"The year I lived up there in the mountains. These Thomases were my only neighbors. There is a dozen of them. I have ridden that gray mule across Crow's Mountain and back again many times."

"Then you know he is a moonshiner," Puckle said.

"He may be. Crombie knows more about that than I do," he answered significantly.

"I am sorry you took the case against him," he added.

"Well, we have taken it, and your young friend will have the devil of a time proving his innocence."

"Because," Cutmore went on, "I shall have nothing to do with the prosecution of this man. The fact is, I have promised to defend him!"

"Without consulting me?" Puckle asked, reddening.

"As you agreed to prosecute from Crombie."

"That's different."

"I admit it," Cutmore said. "I should have consulted you. I apologize. But in any case I shall defend Thomas. He is out now on bond. I arranged that this morning."

Puckle came to his feet. He was furious. He made no reply to something Cutmore said about relieving him of "all embarrassment" as he left the room. That young whelp had shot his bolt again! Now they were in this mess. How could he explain this situation to Crombie? Of course it was embarrassing, he fumed.

Cutmore went home alone at the end of this day, altho it was Wednesday.

"Where is Mr. Puckle?" Betty exclaimed when she met him at the door.

"I don't know," he answered briefly, as he flung off his top-coat, hung up his hat, and hurried in to the fire.

"But isn't he coming to dinner?" she asked.

"No," still more briefly.

"I am so sorry. I had such a nice dinner, the things he likes," she said, showing her disappointment.

"Well, then, you've probably got the things I don't like."

"Windy, you forgot to kiss me," she then reminded him. He did this perfunctorily.

She thought Windy must be taking a cold. He did not look well. But he was frequently edged up as he was now. Maybe he was working too hard. It was just as well, she decided, that Mr. Puckle didn't come, especially if Windy had to work.

They had a silent meal. Betty had learned that when Windy was in a certain mood he resented conversation.

"I wish you did not have to go back to the office. You are so tired," she said when they had finished dinner and Cutmore was smoking his cigar before the fire in the parlor.

"I am not tired," he retorted irritably. "And I shall work in here," he said, drawing a package of papers from his pocket.

Betty regarded him thoughtfully. She put the keen little nose of her wifely mind to the ground and she scented trouble.

"Windy! Something has happened!" she said suddenly.

"Yes," he admitted, laying aside the papers he had been reading, implying that they might as well have it out now as later.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"I have severed my relations with Puckle," he said, looking across at her.

She had bent a little forward in her chair, her eyes wide, her lips parted, one hand pressed to her breast.

"You quarreled with him?"

"Well, not exactly"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried softly.

"Well, it is not as bad as all that!" he exclaimed.

"But what will you do?"

"Practise law, of course. I am not dependent on Puckle. I've got a case now. That, by the way, was the cause of the break between us."

He told her what had happened, the whole story of Thomas, and of their association.

"I did not know you had ever lived in the mountains," she said.

"There are a lot of things you don't know about me," he said, smiling, and went on, telling her of Thomas's arrest for the theft of Crombie's car, of how he had promised to defend him without knowing that Crombie had retained Puckle to prosecute him.

"IF THE man is innocent, it is very simple," she put in.

"How?"

"You could just leave him to come clear, and make it up with Mr. Puckle. The law does clear the innocent, doesn't it?"

He regarded her confidence in the law almost pityingly.

"Not if Puckle gets before the jury!" he answered. "You don't know him. You see him when he is not a lawyer. When he is, he is terrible. Thomas was locked up; no one to handle his case, no money, no friends. I shall have to work like everything to locate the only witness who can prove his innocence."

Now that he had told Betty, he felt better. He reassured her. The future was bright, he said, and now he would not have to share that future with Puckle.

Presently she went up-stairs and left him to prepare this case. She flung herself across the bed and stared into the darkness. When a woman does that she is thinking the thoughts of defeat; with courage and fortitude, it may be, but in any case she is bucking Fate on her back. Only God sees her eyes then. They are always wide and tragic.

Betty was seeing through her glass darkly, but she saw clearly enough to wonder if all men were hard to get on with. She decided that this must be the case. Therefore Windy was not to blame if he was cursed with the common nature of man. She should be thankful he did not drink nor gamble. She cast a sop of pity to those women whose husbands developed these attributes in addition to their natural perversities and awful virtues.

The compensations women discover by which to make the ends of their love and trust meet are pathetic; when the worst happens for which the marriage ceremony provides so rigidly, they can always face about and be thankful at some other woman's expense whose husband has graver faults.

There was nothing to distinguish the trial of Babe Thomas for the theft of Mr. William Crombie's car from the usual run of cases in the city court. The riff-raff audience lolling in the back of the court-room was not of a sort to recognize the sensation behind the fact that Martin Puckle was prosecuting and Windham Cutmore defending the prisoner. Few of them knew that these two had been partners in the same firm. Puckle had not revealed the breach between him and Cutmore to Crombie until the last moment.

There was an occasional suppressed snicker as one after another witness for the prosecution gave his testimony. The story of Crombie's return to town in the moonshiner's wagon was all the more diverting because of his obvious indignation. He could not forbear a gesture now and then toward Babe, who sat, hunched up in his corduroys, his dark face still pink and clean-shaven, his eyes immovably fixed on vacancy, his black slouch hat in plain view beside him, on the bench.

Cutmore waived his privilege of cross-questioning these witnesses until Turner had finished his account of what happened on the day of the hunt, which was a repetition of previous testimony given by the other members of Crombie's party.

"One moment, Mr. Turner," Cutmore said, detaining him. "When you were in the wagon returning to Millidge that night, did you not see a car passing on the road which you took for Mr. Crombie's car?"

Turner glanced at Cutmore and hesitated. He had been convinced that this was a dream. A witness-stand, he was warned, was no place to tell nightmares. Still he was an honest man, under oath.

"Yes, for a moment, I did think it was Crombie's car," he admitted.

"You saw the driver?"

"For the briefest instant through a slit in the wagon-cover. The car was going very fast," he answered.

"Did he wear an overcoat?"

"My impression is that he did."

"You are sure he wore a black slouch hat?"

"No, a cap." Turner admitted slowly.

"Was he clean-shaven?"

"I can't say!" he answered after a longer pause.

"What is your impression?"

Puckle interrupted. He wished to remind Mr. Cutmore that the witness was supposed to give his testimony, not his impressions. The judge so ruled. Turner was allowed to leave the stand. But Cutmore had gained his point. Every man on the jury inferred that the man he had seen did not resemble Thomas.

The first witness for the defense was now called. Puckle supposed this would be a mountaineer, expected to give testimony by which Cutmore would seek to prove an alibi for his client. But when the deputy returned from the witness-room there was no mistaking the man who accompanied him. Puckle knew him and stared. Crombie knew him and snorted his indignant astonishment. The judge knew him and grinned merely the veiled shadow of a grin. Even the prisoner flashed a smile at him. His surname was Timothy Sykes, and he was well known in Millidge, especially in this court, where he had frequently appeared as a witness, but never before in the defense of the prisoner at the bar. He was one of several revenue officers stationed there for the apprehension and prosecution of dealers in illicit liquor.

He was trained in the art of giving testimony and was allowed to tell his own story. He said that he and another officer had been sent out about noon on the third day of December to arrest the man, woman, or boy who drove a covered wagon with a gray mule hitched behind and who

"THERE IS A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN THE EFFECT OF TEARS NOT AN HOUR SINCE PUCKLE HAD BEEN IN A RAGE, NOW HE WAS STIRRED TO THE DEEPEST SYMPATHY"

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was reported to be selling whisky on the Millidge road. They had overtaken this team and recognized it, altho the gray mule was hitched in front. The man had just left the main highway and had taken the road which led to what is known as the River Meadow farms. They had stopped their car on the highway and started on foot to overtake the wagon. But before they reached it, this man, jerking his head in the direction of the prisoner, had caught sight of them, leaped from his wagon, and ran down the road. They had gone after him. But when he came to the open meadows he had immediately left the road and kept to the woods.

"One moment, Mr. Sykes," Cutmore said, interrupting him. "You were then in plain view of that part of this road which runs through the meadows?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see a large touring-car standing in it only a short distance away, say fifty yards?"

"I did not."

"You could have seen it if it had been there?"

"Undoubtedly, sir; we would not only have seen it, we should have searched it. We have instructions to investigate automobiles found in lonely, out-of-the-way places."

"What time was this?"

"Well, I can't be sure, but it could not have been later than one o'clock in the afternoon."

Cutmore bowed gravely.

"Proceed, Mr. Sykes. What happened next?" he asked, at the same time casting a slow glance at Puckle and Crombie.

Puckle was very red, but Crombie sat like the pale image of outraged virtue.

Sykes said they had continued the chase and that it was not so much a matter of speed, but that the ground was broken, and covered with undergrowth. They had finally lost sight of him and gone back to search the wagon. They had found the team grazing beside the road at the entrance to the meadows. There was nothing contraband in the wagon, altho the odor of it was distinctly illicit. They had remained concealed in the edge of the woods, believing that the man might come back for his wagon when he decided that they had abandoned the chase. This was exactly what happened. They had been there perhaps an hour when he appeared on the hill behind them. Unfortunately he was descending directly toward them. This was how they missed him the second time. He had caught sight of them, wheeled, and made back. There was less undergrowth here, and they had been able to keep him in sight until they came to the river, perhaps two miles away from where they started. He thought the man must have forded this stream. He was nowhere in sight. They had then given up the chase and returned to their car. This was all.

"What time did you reach your car?" Cutmore asked.

"Three o'clock, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I looked at my watch."

"Why did you abandon the wagon?"

"The law does not include the scent of whisky as contraband. We had no right to confiscate the wagon."

Puckle declined to question this witness.

"Your Honor," Cutmore said, rising and addressing the judge. "I am not prepared to explain why my client took to his heels at the sight of Mr. Timothy Sykes, altho Mr. Sykes admits he found nothing contraband in his possession, and unless some witness is produced who can testify that of his own knowledge Thomas had liquor and dealt in this abominable traffic on that day I fail to see how he can be charged even with this offense."

Cutmore paused and stared at Crombie. His expression was politely malicious and offensively interrogative.

"But it is quite a different matter to be charged with stealing a six-thousand-dollar car," he went on. "Now, if, according to Mr. Sykes's testimony, Mr. Crombie's car had already disappeared from the place where he left it at one o'clock on this day, and if, according to his account, the defendant was three miles distant and still going in the opposite direction at the very time when Mr. Tovey and Mr. Towne discovered the loss of the car, it was a physical impossibility for my client to have committed this crime. I therefore move, your Honor, that a verdict be directed for the defendant."

PUCKLE had risen to his feet and was about to address the court when a policeman entered and handed a telegram to Cutmore which had been opened.

Cutmore glanced at it.

"With your Honor's permission," he said, "I wish to submit one more evidence of the defendant's innocence."

The judge bowed; Puckle resumed his seat.

"This is a telegram addressed to the chief of police, Millidge, Georgia, and comes from the chief of police, Savannah, Georgia. It reads, 'Large touring-car located here. Description answers to one stolen near Millidge on December 3rd; number of motor, 626,791; dark-blue body; monogram on door in gilt letters, "W. C." Description of man taken with car does not tally with one sent. Fair, blue eyes, short, age 29, wears gray suit, dark-blue overcoat, black-fur cap, claims New York as his home, speaks with Northern accent. Wire instructions,'" he concluded, offering the yellow slip to the judge.

"Verdict directed for the defendant," the judge announced.

Cutmore glanced at Puckle, who was talking to Crombie. He did not wait, but went through the rear door with Babe Thomas and Timothy Sykes. He thought Puckle meant to come across and speak to him. He had not seen him since the day of the breach when he had withdrawn from the partnership. But he could not afford to give Puckle the opportunity not to speak to him. He crossed the open space before the court-house and went down Union Street. He was not enjoying his triumph. It was a small one. He thought if Puckle had not been so flattered by Crombie's patronage, he would have discovered the weakness in Crombie's suspicion from the first. That was his frailty: he could always be flattered by a certain class, thus admitting his sense of inferiority. Still, Puckle was a big man. He glanced up and saw the sign, *Puckle & Cutmore*. It had not been changed yet. He supposed it would be now, at once. This gave him a sense of depression, of having been demoted. He wondered how much money Betty had saved. They were up against it now. It was like starting at the bottom again. He must look out for an office somewhere. The one he had before going in with Puckle had been rented long ago. He would go home and have lunch with Betty. She would be glad to hear the outcome of this case. Betty was a brick. But he did wish she could make herself less anxious until he could get going again, not that she said so, but he saw it in her eyes, he felt it in her deeper tenderness toward him. A woman's love could become a burden, he decided.

"'MEN ARE QUEER, SARAH,' SHE BEGAN AGAIN 'THEY MUST BE WATCHED AND TENDED. I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHY GOD CREATED THE FIRST WOMAN'"

Betty professed to be rejoiced at the news of his success with the defense of Thomas. But she showed no signs of elation. She was simply dutifully proud of her husband. She was in fact preoccupied with her own thoughts. She was in that poignant state of mind and body which calls for action or hysterics, when a woman usually yields to the latter if her husband is a strong and placid person who does not catch the infection.

IF A woman loves her husband with courage and no slavish, diminishing devotion, her criticisms of him are frequently higher testimonials of admiration than his best virtues could earn. Having crowned Windy with all the excellencies of his fault, she made up her eminently practical mind to retrieve his future for him, which was certainly not safe in his hands. She could never make her aunt Clarinda's mistake of serving him too humbly, but she would serve him more effectively.

William Crombie was gratified at the recovery of his car. He would leave for Savannah Wednesday morning to identify it. The sheriff would go with him to bring the man back who had stolen it. But he still suffered an unreasonable chagrin at the turn the trial of Babe Thomas had taken. It was not that he wanted an innocent man punished, but the whole thing had been such a preposterous mistake. And he had been exposed to the vulgar mirth of the crowd in the court-room, a most undignified position for him.

Puckle had prepared him for the position Cutmore had elected himself as counsel for the defendant. This was the first he had known of the breach between them. But he had not been prepared for the insufferable manner in which Cutmore behaved. The boldness with which he had cast that insinuation at him, Crombie, about buying stuff from this bootlegger! He had never liked Cutmore; his manner was too confoundedly superior, with nothing to justify it.

Sarah came into the library, where he was smoking his cigar and thinking it over.

He told her the news of Cutmore's having withdrawn from his partnership with Puckle!

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed. She wanted to know all about it.

He told her of his disagreement over this case with Puckle, whom he, Crombie, had employed to prosecute.

"Same old story," he added. "Too conscious of himself, his honor, his views, his notion of justice. Never can sit steady in the boat; got to get up and rock it; no more settled than the wind."

"I am sorry for Betty. It's awful for her," Sarah said.

"Nice girl. Threw herself away on a fool; could have done better, much better," he answered thoughtfully.

THE knocker fell on the door in the hall. The maid came to tell Sarah Mr. Towne was calling.

"Well, what do you think? Most preposterous thing you ever heard of. Cutmore has thrown the fat in the fire again," he announced.

"Yes, I know. Father has just been telling me about it," she answered sadly.

"I dropped in on Puckle this afternoon. He won't talk about it. Showed his teeth when I tried to guy him. I warned him against taking Cutmore in with him," Towne went on.

"I am thinking of poor Betty," she said.

"Bad for her. Never could see why she took Cutmore when she could have married Puckle like a flash," he said.

"Absurd!"

"He was crazy about her; is yet, I suspect," Towne told her.

"How did you get such a ridiculous idea, Charlie? He is twice Betty's age."

"Makes no difference. Puckle told me himself; that is, he practically admitted as much to me before she married Cutmore. That is why I never could understand why he took Cutmore in with him," he went on.

"He must really love her," Sarah said, beginning to comprehend what had always mystified her, Puckle's interest in Cutmore. She remembered with what surprize every one received the announcement that he had made Cutmore his partner.

"Well, he is out of it now. And you will see what happens. Presently the Cutmores will be living in one of those little sun-baked bungalows out there in the Boulevard, neighbors to Jones, who married the Clewes girl," he predicted.

On Wednesday morning Martin Puckle was seated hunched up, as usual, behind his desk. He had the bristling air of a man who has been looking for faults and incompetency where he paid for speed and efficiency. His hair was rumpled, he had not shaved, his face was red, he was chewing the end of a cigar, and he was blowing the smoke through his nose as if he fanned the flames of wrath. He had had a row with Smalley that morning about some statements that should have been made out and mailed a week ago. Smalley explained that Mr. Cutmore had told him to wait for further instructions and that Mr. Cutmore had left without giving these instructions. This reference to his former partner was not a happy one. He had told Smalley a thing or two. He had also "jacked up" Miss Smith in typing letters which he had dictated. He was tempted to get rid of that girl! He supposed she was in tears.—Damn tears! They were an extravagance women indulged in, at the expense of men.—He supposed they were both out there talking about him. That was all employees did these days, abuse their employers.

No man ever becomes so eminent, so well established in his own good opinion that he is indifferent to the opinion of those who serve him. Puckle was a remarkably strong character in this particular. But on this day he was a very lonely man, sensitive to the unfriendliness of those about him. He was done with Cutmore; that was settled. But he missed Cutmore, not only his efficient work, by which he had been relieved of so much drudgery of the law, but he missed the man himself. The place had been stripped of a fine presence. There was an air of elegance about him very pleasing to a man like Puckle, who belonged to that class of people who build palaces, spread priceless rugs on their floors, and collect "objects of art" because they themselves are so plain, so lacking in the qualities these mere things possess.

There was another, deeper cause for his depression. What would happen to Betty now? Cutmore could never succeed at the law if he practised alone. He was designed by nature for a brilliantly unsuccessful career. He would be down and out presently. Betty could stand it. She had the courage. But what a service for such courage! He realized that his one pleasure for months past had been his sense of guardianship over Betty's fate. His happiness had become more or less dependent upon these thoughts for her. The unconscious appeal she made to him in her home had shriven him of every desire save the one to serve her and protect her. Now all that was at an end. For a reason so slight it was foolish, Cutmore had flared and left the firm.

There was a murky little ash-can of a grate between the two windows behind him. He liked the open fire. He turned now in his chair and stared through the windows. He sighed heavily. Men do sigh frequently when they are alone. It is a secret confession they make of defeat.

The door opened behind him; he swung his chair around as Miss Smith entered, advanced, and laid a card on his desk. He held it up and read the name:

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THE BREADTH OF A HAIR

BY CARL CLAUSEN

A CROOKED MAN AND THE KEY TO HIS CRIME

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"ASSURING HIMSELF THAT NO ONE WAS ABOUT, HE CLOSED THE DOOR OF THE SHED AND LOCKED IT"

THERE used to be a two-story frame structure on the west side of Front Street, San Pedro—where a modern fireproof hotel now stands. It had been erected in the early eighties in the anticipation of San Pedro becoming the port of Los Angeles County in preference to the old piers and the dangerous shallow bar of Anaheim Landing, which for years had served the southern part of the county more or less indifferently as an outlet for its rapidly growing trade.

To-day Anaheim Landing exists only as a pleasure resort. The piers are gone. The bar has become so shallow that even schooners of the lightest draft refuse to accept a charter for Anaheim Landing. San Pedro, twenty miles to the north, is a busy, hustling port with miles of quays and warehouses.

In 1912 the old wooden building on Front Street was razed to give place to the present four-story and basement, but in 1908 the building was still considered a substantial asset of the architecture of Front Street. A narrow stairway led from the sidewalk to the second story above. On one side of this stairway I recall the mahogany and prism-glass front of a water-front saloon, in strange contrast to the dingy gray of the rest of the building. The other side of the stairway was occupied by a combination tobacconist's shop and sailors' outfitting-parlor, where oilskins, rubber boots, and woolen sweaters were offered for sale with boxes of cut plug, bales of dry-leaf tobacco, and pipes.

The landing on the second floor at the end of the stairway had been converted into a sort of anteroom fenced about with a brass railing and lighted from above by a soot-grimed skylight. This anteroom contained two hardwood benches for visitors and an old flat-top desk covered with dark-green oilcloth, and one stiff-backed office chair.

A little, near-sighted, depressed-looking man peered at you across this desk and asked you your business and bade you be seated—unless you were a depositor known to him, in which case you passed through the massive glass door behind the desk—while he carried your name and business through the door behind him, whose frosted pane bore the legend,

PLATT & REACH
BANKERS AND BROKERS

The office beyond this frosted pane had the same grimy look as the anteroom, and the tall windows were so narrow that even on the brightest days one or more gas-jets burned there. A counter surmounted by a wire screen divided the room in two. A gate which was always kept locked from the inside with a spring-lock gave admittance to or egress from the half of the room behind the counter, where three or four middle-aged clerks were poring over ledgers, in the dim, flickering light of the gas-jets.

A door opened to the left from this room into a suite of two rooms, the inner one lighted by a skylight only and the outer one by a solitary narrow window. Upon the door was tacked a fly-specked porcelain sign with the words, "Joseph Platt, Private," painted in black letters upon it. To the right was another door leading into a suite identical with the first. This door bore the sign, "Howard Reach, Private."

In the far wall of the main banking-room a steel vault had been built, the latest thing at that time in burglar protection. The outer doors of this vault always stood open during business hours. In the lower half of this vault were kept the money and securities of the firm. The upper half contained some fifty numbered safety-deposit boxes, which were rented to customers for the sum of five dollars a year per box.

Howard Reach, junior partner of the firm—junior in the point of age by six months only—was a tall, thin man with a funereal droop of mouth and eyelids. He had a fringe of coarse black hair at the upper edge of each cheek-bone under his black, deep-sunk eyes, and very little hair on his head. His eyebrows were abnormally large, and his profile was long and horse-like.

In his younger days Reach had been a chemist and assayer. It was while practising his profession that he had met Joseph Platt and joined with him in partnership. Platt was at the time engaged in a mining venture that needed only a favorable assayer's report to be successful—for Platt. Reach had furnished the required report—at a figure—and the two had remained partners ever since.

Joseph Platt was short of stature and fat, with a pink, well-fed face and a pair of jovially, rascally blue eyes. He, too, was nearly bald, and, like his partner, fifty years of age, or thereabout.

Platt & Reach were brokers of the unscrupulous mold. The word *Bankers* had been added by Mr. Platt in a moment of jocularity. It gave an air of respectability to the institution. They conducted a banking business of a sort. Their depositors were men whose business and habits were occasionally looked into by the water-front police. Few checks were drawn upon them. Most of their patrons deposited and drew money as they needed it. Yet checks were occasionally drawn upon them, and the great Oil and Grain Commercial Bank of Los Angeles cleared them.

The business of Platt & Reach was confined mostly to loans on fishing-craft at usurious rates; but it was whispered that water-front pirates found no difficulty in disposing of their loot through Platt & Reach. Also, the firm was suspected of having more than something to do with the growing population of Chinese in southern California. But the credit of Platt & Reach was never questioned by the best of banks. They paid their bills promptly. Their rating was the highest.

This was perhaps mostly due to Reach. Howard Reach was a scrupulous soul even outside the unscrupulous precincts of his business. If he owed a bill, his favorite maneuver was to find out how much discount could be secured by immediate payment. Cash on the nail was Reach's slogan. He realized the uncanny power of ready money. As the firm's dealings threw them in contact with men whose business methods were hidden and discreet, favorable discounts were easily obtained. Reach saw to it that he got every penny the traffic would bear.

Joe Platt, his partner, was just the opposite. Platt loved money, too, but not so much for its own sake as for what it would buy of luxuries and comfort. He was the greater rascal of the two, but his philosophy was that if sometimes the other fellow was wily enough to put one over on him, it was no more than what he himself would have done, so why worry about the loss. Better make a friend of the man and watch for a chance to get back at him

Platt was the business-getter of the firm. His pink, bald dome hatched the schemes that piled money into their vault. His fertile imagination devised and executed daring exploits But, in spite of their difference of temperament, the partners rarely quarreled. Platt was content to let Reach take care of the bookkeeping and auditing; his more brilliant mind was too busy to bother with such details. Besides, he trusted Reach. In a moment of self-appraisement Platt had realized that he himself was the greater rascal of the two, so he did not hesitate to trust his partner. Even a thief must trust some one, and Joe Platt didn't even trust himself.

Platt had one vice in common with all brilliant minds: vanity. He loved to brag about his latest swindle, and how close he had sailed to the wind without stirring up the legal breeze that would have caught him aback. He loved to sit down and tell his partner what an old stick-in-the-mud he was and where he thought the firm of Platt & Reach would be if it wasn't for Joe Platt.

Reach would listen, the funereal droop of his mouth widening, and he would interject a gloomy prophecy or two to dampen his partner's ebullient spirit.

"Get caught! Who, me? Not on your tintype, Howard!" And Joe Platt would wander off in a legal preamble that would have confirmed the victim's belief that laws were made for the sole object of protecting swindlers.

Secretly in his heart Reach admired Joe Platt for his brilliance, but at the same time he resented bitterly his partner's good-natured contempt for his, Reach's, methodical habits and wariness. He resented being referred to as a stick-in-the-mud and being slapped on the back and called "old socks." He, too, wanted to do great things—to be thought brilliant; to plan and to execute.

He knew a great many people in all walks of life—among others one Sam Rubin, the local agent of the United Marine Underwriters. Sam Rubin came to him one day with an air of mystery and suppressed excitement.

He bent low over Reach's desk and whispered one sentence into Reach's expectant ear,

"Pacific Fish Canneries Ltd. has secured control of every independent from Nome to San Diego."

REACH started. He knew all about Pacific Fish Canneries Ltd., and its president, Myron Hazlitt. Hazlitt was a pirate of the conventional modern-business type. A month earlier Hazlitt and his secretary had called upon Platt & Reach about some mortgages held by the firm against fishing-craft. Hazlitt explained that he needed boats for his canneries. He offered Platt & Reach a ten per cent. bonus for their mortgages. Reach had refused The mortgages bore interest at one per cent. per month. He had come back with an offer to sell at a bonus of fifty per cent. on Reach's expectant—something less than thirty thousand dollars distributed in varying amounts over some twenty craft.

"Even at an increase of fifty per cent. they'll still net you nine per cent. a year on your investment, and you'll have control of twenty of the best boats on the bay," Reach had told him.

Hazlitt had glanced at his secretary knowingly. Then turning upon Reach, he had said with a touch of sarcasm,

"Why don't you buy a gun, Reach, and stick up people in the regular way?"

Reach had returned the mortgages to his safe with a shrug of his shoulders.

"If you change your mind within the next thirty days, Mr. Hazlitt, drop in" And Hazlitt had stalked out of the office fuming, with his secretary at his heels.

Reach remembered this scene and smiled to himself. He regarded Sam Rubin for a moment in silence. Then he said,

"Where did you get your information?"

INSTEAD of answering, Rubin drew a slip of paper from his wallet and laid the paper on the desk before Reach.

"I received this message by wire from the home office in New York," he said. "I have instructions to examine one hundred fishing-boats for reinsurance at fourteen different independent canneries. As you see, every policy is to be made out in the name of Myron Hazlitt. It means but one thing—Hazlitt has secured control."

Reach squinted across the desk at Sam Rubin. The funereal droop of his mouth was gone. He sucked his thin lips nervously. A greedy look crept into his pale-blue eyes. Still cautiousness held him back.

"Mebbe it's a blind to hammer up the stock of Pacific Canneries," he said hoarsely.

"Blind, nothing!" Sam Rubin scoffed impatiently. He grinned. "They're going to hammer up the stock, all right. That's why I thought the tip might be worth a thousand or so to you." He leaned across the desk and pointed one long, lean finger at Reach. "One hundred thousand dollars' worth of Pacific Canneries common will be worth a quarter of a million inside of thirty days."

Reach drew a long breath. Here was a chance to get back at Joe Platt. A chance to clean up a quarter of a million—perhaps more—in thirty days. He smiled inwardly. Sam Rubin had underestimated it if anything. Reach had been watching Pacific Canneries for this very sign for weeks.

He squinted at the telegram in his hand. This was precisely the information he had needed, for he never permitted himself to gamble except on a dead-sure thing! This was a dead-sure thing.

The contemplation of the possibilities this opportunity held gave Reach a chill of apprehension, as if he had already committed himself, which he of course in the end did, as he knew he would. He also gave Sam Rubin a check for one thousand dollars for the tip, which sum Rubin asked him to place with his own hundred thousand.

This made Reach feel very secure.

During the two weeks that followed, Reach bought Pacific Canneries Ltd. common at from ninety-five to ninety-seven and a quarter—as much as he could get of it. At first he had intended buying the stock outright, but as signs of activity in the stock began to manifest itself, he lost his head in the feverish desire to corner as much of the stock as possible. By buying on a twenty-point margin his hundred thousand dollars would go five times as far. His profit would be five times as large. He had often wondered how it would feel to be a millionaire.

When he had bought to the limit of his capital, he sat back and waited. Already the stock had risen slightly, an average of about one point above his purchasing price He could have closed out then with a neat profit, but he had no intention of closing out with a piker's winnings. He

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was very confident now. Never had life seemed more worth living, his prospects more rosy. He went to and from his business in a pleasant, pink haze of expectation. He felt an almost hysterical gratitude at having been born and having lived to accomplish great deeds.

It was no wonder then that he should awake one morning about three weeks after his conversation with Sam Rubin, stimulated and refreshed by pleasantly expectant dreams, and arrive at the office half an hour earlier than usual. As he passed up the stairs he noted with a frown of impatience the dingy gray of the wainscoting, and promised himself an elaborate campaign of refurnishing and redecorating of their quarters. A couple of thousand dollars expenditure would improve it greatly. Five thousand would make it look like another place. He decided that five thousand was the amount to spend. The old quarters were getting seedy. A generous refurbishing would enhance their financial standing.

PASSING through the anteroom, he nodded pleasantly to the clerk, who, startled by his employer's unusual manner, almost forgot to hand Mr. Reach the telegram which had been delivered five minutes earlier.

Reach smiled as he took the telegram from the clerk's hand, and glanced at the envelop and passed through the banking-room on the way to his private office. The telegram was from Ludkin & Company, the firm of Los Angeles brokers who handled his account.

Seated at his desk, he picked up the paper-knife and ran the knife under the flap of the envelop deliberately. He did not hurry. He strove to be calm in the face of the tremendous expectation, so he allowed the knife to travel slowly along the folded flap of the envelop. He was like a child trying to surprize itself at Christmas Eve after having surreptitiously discovered the nature of the gifts by peeking through the keyhole.

When the paper-knife had traveled the entire length of the flap he drew the telegram from the envelop and unfolded it. Adjusting his spectacles, he leaned back in his chair and ran his eyes down the sheet of paper.

For at least a full minute he remained motionless in his chair. At the end of that time the paper-knife dropped from his hand and fell clattering to the floor. Startled by the sound of the falling knife, he roused himself momentarily, but sank back in his chair again, staring dazedly through his brass-rimmed spectacles at the telegram, which read,

"Howard Reach, Esq.

"Pacific Canneries common drop twenty-two points in six hours. Wire at once funds to protect, or check to cover amount due us if account is to be closed.

-Ludkin & Company."

The history of Pacific Canneries Ltd. is common property now. There was nothing new about it, altho at the time the performance of the stock seemed like the fantastic exhibition of an intoxicated parachute abrobat, and, like the parachute acrobat, it finally landed a long way from its starting-point.

The mysteries of stock manipulation are many—to the public mind. To Myron Hazlitt there was no mystery at all. He simply hammered down the stock by the old-time honored expedient of selling large blocks of the stock and buying them in again through dummies at less than he sold for. Naturally every small stockholder rushed for cover and sold at any price, thinking the bottom had dropped out of the cannery business.

When the stock was down as low as he could pound it without arousing suspicion, he quietly bought all he could lay his hands on at somewhere between twenty-five and thirty points below par, and went to Coronado for a well-earned vacation.

The trail of wreckage in his wake did not concern him.

Just before leaving for Coronado, Sam Rubin called upon him. Sam laid his hat upon the desk, lit the cigar Hazlitt offered him, and grinned knowingly at Hazlitt. "The old miser went in up to his neck," he said. "I guess Platt & Reach will talk turkey about those mortgages now." And Hazlitt smiled back at him, unscrewed his fountain pen, and wrote a check for two thousand dollars payable to Sam Rubin.

Rubin arose, folded up the check, and blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and said,

"I closed out the thousand Reach gave me for the tip at the end of the first week. Had him place it as per instructions in my name. Cleaned up two-twenty-five before the drop, Hazlitt. Any time you need me again don't forget where I live. S'long."

Reach aroused himself as from a diabolical dream. His senses were numbed. The enormity of the catastrophe bore him to earth. He could neither think nor move. It seemed as if the solid earth had given way beneath his feet and had precipitated him in a bottomless pit.

Then Reach became possessed of a great fury. He was baffled, beaten, a ruined man. The firm of Platt & Reach existed only on paper. As is usual with firms of this kind, Platt & Reach gambled on other people's money; twenty-five per cent. of the hundred thousand dollars belonged to their depositors.

Reach did not know how the remainder of the day passed. He got through his routine of business somehow and walked to his lodgings without a thought of supper. He had a sense of extreme fragility. At any moment the shell of his business might collapse. A slight jar and the whole structure would come tumbling about his ears. A few unusually large demands of three or four of their depositors, and Platt & Reach would be no more. There was a chance that they might weather it in time if nothing happened, but even so, a confession to his partner would be inevitable. He might be able to cover up the loss for months—indeed he could if nothing happened—but in the end Platt would have to be told. Then what?

Reach knew what. Joe Platt would kill him. Platt was merciless. Reach remembered a certain incident best forgotten for both of them. In a mining swindle in Arizona during the early years of their partnership, Platt had shot to death a man who had threatened exposure after being swindled. For months Reach had carried with him the memory of the man's startled eyes as the shot rang out at the bottom of the shallow shaft in the lonely gully. Joe Platt had shot at close quarters. A hole had been burned in the man's vest an inch or so below the left upper pocket. They had covered the body with earth on the bottom of the shaft and had left the country hurriedly.

Neither had referred to the incident for months. Then one day when danger of capture was over, Platt had remarked laughingly that the dead man had no kick coming since he was left in sole possession of the mine.

Reach thought about this now, and the droop of his mouth widened. He shivered. Fortunately Platt was away on business—in San Francisco. But he was expected back in two days.

Reach's first thought had been the calling to account of

"'THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW,' HE SAID, SLOWLY. HE LEANED ACROSS THE DESK AND SHOOK ONE LONG, BONY FINGER IN REACH'S FACE. 'IT WON'T WORK, REACH,' HE SAID"

Sam Rubin, but Rubin himself had been a loser with him. Therefore nothing could be gained by adopting such a course.

For hours Reach lay upon the bed of his modest bachelor apartment, staring at the ceiling, unable to think.

Late in the evening, an hour or so before midnight, he returned to the office. He ascended the dark stairway heavily. Through the skylight overhead the stars threw a murky light in which the familiar objects stood outlined faintly. The brass railing, the old desk, the chair, the long wooden benches, seemed to Reach like the ghosts of the prosperous business that had once been his.

Unlocking the door behind the desk, he slipped inside the main banking-room, a cavernous, empty space now, lit by one solitary gas-jet directly above the ponderous safe, and passed around the end of the counter.

Before the safe he stopped and began twirling the knob. In a few moments the bolt fell, and he pulled the massive door open. Then with a small key he opened a compartment marked "Private" and took from the compartment a bundle of papers held together by a rubber band. Also a small brown-leather book. With these in his hand, he passed into his private office, lit the gas-jet, placed the papers and the book on his desk, and sat down.

All the entries in the book were in his own handwriting. No one besides himself had ever opened it. Certain gentlemen connected with the United States Internal Revenue Service would have given a good deal to lay their hands upon this book. The water-front police would have found considerable entertainment in perusing its pages.

For at least one hour Reach pored over this book with an ever-widening droop of his mouth. Then he closed the book and turned his attention to the papers held by the rubber band. They were mostly local securities, paving bonds, harbor bonds, and first mortgages on fishing-craft in small denominations, from five hundred dollars to two or three thousand. The total amount of the securities was less than thirty thousand dollars. All were Reach's personal property, the profits saved out of the business. Platt with his more extravagant habits had no such amount on hand. Reach knew that. Reach also knew that even if he turned in the thirty thousand to the joint credit of the firm, it could do no more than temporarily stem the financial deluge that was bound to overtake Platt & Reach sooner or later. Besides, Reach was no altruist. He had not for a moment considered risking his own personal property to save the firm.

HE WAS about to return the securities to the safe when his eye fell upon a heavy folded parchment, different from the rest. He picked it up and glanced at it without interest. It was an insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars on the life of Joseph Platt. The beneficiary was Howard Reach.

Some five years earlier the two partners had yielded to the insistent voice of an insurance solicitor and had submitted themselves to examination for fifty thousand dollars of life insurance in favor of each other. Joe Platt had passed his examination successfully. Howard Reach had been rejected.

Unbeknown to Platt, Reach had been paying the premiums on Platt's life for five years. At the time Reach had permitted himself one of his rare smiles when the doctor had turned him down. Reach knew that in spite of his less robust condition, he would in the natural course of events outlive Platt by at least a dozen years unless something unforeseen happened. It was just one of the many instances where the examining physician of a life-insurance company had permitted himself to be influenced by outward appearance.

Reach unfolded the parchment mechanically and glanced down its printed page. The next yearly premium was due in a month, with a thirty-day-grace period. Unless the premium was paid within this time the policy would not be worth the paper it was written on. Reach's first impulse was a savage desire to tear the policy to pieces and throw it into the waste-basket, but on second thought he decided to keep it until the grace period had expired. Something might happen in sixty days. Something——

Reach started. The droop of his mouth widened. For a long time he sat staring at the life-insurance policy in the murky light of the gas-jet.

It was after two in the morning when he finally arose, folded up the piece of parchment, and placed it beneath the rubber band with the rest of the papers. Then he gathered up the papers together with the brown-leather book, carried them back to the safe in the main banking-room, closed the door of the safe, and left the office after turning out the light.

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MRS. M. J. SWEELEV
State of Idaho

MISS ETHELYN GLASSER
Pocatello, Ida.

MRS. SUSA YOUNG GATES
Salt Lake City, Utah

MRS. A. E. LARSON
State of Washington

MRS. L. A. MILLER
Colorado Springs, Col

THE WESTERN CLUB-WOMEN HAVE A WAY OF THEIR OWN

They Get Things Done First and Talk About Them Afterward

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

I HAVE just returned from a trip through the West! And against the background of all I saw and all I heard one fact stands out. If there are, anywhere in the world, efficiency and directness of method in organization, if there are unity of purpose and absence of red tape in the administration of club affairs, it is in the eleven Western States.

These women realized long ago that their part in the human drama was a very real and a very vital part. They have been at work for years acquiring sheer technique for their part. And what exquisite technique they have!

Some one told me that one small woman's club in Nevada had practically put an orphan asylum out of business overnight. I found one of the members of the club at the council meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Salt Lake City, and, settling down for a long talk, with my pencil sharpened and a fresh note-book, I asked her to tell me all about how they did it. She gave me that familiar "re-from-the-East "once-over," and smiled indulgently. Then she told me the whole wonderful story in just five short words—"Every member adopted a child." Whoever it was who dug a ditch across a road, bridged it, and charged toll to cross it, posing the while as a great public benefactor, couldn't have been from the West. They don't do things that way out there.

Have you an orphan asylum in your town? Why not close it up on the Western plan? If you doubt the practicability of such a plan write to Mrs. Frank E. Humphrey, Reno, Nev.

I found the Western women the best-informed women I have ever met on the whole subject of economics, especially on the production and distribution of food. There's frail, little Ethelyn Glasser, of Pocatello, Ida., crippled in body, but fleet of mind, and strong—very strong—of spirit. She assured me that the reclamation of the West was not a job but a religion with her, and after I had heard her talk for a few moments I knew she had spoken the truth. She asked me if I knew that many a bushel of wheat changes hands fifty-seven times between the field and the ultimate consumer. Of course I didn't know it, altho I live near enough to the New York Stock Exchange to be almost a neighbor. "In one year," she told me, "the Chicago wheat pit sells eighteen billion bushels of wheat—more than three times the world's output." All of this speculation, this gambling and guessing costs money. Who pays it? The ultimate consumer. It has been estimated by economists that these transactions—this buffeting of foodstuffs around from one speculator to another—costs the consumers in wheat alone something like $60,000,000 annually. Of course these speculators sometimes win and sometimes lose, but they win oftener than they lose, otherwise the game would stop. And we, the consumers, pay the losses and the gains. "This is one reason why the farmer doesn't get enough for his wheat and the housewife pays too much for her bread," Miss Glasser said. "Women must know as much about these transactions as men know, and when they know enough to eliminate some of the fifty-seven transactions we will not have to pay so much for our bread."

Miss Glasser was secretary to Major Fred R. Reed, the great Idaho reclamationist, and when he died recently there was no man available who was competent to take his place. Since then Miss Glasser has been manager, stenographer, publicity artist, and general stump-speaker on a continual round of conventions. She had come, when I met her, all the way to Salt Lake City to talk about reclamation to the council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and they told her she had just five minutes. "I felt just as you would feel," she told me, "if you had just *that chance* to plead with a trial jury for your boy's life." But for hours after she finished that five-minute speech people could talk of nothing else.

LAST year leading club-women from the eleven Western States decided to form the Intermountain Federation of Women's Clubs. They realized that their problems are distinctly local ones; that there is great and constant need for strong emphasis on certain things in which club-women of other sections could not be expected to be interested. The suggestion for such an organization sprang from no sense of dissatisfaction in or antagonism to any national program or any national spirit. The federation simply seemed to offer the shortest route to a given goal, and directness is one of the strongest characteristics of the Western people. The one year the federation has been in existence has much more than justified its being. Reports of its work at Salt Lake City fairly thrilled the audience, and Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation, was most enthusiastic in her praise.

Mrs. E. O. Leatherwood, of Salt Lake City, was first president of the Intermountain Federation, and to her ability and initiative much of the success of the first year's work was due. The president for this year is Mrs. M. J. Sweeley, of Idaho Within the eleven Western States there are about 125,000 club-women organized into about 1,000 clubs. The States include Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Nebraska, Utah, Colorado, California, Arizona, and New Mexico.

Every single undertaking of the Western women has been along the most practical lines. In their work there is not the slightest lost motion, not a suggestion of friction; and every accomplishment has meant a definite and valuable contribution to the economic interest of the West.

SPEAKING of how she came to run for the State Legislature, Mrs. Carrie Harper White, of Twin Falls, Ida., said, "I am not a politician, but I wanted to accomplish certain things, and this legislative position seemed to me the only avenue through which I could attain the wished-for results. One of my objects is to make women see that their children are not safe until all children are safe. Also I want them to understand that all work and no play makes mother as dull as it makes Jack. Finally, we must make men understand that we want to co-operate and not to dominate."

This, it seems to me, is the key-note of the whole work of the women of the West. Theirs indeed is a spirit, not of domination, but of co-operation.

It was Mrs. Leatherwood who reminded Uncle Sam that he had a responsibility toward the women citizens. "It has long been the custom," she said, "for the United States Government to present its policies on internal problems to conventions and gatherings of men. The underlying thought has been that the citizens should know the Government's plans in order to assist intelligently in carrying them out. We women are interested in the domestic side of government. Men do our national housekeeping. We want to know more about its management. We have to assist in paying the bills and we want to know what they are for."

For a long time before the women's club movement began to really move in the West, the women bent over the washtubs and churns and wasted their energy and grew old—martyrs to drudgery. And as they churned they watched the water rushing with terrific force down the great mountain gorges, and over the desert the fierce wind swept continually. Why, they began to ask, should all this marvelous energy and power that God has given us be wasted? Why should we consume our bodies and stultify our minds by overdrawing on our feeble woman-power? Can not something be done to turn this natural power into our houses so that we

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MRS. IDA B CALLAHAN
Corvallis, Ore.

MRS. E J FLANIGAN
Bisbee, Ariz.

DR. MAUDE BABCOCK
University of Utah

MRS. J. F. KILDUFF
Malta, Mont

MRS. E. O. LEATHERWOOD
Salt Lake City, Utah

MRS. R. P. DONOHOO
Santa Fe, New Mexico

MRS. AARON SCHLOSS
Berkeley, Cal

MRS. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
Salt Lake City, Utah

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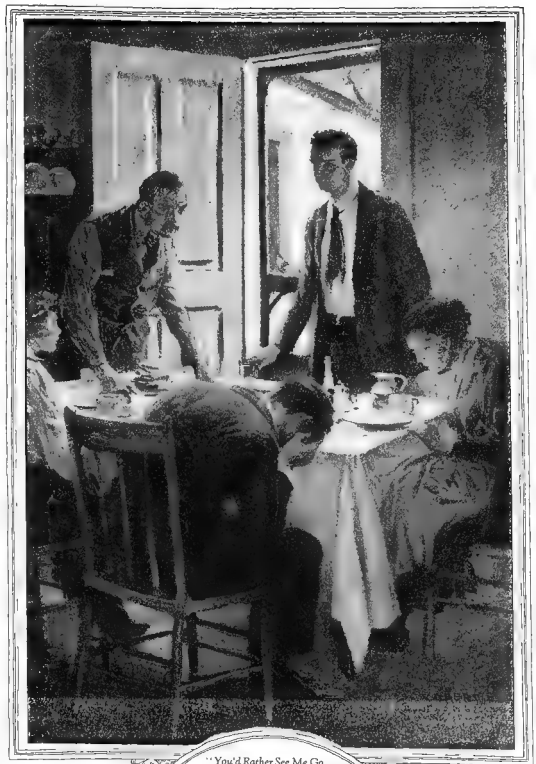

"You'd Rather See Me Go to Jail Than Help Me!"

THE MAGIC MIRROR

By

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by Robert E. Johnston

AT NINE o'clock on New-year's eve the Elim church-bells called all within hearing to observe watch-night. Elim, named by pious Pennsylvania German founders, had not as yet imitated the riotous merriment with which larger cities welcome the New-year; it was apparently conscious not only of the good fortune, but also of the sorrow and pain which inexorably approached.

In a thickly settled section lived Emmanuel Hummer and his wife and three children. Adjoining his unpretentious house a large property still remained intact, and his windows looked out upon his neighbor's well-kept yard, in which there were many ornamental shrubs, two tall and ancient oak-trees, and a large iron stag. Except for its open side the house was like its fellows, a narrow, unsubstantial, but not uncomfortable abiding-place. The front door opened into a narrow hall, on the left wall of which was a steep stairway, and on the right two doors, one leading into a parlor, the other into a large kitchen, the scene of family life.

The furniture was plain, factory-made, serviceable, and homely. In the parlor stood a piano with a mandolin attachment which was an object of veneration rather than of use. This instrument and a few chromo-lithographs indicated the standards of Emmanuel's family in the arts of music and painting. A few books were to be found scattered through the house. On the parlor table lay a family Bible; in the kitchen, hanging on the traditional nail under the mantel, was an almanac. In the third story, in the room of Emmanuel's older son, Stanley, were hidden several books of the sort which furnish unpleasant and useless information under the guise of medical instruction. In the room of Mamie, Emmanuel's youngest child and only daughter, there might have been found a dream-book, and in the room of Jesse, then a senior in the high school, a few text-books and a half dozen novels.

Emmanuel supported his family by driving a brewery-wagon for Daubert & Company. He was a large, enormously heavy man, who shaved on Saturday, before he went to Wagner's, a saloon two squares away. He was called "Mons" by his mates, a common abbreviation for "Emmanuel," which had in his case, to those who knew Latin, a singular appropriateness. He drank incredible quantities of beer, but he set his face against whisky, having once permitted himself to drink unwisely, with the result that he had met with a tragic accident. He was a silent, kind creature who had not yet required either Stanley, who worked in a dry-goods store, nor Mamie, who worked in a shoe-factory, to pay board, and who made no objection when Jesse pursued education through the grammar-school into the high school.

On this New-year's eve he had long since transported himself to the saloon, and Stanley and Mamie had joined their companions. Neither their mother nor their father concerned themselves about their children's associates, believing that they were able to take care of themselves. Tho Stanley had started out, dressed far beyond his means, Mrs. Hummer watched him go without misgivings. In a few moments Mamie followed, a pretty bird-eyed girl of sixteen who earned good wages and enjoyed independence. Naturally sociable, she outlined her program for the evening.

"First I go to Katie, Mom, then to watch-night."

"Yes, well, Mamie."

Her mother wondered, sometimes, why none of the boys with whom Mamie associated in Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor meeting came to the house; she did not suspect that Mamie's heart was already unworthily engaged.

When Mamie had closed the door Mrs. Hummer rose from her rocking-chair, a short, broad, pleasant-looking woman of middle age. She wore a black dress, into which she had recently changed from the calico wrapper in which she had prepared supper. She moved about heavily, closing the shutters, which were held back by the wind, and opening a little wider the lids of the stove. She brought from the sitting-room a black shawl and bonnet, then she opened the door into the hall and called Jesse. Her voice was soft and her hybrid speech marked by elisions.

"Jesse!"

A boy's voice answered, "Yes, Mom!"

"Ain't you ready yet?"

"I'm not going till the second meeting," declared Jesse. "You'd better come down once and lock the door behind me."

"Yes, well, Mom."

Jesse, appearing promptly, a thin, fair-haired, gray-eyed boy of eighteen who limped slightly, found the kitchen empty. He locked the door, then he went up-stairs quickly. As he climbed the second flight an odor of cigarets met him from Stanley's room and an odor of perfume from Mamie's, but he was not conscious of them. He had an obsession, an important business.

His little room was lighted by a dim coal-oil lamp. A window opened toward the east upon their neighbor's pretty yard, another toward the north over gardens, the sloping hillside set with houses, and the dim country. On the pine table lay a sheet of paper covered with painstaking writing and an addressed and stamped envelop. He read the letter again and again, seeking for errors. The preoccupations of Stanley and Mamie were natural to their youth and their environment, but Jesse's was the height of the ridiculous.

His father drove the dray for a brewery company, his grandfathers had been respectively a cobbler and a truck-farmer, his brother was a clerk, and his sister worked in a shoe-factory, but Jesse aspired to be a writer of stories!

Among his qualifications for a literary career a burning ambition stood first. He would have made any sacrifice, would have fasted, ruined his health, gone in rags, to attain his end. In the second place, his education, tho uninspired, was thus far solid; in the third, he had a fair reading and speaking knowledge of two languages and one hybrid, English and German and Pennsylvania German, and could change without effort from one into the other, thus learning, in unconsciously comparing them, the intimate meanings of words.

He also saw, or might some day see, the rich variety of life of the thousands of his fellow citizens who should keep for another decade, until an unpleasing loyalty to their adopted country swept it away, their devotion to quaint customs and old traditions.

He had, finally, talent. He stood at the head of his class in composition, he expressed himself easily in Christian Endeavor meeting, and this ability filled him with confidence in himself and with hopes which were almost as painful as despair.

The letter which lay before him read as follows:

DEAR MR. LAWSON: I have read your pieces in the magazines and I certainly admire them. I should like to be a writer, and I was wondering whether you could give me advice. I am almost through the high school of our city. I am eighteen years old and can write pretty well. Hoping to hear from you, I am,

Respectfully your friend,
JESSE HUMMER.

P. S.—I enclose a stamp for answer.

At last he folded his letter and put it into the envelop. Round his attic the blast blew furiously, but he did not hear the wind. He put his hand absently to his collar to discover that he had forgotten his tie, and he tilted the shade on the lamp and took off his coat.

His thin body did not fill his little vest, wrinkled from long wear. He tied a white necktie in a neat bow. There were two bright spots upon his cheeks, his full lips were red, his gray eyes shone. His overcoat and cap hung on a nail behind a door in the kitchen; descending thither, he put them on absently and went out.

Old St. Peter's Church, to which the Hummers belonged, was near by, a towering edifice with a tall spire in which there was a deep-toned bell which struck the hours and called the congregation to worship. The building had two stories, a low basement in which the Sunday-school was held, and a high church room above, with an arched ceiling and white woodwork and dark pulpit and pews. The Christmas decorations were still in place, and ropes of laurel, looped on the front of the gallery and hung from the gallery to the ceiling, swayed in the breeze which forced itself into the upper spaces.

From the gallery Jesse saw his mother sitting with the women of her age near the front of the church and Mamie beside her friend Katie far to the rear. He could hear above him a succession of soft sounds, the whining of the wind at a loose casement and a gentle creaking as tho some one were walking about in the dangerous loft.

At eleven o'clock Jesse slipped out and mailed his letter, only to be terrified at what he had done and to wish it frantically back. He stood still, trembling and debating whether he should await the postman and demand its return. But for this he had not the courage, and, besides, he did not know whether he wished it back!

When he returned to the church the preacher had begun to read the names of those of the congregation who had died within the year. Leaning forward with his chin on his clasped hands, Jesse thought pityingly of these dead. He was now intensely thankful that he had sent his letter.

JESSE stood at his window looking across lower roofs and the intense green of wheat-fields to the distant range of hills. In a momentary softening of the city's hum, the notes of a meadow-lark rose clearly, and on the far-away hillside slight differences of color were visible in the morning sunshine, but to the country sights and sounds he was blind and deaf. He had never consciously observed the color of the wheat and he knew nothing of the forest, of its secret places, of its whispers, of its mosses like little trees, or of strange white flowers blooming in the thick shade. As he turned to his table he could see the church steeple soaring above the rounded tops of the two oak-trees. The budding leaves of one tree were a bright green, the other a fawn-color touched with pink, but the difference was nothing to him.

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Your skin is what you make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with a naturally lovely complexion, brilliant in color—fine in texture?

The truth is that you, too, can have a beautiful skin.

For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. This is your opportunity to make it what you will.

If you begin, now, to give this *new skin* the special care it needs, you will find that within a week or ten days you can bring about an astonishing improvement.

To keep your skin fine in texture

Examine your skin in a strong light. Is the texture growing coarser—are the pores becoming enlarged? If so, you should begin at once the following treatment:

EACH NIGHT before retiring, dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first in clear tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

THE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more stimulating kind of cleansing. After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear, and you will notice that your skin is gaining new softness and smoothness.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the special treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 311 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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He opened a letter held in a trembling hand. The house was still; he rejoiced in the quiet. The letter bore the printed name E. M. Lawson and a foreign postmark which accounted for months of silence and disappointment. Words began to appear—"study"—"college"—"mankind"—"the gathering of impressions from nature"—"the reading of great books"—and again "college." The letter was signed not E. M. Lawson, but Elizabeth M. Lawson—so this admirable, famous, kind creature was a woman!

"Impressions"—wondering what she meant, he sat thinking intently. His concentration was coincident with another lull in the city's voice; he heard suddenly the meadow-lark singing far beneath him, and he rose and went to the window. He saw the oak-trees with their exquisite and dissimilar foliage, and he believed he had observed an astonishing phenomenon. But college!—he had never aimed at that height.

Yet college need not be an impossibility if his father would let him live at home. He opened the door of a cupboard under the eaves and crept to the farthest corner and drew out a little iron bank. He did not distrust his family, but it pleased his sense of the romantic to hide his treasure. He believed that he had about ten dollars. Unlocking the bank, he poured a stream of small coins out on his table. If he had observed the bank carefully he might have found the marks of a knife and realized that some one had at least examined his treasure. When he had counted the money he sighed. Alas, the sum was only two dollars!

In the afternoon he mounted an old bicycle of Stanley's and rode toward the hills. His lameness was no hindrance; he felt a birdlike lightness and happiness. The hills were farther away than he thought; on the lowest slope he dismounted and perched on a fence. He wished for a confidant, but in whom should he confide? His mother?—he shook his head. Stanley?—Mamie?—perhaps he would tell Mamie.

WHEN he reached home at five o'clock he found his family beginning their early supper. His father, exhausted after this first warm day of Spring, looked at Stanley from under lowering brows. Stanley, who had disappointed him in his preference for small wages and ease and good clothes in a dry-goods store, to real work and high wages in the wire-mill, had now disappointed him in a more serious manner. Emmanuel leaned back in a creaking chair, his cheeks pale.

"Say, don't you have nothing to tell me, Stanley?"

Stanley looked up from his plate.

"No," he said sullenly, trying not to let his alarm be seen.

"You're sure?" Emmanuel leaned a little toward him, his gross body expressing neither his tenderness nor his pride nor his acute anxiety.

"Of course!"

Emmanuel changed his speech to Pennsylvania German.

"Three years ago when you started to work at Einstein Brothers it was agreed that you could live here for nothing till you got a raise."

Stanley understood now.

"To-day I asked Einstein whether it wasn't time to raise you, and he said you had got a raise six months already. Now"—Emmanuel drew a deep breath; they were all persons of few words, and for him especially speech was not easy—"now on every Saturday night you bring two dollars to your Mom. Shall I support my children when they are outgrown?"

Stanley made no answer, but no one doubted that he would obey. Mamie also came in for reproof. The shoe-factory closed early on Saturday and she had dressed before supper. She now went to her room and returned wearing her new hat.

"Mamie!" said Mrs. Hummer.

Mamie's heart beat rapidly. Did they suspect she was going to meet her lover?

"Where are you going?"

"I am going, like always, to Katie."

Mrs. Hummer looked at her uneasily. Mamie's delicate prettiness was an inexplicable miracle to her.

"Well, be home early."

"I will."

Mamie stepped out into the yard and found at the side of the house Stanley lighting his cigaret. He looked at her angrily; nothing had been said to her about bringing wages home!

"I know where you are when you say you are by Katie!" he said in a low tone. "I saw you walking with a good-for-nothing college student!"

Mamie stared back at him.

"I know where your money goes," she said lightly.

Jesse, having finished his supper, sat by the kitchen table reading the *Evening News*. His mother moved quietly about. She washed the dishes almost without sound—an excellent achievement in woman. Her blue eyes became again two untroubled lakes, the eyes of a woman who had known nothing of anguish of spirit. Jesse looked at her furtively, became even a little afraid of her.

But he had a confidant! He went to his room and knelt by the side of the bed and there prayed to God.

"I want to go to college. O God, let me go to college!"

ON THE thirtieth of June, Emmanuel gave himself his first vacation in thirty years. He woke at his usual hour, which was five o'clock, and rose ponderously. Mrs. Hummer, hearing him walking about, called from the kitchen, reminding him to put on a white shirt. Presently he descended, without coat or vest or collar, and walked up and down the boardwalk in the yard, disturbed by this variation from his usual course.

When Jesse came down to breakfast Emmanuel looked at him curiously. Jesse was such a little, thin creature, the least of his children, but to-day he was exalted to the place of chief importance. In his honor wage-earners like his father and Stanley and Mamie were "laying off," and friends and neighbors were bringing gifts. His crowning distinction was a ride to the opera-house in a cab at the expense of a dollar. This item puzzled Emmanuel; he might have taken him on the high seat of the brewery-wagon and thus have saved this large sum. But like Mrs. Hummer, he respected city ways, and his plan was conceived only to be abandoned with a little sensation of shame.

Emmanuel and his wife walked together to the opera-house, and with them approached a hundred other fathers and mothers of all positions in society. The proprietor of Wagner's had a daughter in the class, and when Emmanuel saw his friends approaching, like himself so entirely out of their element, he breathed a sigh of relief. Neither he nor Mrs. Hummer caught a glimpse of Mamie and her friend. The two girls climbed to the gallery, followed by a group of students from the college. Both looked like little girls and both were still in a sense innocent. Two of the students at once detached themselves from the group and joined them.

There was in the hearts of the two young men no honor, and in the heart of Mamie's lover, Nicholas Reeder, no compunction. He showed already in his rather handsome face and body the effect of an evil life. In college only because rich men's sons went to college, he was constantly on the verge of expulsion. He looked upon Mamie with frank desire, laughing at her meanwhile for a little fool.

The sense of discomfort returned to Emmanuel when they made their way into the opera-house. He glanced at the slightly draped classic figures on the curtain at the front of the room and then away with a blush. The curtain rose magically, and he saw with humiliation that Jesse and the minister's son had been compelled to sit with girls on the front row. On the program, clutched in his hand, he read "Jesse Hummer, First Honor," and slowly comprehended that this meant his boy, who was yesterday a baby and who now had excelled Wagner's daughter and even the preacher's son and who sat so composedly before thousands.

The subject of Jesse's essay was, altho the first practical automobiles were only five years away, "The Pebble Sinks, but the Ripple Still Goes On." He forgot no word, no gesture; his thin, little voice reached the farthest corner of the hushed building. He held, in short, as the evening paper said, his audience spellbound. When he went limping to his seat his father felt suddenly chilled in his dripping clothes, and when the orchestra began to play he started nervously. On the way home he felt his wife at the corner nearest their house and went to Wagner's to satisfy the thirst which tortured him. He felt that he had been in some queer fashion unmanned and that a drink would restore him.

Jesse met his reunited family at the supper-table. He was tired and his eyes shone with excitement. Stanley was not in a good humor. He had not paid his last Saturday's two dollars, and inasmuch as it was the last two dollars he possessed he did not wish to surrender it. He questioned Jesse with a sudden hope that Jesse would secure some lucrative employment and pay at least a part of this levy. Of course Jesse must work!

"Well, kid, what are you going to do with your learning?" he asked lightly.

Jesse grew still paler, his hands became icy, and his whole body exuded a chill dew.

"I would like to go to college," he said.

The first response was a harsh laugh from Stanley. Mamie looked at Jesse in amazement, then she grew pale, because Nicholas Reeder was at college. Mrs. Hummer stood agape, midway between the table and the stove, having brought a pan to the table to lift from it a fresh supply of fried potatoes. Her son did not make upon her the same impression of mental power which he made upon his father; she was closer to him, to the thinness of his little body, to his helplessness.

"The tuition is only fifty dollars," said Jesse bravely. "I could earn that much this Summer."

Emmanuel propped his giant arm on the table. He looked strange to his family, and they expected him to reprove Jesse. But Jesse had a closer hold than his father's admiration. It was Emmanuel who was responsible for his lameness. During the confused hours following his single indulgence in whisky he had let Jesse, then a tiny baby, slip from his arms. He remembered the sickening, sobering thud of the little body on the floor, his frantic examination, the deceptive lack of immediate sign of injury, his growing hopes, the sudden indication of illness, the diagnosis of the doctor, "He had a fall!" and Mrs. Hummer's reiterated protest, "He never, never had a fall!"

Remorse had not ceased to gnaw, but he seemed now to find a means of dulling it. He got to his feet heavily. He did not ask to what end Jesse meant to apply his learning, whether he meant to teach or preach; his impulse was only to give him what he desired.

"Let him if he wants to!" he said hoarsely. "The boss needs a boy in the office. He can do that for the Summer."

"You never said nothing to me about no loafing job like college," said Stanley in angry astonishment.

"You didn't pay your mother on Saturday, Stan," said Emmanuel. "Pay her now."

Then Emmanuel went to the end of the lot and sat on an old chair left there for the comfort of Mrs. Hummer when she weeded her garden. He turned his back to the house and wiped his eyes. He believed that God had forgiven him.

"MAMIE FELT DEFIANCE CHANGE TO SHAME AND THEN TO UNSPEAKABLE TERROR"

THE clock on the steeple of St. Peter's Church pointed to five minutes of eight. Jesse Hummer could see rain-drops sparkling against the window-pane and a blur of light at the corner where the electric light fell on a brilliant maple. He breathed heavily, being about to put great hopes to the test. To-morrow he was to submit to his English teacher his first narrative. He had his material clearly in mind; all that remained was the pleasant task of writing.

He waited with queer superstition the stroke of the clock, looking meanwhile round his room, which was exactly as it had been in the Spring, except that a second shelf had been put up and filled with the text-books of a freshman year. His ambition had not been dulled by his Summer in the office of the brewery or by the possession of seventy-five dollars

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment

Do you know the correct thing to say in this embarrassing situation?

Do you know the correct thing to wear to every social occasion?

Do you know how to word invitations, acceptances, etc.?

Do you know how to create conversation when left alone with a noted person?

Do you know what to say when you arrive late at an entertainment?

WE have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said a certain thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who *do not know!*

The Only Way

There is only one *sure* way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes—if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

What Would YOU Do—

—**if** several plates and chafing-dish were set before you in a restaurant and you did not know how to use them?

—**if** you arrived late at an entertainment?

—**if** you overturned a cup of coffee on your hostess' table-linen?

—**if** you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left with him, or her, alone?

—**if** you were not asked to dance at a ball?

—**if** you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair?

These are only a few of the hundreds of situations in which you should know exactly the correct thing to do or say?

What Is Etiquette?

Etiquette is not a fad.

It is not a principle of theory or belief. It is meant not merely for the very wealthy or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress by their culture, their dignity; to know how to be trusted and respected in business, and admired in the social world; and for women who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know just what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late to an entertainment, and not know the correct way to excuse yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

The man who is polished, impressive, and the woman who is cultured, will find the doors of the most exclusive society opened to admit them. But the world is a harsh judge—and he who does not know what to do and say and wear on all occasions, will find himself barred, ignored.

You have often wondered how to word invitations, how to acknowledge introductions, how to ask a lady to dance, how to act at the wedding, the funeral, the theatre, the opera. Here is your opportunity to find out the absolutely correct thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every detail of everyday etiquette. It tells you how to act at the dinner table, how to excuse yourself if you drop a fork, how to accept and refuse a dance, how to write and answer invitations, how to make and acknowledge introductions. It tells you what to wear to the dinner, the dance, the party, what to take on week-end trips and on extended Summer trips.

You cannot do without the Book of Etiquette. You need it to refer to whenever some important event is pending. You need it to refer to whenever you are in doubt, whenever you are puzzled, anxious. It corrects the blunders you have perhaps unknowingly been making; helps you to avoid all embarrassment; shows you the way to be always, at all times, cultured, impressive and charming.

Send No Money Five-Day FREE Examination

The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you FREE for 5 days. Glance through the books. Read a page here and there. See for yourself some of the blunders you have been making. You will immediately realize that the Book of Etiquette is a wonderful help to you.

Just mail the coupon below, filled in with your name and address. Don't send any money just the coupon. The two-volume Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once—FREE to read, examine and study. After 5 days, you have the privilege of returning the books without obligation, or keeping them and sending $3.50 in full payment.

Do It NOW!

Send off the coupon today—now—before you forget. You've often wondered what you would do or say in a certain embarrassing situation. You've often wished you had some authoritative information regarding *right* conduct.

Don't overlook this opportunity to examine for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette Don't wait until some very embarrassing incident makes you regret that you never knew the right thing to do or say. Here's your opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette in your own home without cost. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 8411, Oyster Bay, New York.

Do you know the embarrassing blunders to be avoided at the wedding?

Do you know the correct way to introduce people?

Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?

Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC.
Dept. 8411, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

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(Please write plainly)

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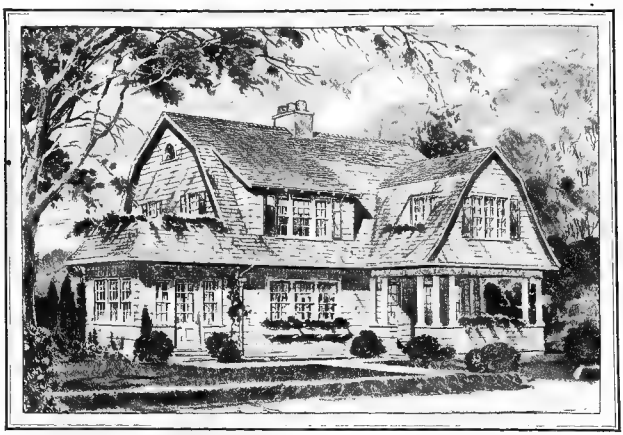


A PRACTICAL DOUBLE DWELLING THAT OVERCOMES ALL THE OBJECTIONS TO THE TWO-FAMILY HOUSE

COMMON-SENSE HOUSE DESIGNS

A Two-Family Dwelling That Looks Like a Single House

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

IN OUR October number there was shown a type of two-story building for the use of two families; an arrangement requiring the minimum ground area and involving only a very moderate construction cost. There are, however, many who prefer to use a larger plot of land in order to avoid living either above or below another family.

This means a double or semidetached dwelling, and I am here offering some suggestions for such a building, and have tried to arrange the design so as to bring about the most satisfactory results with the least possible outlay.

The question of privacy for each family, which forms one of the difficult problems in any two-family scheme, has been partly solved by placing one of the front porches and its entrance on the front of the house, while the other corresponding features are arranged at the side, thus separating the two porches as much as possible.

Privacy on the inside of the building is gained by the brick party wall which separates the two apartments, and this masonry wall also forms a fire-stop between the two houses. In localities having strict fire laws this wall will have to extend upward through the roof, altho this, of course, gives the building an unmistakable two-family aspect, and is not shown in the picture above.

This appearance of a combination dwelling is also greatly relieved by having only the one entrance walk, this arrangement incidentally saving some expense in construction; and also the right-hand apartment is arranged so as to project in front of the left-hand side over the entrance porch, which further disguises the two-family idea.

The general plan has been made practically square in shape, and each half of the building has been made 17 feet in width, which is about the minimum which will give large enough room sizes. This gives a total width of 34 feet for the main building, or 44 feet including the side porch. This means that a 50-foot lot will accommodate the building, with a 3-foot passageway on each side, or a 55-foot frontage will allow for an 8-foot driveway.

If the width of land will permit, 12 inches can be added to the width of each apartment, so as to work even lengths of 18-foot beams, and a slightly more economical plan will be had.

The bathroom in the second story is located immediately over the kitchen sink, and the laundry tubs just below in the basement, thus requiring only one plumbing stack.

The kitchen is provided with breakfast nook, folding ironing-board, and all of the other conveniences, arranged in the proper rotation, as has been described in previous articles.

The second-story rooms each have liberal closets, and the principal bedroom is amply large enough for use as a sitting-room as well.

For the sake of variety, and in order to promote the idea of concealing the fact that we have a double house, a sleeping-porch is shown in the right-hand apartment. This will add somewhat to the rental value of that side of the building, or if the owner cares particularly for this feature, he can retain this apartment and rent the other.

ONE chimney is located so as to accommodate the flues for both fireplaces and both heating-plants, but no flues are shown for the kitchens, as it is assumed that gas will be used for cooking. However, if no gas is available extra flues can easily be provided.

Two separate basements, laundries, and heating-plants are contemplated, as it is believed that such an arrangement is necessary if the peaceful existence of owner and tenant is to continue. Even the use of a joint driveway is a little risky, as it seems to be the way of human nature to pass unnoticed any sort of careless behavior in one's own household, while these same performances appear shockingly unpardonable in the case of the other occupants of the building.

The story heights are as follows: Basement, 7 feet; first story, 8 feet 6 inches; and second story, 8 feet. No finished attic is shown, altho ample ventilation is provided by the small windows in gables, and access to these is arranged by means of a scuttle in linen-closet in each side of second story.

The exterior has been designed in the popular Dutch Colonial style; the roof being of wood shingles and the exterior walls covered with clapboards. All of this, however, is a matter of personal preference and can be readily altered to suit individual requirements.

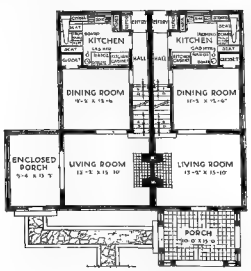
The porch for the right-hand house is indicated as an open porch, while that for the left is shown enclosed. This also was done for the sake of variety only, and can be changed in the plan at will.

In general the scheme of erecting two-family houses of this type is popular in certain parts of the country because of the economy of land and of the construction costs involved, and also because the rentals from one side, assuming that the other is occupied by the owner, will enable the owner to gradually pay off the mortgage loan which seems to play such an important part in nearly all small building operations.

A GROUND frontage of 50 to 55 feet would hardly be sufficient for two detached dwellings, with a breathing-space between, and yet the plan here shown gives two exceedingly desirable homes, with the dividing wall doing the double duty of furnishing the enclosing wall for one side of each of two homes.

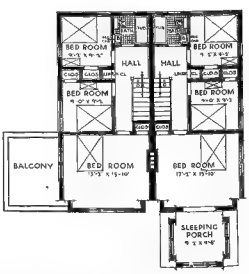
The financing of practically all small building operations is arranged by obtaining a first-mortgage loan of from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the total valuation of the property. And, in many cases, there is also a second mortgage which is carried by the development owners for a few years so as to make it easier for them to dispose of their land and to encourage the erection of homes.

This being the case, it seems wise to give some thought in advance to the question—What sort of house will meet with the approval of those who make such loans? These institutions or individuals always keep in mind the possibility of deriving an income from the property, so that it will certainly be self-supporting, and for this reason the two-family house is looked upon with special favor. If everything goes well its owner can always enjoy the rental from one-half of the building, and if his plans should change, or if any misfortune should overtake him, he will have the income from both sides to help pay off the indebtedness.



PLAN OF THE FIRST STORY, SHOWING SEPARATE ENTRANCES TO EACH HOUSE

Editor's Note: We will be glad to answer, free of charge, any questions regarding the plans shown on this page. Address the House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN WITH SLEEPING-PORCH FOR ONE TENANT AND BALCONY FOR THE OTHER

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To stay youthful looking your skin needs two creams

Every normal skin needs these two: a daytime cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—and at night an entirely different cream to cleanse the pores and ward off wrinkles

The daytime cream must be dry—oil would reappear and make the face shiny. For night use, only the oil cream can really cleanse the pores or keep the skin soft and pliant.
The regular use of these two creams makes steadily for a lovelier skin.

In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.

For daytime use —the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU *must protect your skin* from wind and dust, or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny. Use it regularly to protect the skin.

Skin specialists advise the use of a protective cream.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this dry cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Catch tiny lines before they deepen. Every minute time is working against us, etching fine little lines about the eyes, nose and mouth, under the chin, and in front of the ears—lines that deepen rapidly into wrinkles. The cream that guards against these is invaluable.

Ward them off by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream at night. This rich cream contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin's most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub in Pond's Cold Cream where the lines are beginning to form, under and around the eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base of the nose, and under the chin. Too vigorous manipulation of the skin often increases instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond's has been made extremely light in texture so that with it only gentlest stroking is necessary.

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
114 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Rubens Infant Shirts are knitted and so constructed as to be double-thick across the chest and stomach. Thus double protection of these delicate organs is assured, and danger of coughs and colds avoided.

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Cut with the simple convenience of a coat. No tapes, no buttons. The adjustable belt fastens with a single safety pin—grows right along with the baby. Made in eight different materials for infants and for children. Some priced as low as 25c.

Be sure it is a genuine Rubens *before* you buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

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RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

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He says Nestlé's tastes so good and is so easy to digest that he is sure he would be happy and gain weight steadily if you would get some for him.

Nestlé's has been famous for over fifty years. It is pure milk already modified. So you can see how well it agrees with your baby and how he will gain weight, we will send you, absolutely free, enough for 12 feedings, and a book on baby care. Send us this coupon.

Here is Mrs. Walter Freeman's baby girl, Harriet, whose picture comes to us from South Pasadena, Cal. Mrs. Freeman writes: "Have been feeding her Nestlé's Food daily and now, at 15 months, she weighs 32 pounds and is full of life. I have, and always will, recommend Nestlé's to any mother."

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Room 211, Nestlé Building, New York City
Please send me Free a Mother's Book and trial package, enough for 12 feedings.
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A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

BY EMELYN LINCOLN COOLIDGE, M.D.

Preparing for the New Baby

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your glad news came this morning, and I shall be delighted to help you with your preparations for the little newcomer.

The key-note in selecting your baby's layette should be comfort and simplicity. This does not mean that you should get ugly things; all the little articles should be dainty, but not fussy nor elaborate. I will first give you a list of essentials, then you may add as many more articles as you wish.

You should have 4 flannel roller-bands, 4 ribbed knit bands with shoulder-straps and tabs, 4 high-necked, long-sleeved shirts of silk and wool or cotton and wool, 4 flannel night-dresses, 6 flannel petticoats, 4 white cotton petticoats, 6 to 8 dresses, 2 wrappers, 2 sacks or sweaters, 4 pairs of bootees, 4 pairs of long wool stockings, 2 wool squares or afghans, 6 dozen cotton bird's-eye diapers, 1 coat, 1 cap.

As you say you can sew, I advise you to make your own baby-clothes. Do not make the mistake of sewing too steadily; do a little each day when you feel like it.

The flannel roller-bands should be simply torn into strips, six inches wide and twenty inches long. They should not be hemmed, but they may be pinked on the edges. When the baby is four to six weeks old, the flannel roller-bands should be replaced by ribbed knit bands with shoulder-straps. These should be worn three years.

Get the second size of shirts, as they will last longer and may shrink some. In Summer these should be one-quarter wool and three-quarters silk or cotton; in Winter half wool will do. The flannel night-dresses for a Winter baby should be made after the envelop pattern, so the baby can not kick out as he gets a little older. For a Summer baby thin muslin, cambric, or nainsook may be used, if the climate is very warm; otherwise outing flannel will be needed even in Summer, while the baby is very young.

The long flannel petticoats should be made on a little waist to fit, so there will be no uncomfortable wrinkles when the baby lies in his crib. In Summer the waist should be cotton material and in Winter flannel; they are supported from the shoulders and should come to the bottom of the dress. I know you will like our flannel skirt pattern, I have found it the best for many thousands of babies. White petticoats are not really an essential.

The little slips or dresses should be of fine material, such as chambrity, batiste, or fine nainsook. They should be twenty-six inches long, and have sleeves with a little band at the wrist. This band may be feather-stitched or have a tiny, fine lace or embroidery trimming, which may also be used to finish the neck.

Wrappers are convenient to use while waiting for the bath on cool mornings or at undressing-time occasionally. They should be made from cashmere or any soft wool material, with a little feather-stitching if you like. Do not trim them up very much.

Sacks or sweaters may be knit or made from flannel. If you use sweaters do not have the kind that must be put on over the head, as the little wabbly head of a young baby is difficult to handle and must be spared as much as possible.

If I were you, I should wait until the baby comes before getting the long coat and the cap. You may make these from some wool material, or buy very good ones all made. If you get a medium-weight coat and have a separate quilted lamb's wool lining, you can use it for Winter and also late into the Spring on cold days the extra lining may be worn, and as the weather gets warmer it may be omitted.

A sleeping-bag of wool material for airing either indoors or out is very useful. A good pattern is No. 6939.

Cotton bird's-eye is usually most satisfactory for diapers, altho there is a good knit material too. The diapers should be in two sizes—two dozen 18 by 36 inches and four dozen 22 by 44 inches. They should be washed and ironed before the baby arrives, as they are too stiff with the dressing left in them. I was called to see a tiny baby in a New York hospital the other day, and noticed that all the babies in the nursery wore diapers fastened by tapes in place of the usual safety-pins. This seemed a good idea to me and very easy to manage. The tape was sewed on where one usually sticks a safety-pin.

Squares of elder-down cloth bound with wash ribbon make useful extra wraps for baby, or a pretty knit afghan may be used to throw over the infant when taken up or carried from room to room. You will need a warm, old blanket or else a square of wool elder-down cloth to receive the new baby in when he enters the world. Do not make the mistake of getting a lot of cotton blankets, underwear, etc., for these are heavy without being warm. One real wool garment is worth many cotton ones.

You will need something to keep all the baby's little toilet articles in. A regular baby-basket, untrimmed, may be bought very reasonably now. You may paint this with white enamel paint if you like, and it will be less apt to catch dust. I would not trim it up much. In this basket you should have a pin-cushion, with threaded needles for the bands; safety-pins of several different sizes, a soft brush and comb, a powder-shaker containing some pure baby-powder, some wooden toothpicks, some absorbent cotton, some soft clean linen, a box of sterile gauze, a tube of white vaseline, a box of pure baby-soap, two cotton wash-cloths, two soft baby-towels, a pair of small scissors, a bath thermometer, a bottle of boric-acid solution made by dissolving one level teaspoonful of boric acid in one pint of boiled water, and one or two little glass cups for the solution.

Do not use a sponge for a baby; they are almost impossible to keep clean. Make up six or eight cheese-cloth wash-cloths and boil these every day or two after they have been used for the bath. Soft bird's-eye linen makes good baby-towels; six or eight of these are needed usually. A large bath-apron for the mother may be made of flannel or heavy outing flannel.

The Mother Club has a new leaflet about all the essentials for the tiny baby. Any mother is welcome to a copy, provided she encloses a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request.

I shall write to you again next month, my dear Mrs. N——, and tell you all about furnishing your nursery. You must be sure to send to me for the first Admission Blank the moment the baby arrives, so he will be able to join our Mother Club special course in motherhood from the very start of his (or her) little life.

PICTORIAL REVIEW invites all mothers and babies to take advantage of this wonderful Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. It is free to all readers of our magazine, and is conducted by Dr. Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, attending physician in diseases of children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City. Full details of the new course were given on page 40 of the October issue. Read that article over and do what Dr. Coolidge asks of you. If you missed that number send 25 cents to this office for another copy. Bring your baby troubles to Dr. Coolidge. Address her in care of Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, N. Y.

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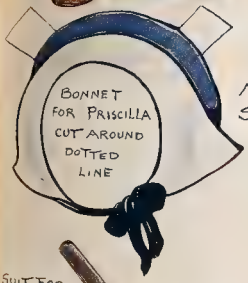
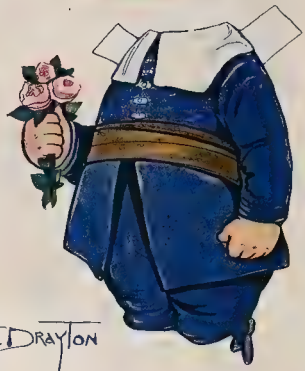
Dolly Dingle Plays "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

JOHN ALDEN'S HAT CUT ON DOTTED LINE





SUIT FOR MILES STANDISH.

SLIP GUN BACK OF HEAD

G. G. DRAYTON ©

ONCE upon a time, the famous American poet Longfellow tells us, a Puritan soldier named Miles Standish was in love with the beautiful maiden Priscilla, but was too shy to woo her. Now Miles had a friend, John Alden, and one day he asked John to go to Priscilla and do his courting for him. John was also in love with Priscilla, but he bravely told her that Miles wanted to marry her. To his joyful surprize the maid replied, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" which John gladly did. On hearing of John and Priscilla's betrothal, Miles thought he had been betrayed, but later on, on his return from fighting the Indians, he learned the truth and they all became friends again.

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With Such an Array of Talent the New Season Promises Many Successes

Photograph by Ira Mesters

IN THE 1921 edition the Greenwich Village Follies find themselves established favorites, and their standing is well deserved. Among the dancers you will recognize Louise Powell, shown at the left. If talented stars, a lovely chorus, delightful settings, graceful dancing, catchy music, and bewitching costuming make for success, this third season will be the best yet.

LOLA FISHER, at the right, is co-starring with William Courtenay in the Selwyns' production of Roi Cooper Megrue's clever new comedy, "Honors Are Even." This bids fair to be one of the outstanding successes of the new season.

Photograph by Abbe

Photograph by Moffett

LAST season brought Jeanne Casselle (below) into the public eye because of her beautiful singing and finished acting in Comstock and Gest's wonderful spectacle, "Aïda." She is again supporting Alice Delysia in this play.

Photograph by Apeda

MARGALO GILLMORE, the bewitching young actress shown below, will appear in one of the most eagerly awaited of the new season's offerings, "The Straw," produced by George C. Tyler. This O'Neill play will attain the success of its predecessors.

Photograph by Campbell Studios

INA CLAIRE, shown above, is appearing again on the New York stage in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," produced by William Harris, Jr. This farce comedy combines an exceedingly humorous play with a cast of unusual ability and a star whose talent has won her a wide public.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Photograph by Nicholas Muray

Photograph by Apeda

THE all-star cast of Somerset Maugham's play, "The Circle," produced by the Selwyns, numbers Estelle Winwood (right) among these stars. With her appear John Drew, Leslie Carter, John Halliday, and Ernest Lawford, truly a notable group.

THE piquant charm of Gertrude Purcell (left) is at its best in the satirical comedy "March Hares," produced by the Messrs. Shubert. Her clever interpretation of her part gives promise of a successful career, and critics will watch her progress.

Photograph by Moffett

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"THE Love Chef," Edgar Selwyn's new play, is fortunate enough to number in its cast the attractive and gifted Doris Kenyon, shown above. Her previous successes on the screen and stage have won the admiration of a discriminating public.

ONE of the big hits of the new season is "The Nightcap," produced by Max Marcin, which combines thrills and laughs and is played by an excellent cast, among whom is Elisabeth Risdon, whose photograph is shown at left.

THE assurance that the talented and beautiful Elsie Ferguson (at the right) is returning to the stage in Zoe Akins's new play, "The Varying Shore," under the management of Sam H. Harris, is welcome news indeed.

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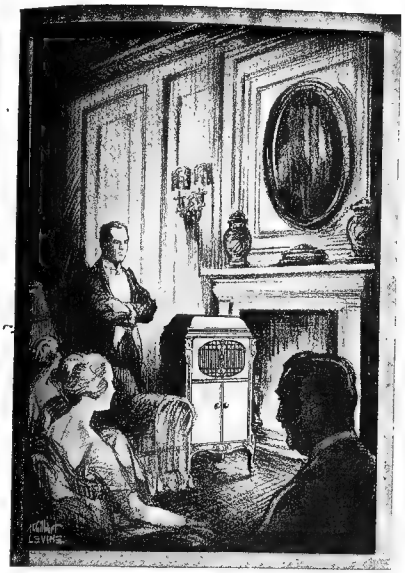

Notable among current musical announcements is that Florence Easton, soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, now records exclusively for Brunswick. Her initial record (just released) is the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria."

Soprano High "C"

Without "Metallic" Suggestion

A Brunswick Achievement Vouched For By Highest Musical Authorities

Musicians, critics, teachers, all will tell you the severe test of a phonograph is in rendering "high notes," especially *soprano.*

Remember this when buying a phonograph, and insist that soprano records be played.

Note, then, how most instruments vibrate, sound "metallic" when the higher notes are reached.

Then hear the same records on The Brunswick.

Hear the full range of "high notes." Soprano High "C" in ringing intensity, without slightest "metallic" intrusion—clear-toned, vibrationless! And you will marvel at difference so great in phonographs.

Thousands have made it

Thousands of music lovers have made this comparison. And chosen The Brunswick.

Highest musical authorities have made it, with the same result. So when one inquires, in the world of musical art, which instrument is *preferred*, the number who say The Brunswick is surprising.

And they say, too, that while any make of record is sweeter and more beautiful on a Brunswick, the ideality is attained with a Brunswick Record on a Brunswick.

This is why

By means of exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice. Methods which apply to no other phonographs or records.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is exclusively Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, in producing records, has not been successfully imitated.

Hence, buying any phonograph without at least *hearing* The Brunswick is a mistake. And to be without Brunswick Records is to be without what is best in music.

Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer for a demonstration. The Brunswick plays all records, and Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

Note: New Brunswick Records are on advance sale at all Brunswick dealers on the 16th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th.

Hear These Brunswick Super-Feature Records

Each month Brunswick releases from three to six Super-Feature records—the best phonographic music of the month. The current release presents three Metropolitan Opera Company's stars, two of whom, Florence Easton and Giuseppe Danise, make their début as exclusive Brunswick artists on these records. A notable release:

30011—**Ave Maria** (Bach-Gounod) **Florence Easton**
30010—**Di Provenza il mar** (Verdi's "Traviata" Act II, Scene I) **Giuseppe Danise**
10040—**Dreams of Long Ago** (Carroll-Caruso) **Mario Chamlee**

NOTE—The above records are on sale at all Brunswick dealers in conveniently marked envelopes of the three—price $4.00. Or sung, if desired. Hear them by all means.

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers—Established 1845

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BRUNSWICK
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

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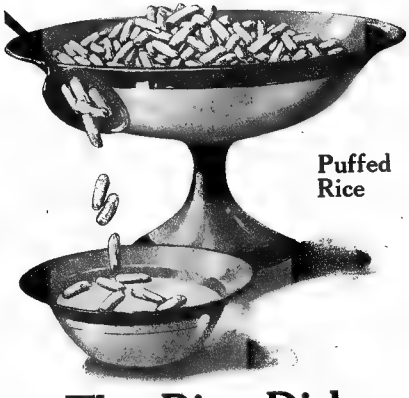


The Rice Dish

That gave breakfasts new delights

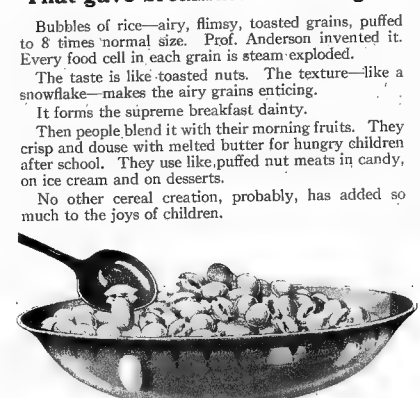
Bubbles of rice—airy, flimsy, toasted grains, puffed to 8 times normal size. Prof. Anderson invented it. Every food cell in each grain is steam exploded.

The taste is like toasted nuts. The texture—like a snowflake—makes the airy grains enticing.

It forms the supreme breakfast dainty.

Then people blend it with their morning fruits. They crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. They use like puffed nut meats in candy, on ice cream and on desserts.

No other cereal creation, probably, has added so much to the joys of children.



The Wheat Dish

That greets millions now at night

Puffed Wheat in milk. Whole wheat grains toasted, then puffed to airy, flaky globules.

The grains are shot from guns. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat tempting. Perhaps nothing ever did more to bring to children whole-wheat nutrition in plenty.

Being the best-cooked wheat food in existence, it forms the ideal bedtime dish. Let no day pass without it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

MOTION PICTURES IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Sunday-schools. Some churches make a feature of exhibiting pictures in their Sunday-schools to celebrate certain holidays and events of national importance during the year. For instance, special pictures might be shown that have particular application to Christmas, New-year, Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, mothers' day, Thanksgiving, and so on. There may be other holidays which have a purely local significance that might be profitably used to teach some lesson in an interesting way to the pupils in the Sunday-school.

The brief period of time that the school has for its work makes it impossible to use long pictures. One-reel pictures are under all normal circumstances quite sufficient.

Contrary to common opinion, an absolutely dark room is not necessary for displaying films. Motion-pictures may be shown very acceptably in a semidarkened room if all cross-lights are kept off the screen.

Knowledge of conditions and constant experiment will enable the Sunday-school to determine just what its film requirements may be and how to meet them. Mr. Pullen's suggestions may prove suitable for one school and not for another, while Mr. Hainer's methods also may not be applicable to every school. They are included here in order to provide first-hand information for those interested enough to utilize motion-pictures in the Sunday-school.

Most churches find it an advantage to install a portable projector in order to make the use of pictures available to all departments of the church. The *Moving Picture Age* and the *Educational Film Magazine* furnish monthly lists of acceptable productions for church purposes, and the names of the exchanges from which they can be secured. The former has recently compiled an excellent reference book under the title of "1,001 Films" and the *Educational Film Magazine* is also putting out a loose-leaf catalog of information dealing with this work. With these aids churches should have little difficulty in selecting helpful pictures.

Community Night Films

IN ADDITION to the use of motion-pictures as an aid to the preaching of the gospel at the Sunday evening service and as a means of introducing Scriptural lessons into the Sunday-school, there is still another mission of the church in which motion-pictures can play a splendid part. This is for community gatherings. The abolition of the saloon through prohibition has made the church realize more than ever before the necessity for establishing itself anew as the center of community activities. "For years we have had it dinned into our ears that the saloon was 'the poor man's club,' shedding its genial rays of hospitality and welcome to all who cared to enter. Benevolent gentlemen owning brewery shares tearfully told us that if ruthless hands were laid on the saloon, working men would be deprived of a meeting-place in which to consort with their fellows.

Now that the 'poor man's club' has happily been wiped out of existence, it is squarely up to the church to provide a substitute. Men who spend from eight to ten hours a day in hard work are entitled to recreation, rest, and entertainment during their few leisure hours, and also a place to meet and enjoy their friends. This offers an opportunity for the churches in each community not only to provide a meeting-place, but also to organize some form of entertainment for those who accept their invitation. The spirit of service that should permeate the church's activities today compels it to assume many new responsibilities. It is up to the church to take an ever-increasing part in the social life of the community. This applies to sparsely settled rural centers as well as to thickly populated industrial centers.

The work done by the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations during the War has made clergymen realize the wonderful opportunities in community gatherings to humanize their relationship with their congregations. Many churches are achieving this by the adoption of programs for entertaining young and old. Hundreds of churches set aside one night in the week, designated as community night, for interesting entertainments in which motion-pictures play a major part.

The Rev. Roy L. Smith of Simpson Methodist Church, who has had considerable experience with the use of motion-pictures, recently said: "The instinct to play is universal. Every man must make play out of his work or it becomes drudgery. Modern machinery and industrial developments have robbed thousands of workers of all opportunity to invest their day's work with the play element. All imagination is gone. The evening hours have become the great playtime of millions of American workers. Outside of work hours they are seeking the adventure that their work has denied them. They are seeking play. The institution which supplies recreation, which lightens the day's toil, will find it easy to capture their hearts and loyalty.

Naturally all churches do not pursue the same methods in providing community night entertainments. All churches do not set aside the same night in the week for this purpose. Some find Mondays suitable; others give their programs on Tuesdays or Fridays, while many churches make use of the Wednesday evening meeting and mix entertainment with purely religious features. The Second United Presbyterian Church, West 172nd Street, New York City, holds what it calls "community sings" on Tuesday nights. Printed announcements are distributed, inviting adults as well as children to attend. Regular members are urged to bring their friends and make the occasion a regular neighborhood night. Adults with and without children do not need tickets of admission to reserved seats. Children who wish to come alone receive tickets at the Bible school, altho if there is enough room others are admitted. Each Tuesday night the entire audience joins in the singing and is treated to the best possible program of pictures. No charge for admission is made, but a silver offering is collected to help defray expenses. Capacity audiences attend these "community sings," which have been a pronounced success.

Saint Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church of Ridgefield, Conn., uses motion-pictures on Thursday evenings as well as on Fridays. They display non-Biblical pictures possessing if possible an underlying lesson.

The use of motion-pictures has created a spirit of friendship in the entire neighborhood of the West End Presbyterian Church of New York City. It is considered an asset of inestimable value. Monday is the day set apart for motion-pictures here, and during 1920 they averaged 1,200 children at the afternoon entertainments and more than 1,000 adults at the evening performances. Through the Monday night program this church built up a powerful medium for community betterment. In connection with these programs the various problems of the community are brought up. At the children's matinée, between films, some one tells a story, a simple little tale with a moral to point it. No charge is made, but at the night performances for adults a collection is taken. These collections have always paid the cost of the films. And as a proof of the direct influence on church activities of these entertainments, Sunday-school enrolments increased.

Describing community work in St. Paul, the Rev. Howard N. Williams of People's Church, St. Paul, Minn., says: "On Monday night we have our Neighborhood House program for young people. At 7:30 we meet in the auditorium for community singing. A short-story talk for young people is given by the pastor, followed by one educational reel showing processes in industries, travelogs, and so on. This is followed by a two-reel comedy. Following this, the children break up into groups. We have an attendance of from 400 to 500 young people on these Monday evenings. On Friday night, at 8 o'clock, we have a community service for the men and women and boys and girls of the neighborhood. We furnish a regular entertainment program consisting favorably with any motion-picture house. We charge an admission of ten cents, and our audiences vary from 250 to 1,500. These affairs have been greatly appreciated by the community and serve to attract numbers of people to our church."

All churches making use of them report a spirit of extreme friendliness at these community gatherings. People who enjoy the same thing together seem to feel more neighborly toward each other forever after. Coming together for entertainment lets down barriers of reserve and produces a sense of true friendliness that can easily be translated into useful action by the tact and understanding of the presiding authorities

The Results

JUDGING by the expressions of large numbers of ministers who have used motion-pictures in one way or another, there undoubtedly seems to be a place for them either in the Sunday evening service, the church school, or on community night. It must not be thought for one moment, however, that using motion-pictures will solve all church problems. The man who believes that will have a rude awakening. It can not be too emphatically stated that a projection-machine can not be and never will be a substitute for the spoken word. It is merely intended to be used as a valuable assistant in the work of the pastor. Just as much time, just as much thought, and just as much prayer must be put into the various ministrations of the church whether or not the pastor uses motion-pictures. Pictures may be of inestimable help in aiding Scriptural interpretation, but they will never take the place of the human interpreter.

If there is one thing more than another churches that use pictures are unanimous about, it is the selection of suitable material for use in the church. To procure good films seems to be the biggest problem. Some complain that they seldom find films suitable from a religious standpoint have not been interesting from the point of view of entertainment. Others report that many technically perfect pictures need cutting and careful supervision. The ideal condition would be, of course, to have as picture-producers men who are thoroughly familiar with the Bible and at the same time technically expert in the motion-picture art.

No doubt in the near future, as the demand for church pictures increases, the supply will be forthcoming.

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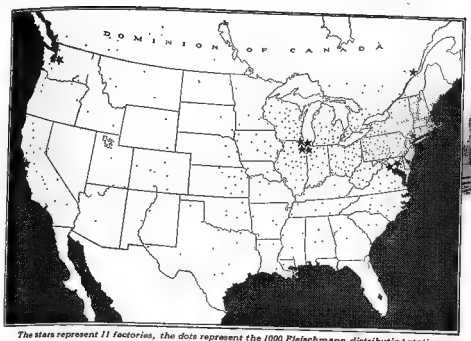
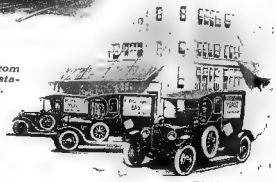


The stars represent 11 factories, the dots represent the 1000 Fleischmann distributing stations, from which the daily delivery of fresh Fleischmann's Yeast is made possible.

Shipped daily by special express from 11 factories.

Delivered daily from 1000 distributing stations by 3000 trucks.



So that you can get it fresh every day

This tiny plant is grown rapidly day and night and delivered to you fresh every morning—

Only two other foods—milk and fresh meat—can boast a delivery system approximate to that of Fleischmann's Yeast. Milk is distributed by thousands of local companies; the extensive delivery of fresh meats is carried on by a large number of packers; the delivery of Fleischmann's Yeast, fresh daily, to all sections of the country is carried on by the one company alone—The Fleischmann Company.

YOU are probably one of the ten millions in this country who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

Have you ever stopped to realize what it means—that you can get Fleischmann's Yeast fresh every day?

In the first place, did you know that this little yeast cake you eat daily is really a plant—a fresh food?

Fleischmann's Yeast is not made—it is grown. It is a tiny plant that has a wonderful way of growing with such rapidity that in 24 hours it has grown 20 times its own weight.

To get this fresh food to you The Fleischmann Company has built up under one organization an unrivaled system of distribution.

By this system 11 centers throughout the country are kept working at capacity to grow enough fresh yeast daily to meet all needs. From these centers the yeast is shipped daily by special express.

One thousand distributing stations pack the fresh yeast daily into 2000 trucks which deliver to grocers, bakers, and delicatessen stores.

The fresh yeast is placed directly in the refrigerators of 200,000 grocers and 30,000 bakers.

The Fleischmann delivery salesman is *always* there on time. No baker has ever had to delay his baking because of not receiving Fleischmann's Yeast. Even in the ordinary routine of everyday life, the operation of such a system is a gigantic task. Yet the Fleischmann service has shown itself equal to the greatest emergencies.

During the recent Pueblo flood, Fleischmann's Yeast was the first food taken into the city. The Fleischmann salesman was in there with his yeast for the bakers even before doctors and hospital supplies could be rushed from other cities.

Why fresh yeast is now a part of the national daily diet

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food which supplies in fresh form rich quantities of the water-soluble vitamine, for yeast is its richest known source.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps build up body tissues and makes the body more resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter.

Fleischmann's Yeast has made the use of laxatives unnecessary for many who have long been in bondage to laxatives. For many others it has corrected the various symptoms of rundown condition and restored a health and vigor unknown for years. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. MM-21, 701 Washington St., New York.

Placed directly in the refrigerators of 200,000 grocers and 30,000 bakers by Fleischmann delivery salesmen.

Emergencies which the wonderful Fleischmann Service has met

During the disastrous Dayton floods in 1913, when all established means of transportation were destroyed, Fleischmann's Yeast was delivered by automobiles, motorcycles, boats and by men on foot.

When severe snow and sleet paralyzed traffic in Eastern territory in 1914 Fleischmann's Yeast was the only commodity delivered in the city of Boston for 3 days.

When a tidal wave cut off Mobile from all communications, the Fleischmann Service sent special messengers with yeast from Cincinnati and secured tugs to move yeast from New Orleans to the stricken city. The bakers were thus enabled to bake bread for the people without any interruption.

In 1917 when one of the most severe storms ever recorded swept the whole country, Fleischmann's Yeast was delivered promptly in special trains, special electric cars, trucks and passenger automobiles from the big Peekskill factory.

Blizzard and sleet completely paralyzed New York in 1920. For two days the only automobile trucks operating in New York were those of The Fleischmann Company. Six and eight horse teams were pressed into service. No shipments were missed at any time even during the height of the storm.

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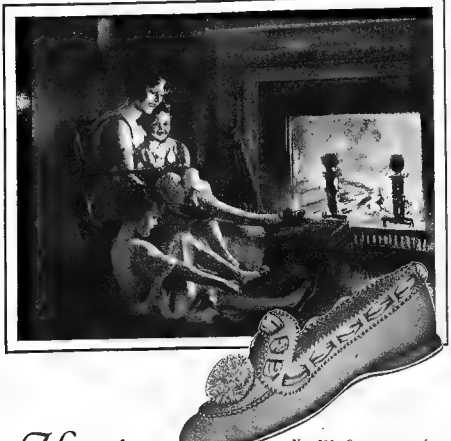

Here's solid comfort!

MANNING Unico felt slippers are made for every member of the family. Father needs them when he rests in his easy chair at night, or when he shaves in the morning—but most of all, when he rises to close a window or tend the furnace. Get him a pair for Christmas!

Every woman appreciates them—they are so comfortable and attractive. And they are a delight to the kiddies—little bootees, so soft and warm and noiseless. They ward off coughs and colds.

On cold, shivery floors—at night and in the morning, Unico felt slippers are a godsend. They protect your health. They are so inexpensive, too!

For my lady Betty's boudoir, these Manning Unico slippers are quite the thing. There are so many dainty styles—so many soft, pleasing colors.

If your shoe dealer does not have Manning Unico felt slippers, write for our booklet. If no dealer in your town has them, we will be glad to supply you direct.

OUTING SHOE COMPANY
530 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
J. A. MANNING, *President*

DEALERS!—*Write today for the complete catalog of Manning Unico felt slippers and our attractive proposition. Also for catalog of Manning Meadow-Brook white canvas shoes.*

No. 218—*Our most popular ladies' slipper. Ribbon trimmed. Silk pom-pom. Soft chrome sole gives lots of wear*

No. 4200—*Exceptionally attractive Juliet style. Rich plush trimmings harmonize perfectly with the felt. Leather sole and heel*

No. 1628—*Ladies' Hi-Low slipper—top can be turned up like a coat collar—to protect the ankles. Chrome sole*

No. 3756—*Children like this moccasin style with attractive felt fringe and picture of an Indian girl*

Manning UNICO
(pronounced U-NEE-KO) FELT SLIPPERS

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

INSIDE THE SLIPPER

HANGING AROUND THE POLITICAL GARAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

not learn it that way, and what they ever knew of the theory is in most cases forgotten in struggling with the practical side of it. We need, therefore, first of all, a sort of manual, like the automobile manual, blackened and thumbed over, which our sons carry around in their pockets and study far more than they do their Latin.

I am almost as ignorant in this whole matter as my Vermont neighbor, and that is why I am writing this article, as one who thoroughly understands, from feeling it herself, the perplexity of the great mass of women voters. But I do know that nearly all States have a League of Women Voters, which does fine work. The New York League of Women Voters, a strictly nonpartisan organization, is admirably run by experts who devote themselves to getting out just the sort of manuals we are looking for on all the topics we need to study. They send to any one who will ask for it, for a nominal sum, orderly booklets, with carefully and coherently arranged information which almost inserts itself into your brain without effort on your part.

This is a great help, an essential first step. But it is only the very, very first step. The rest of the road we must find out for ourselves, each woman according to the circumstances of her life. We can go far, so far that it will astonish us, if we can break down our rigidly acquired American feminine habit of never bringing such topics into general conversation. We inherit so many other English traditions, why not bring out for use the excellent British tradition that everybody has an interest in how his country and community are being run.

THE other day, at a dinner-party in a Middle Western city, where I am a stranger, I found myself allotted to the typical smooth-shaven, prosperous American, evidently a prosperous business man. We tried a few gambits for conversation, with sad results. Everything in literature and art which he admired I thought execrable; everything I admired he thought tiresome. We were reduced to the American substitute for conversation, the swapping of anecdotes, when I happened to remember my new resolution to try to make the men in the political garage show me what they were doing. As a first result of my new political position I had become cognizant of some taxation problems in my own town, which have been going on for years without my suspecting them. I mentioned this, gave him a notion of what our troubles were, and asked if they had anything like that, and what they did.

My neighbor's face was fairly transformed. "Why, sure, we ran into that years ago," he said, laying down his fork and turning to me eagerly. He proceeded to explain a new scheme they were trying, which he had been working out, step by step. It was adapted to the special conditions of their population, but there was an idea in it for us. I was fascinated by the difference in the man. He talked with authority and power; he talked of what he knew all about from having struggled with it at first-hand. Every monumental ignorance could not hold out against him. When I got up from that dinner-table, I had gone a long road toward being able to vote intelligently on taxation here at home.

Let us look again at what our boys do, in their inspired, intuitive self-instruction in mechanics. A car stops, evidently in trouble; a man gets out, opens up the engine, and begins to tinker. At once, in the most deserted street, men and boys spurt up through the cracks in the pavements, and stand around to see what the trouble is, to give advice, or to listen to the theories of those more experienced than themselves. They idle there, static pictures of street loafers, wasting time, that if their mothers could see them, they would certainly be shrilly summoned to come and do something useful. They see one cause after another for the trouble suggested, they crane their necks to watch the cure after another tried out, they lend a hand to "shoving her along a little," they use their sharp eyes to spy out the cotter-pin half buried in the dust; and when the trouble is finally located, and the car disappears, every male idler has added invaluable accretions to his "hunch" about automobiles.

DID anybody ever see a woman stop to join such a crowd? Did anybody ever see a woman even look curiously that way? Did anybody ever even see the women in the back seat of the very car in trouble, get out, take an intelligent interest, and hand the monkey-wrench? You know you never did.

Once in a great while, so seldom that everybody stares, a woman driving her own car turns to and repairs her own car-troubles. Such women are to those who sit on the back seat and crochet while they wait for the men to fix it, what politically experienced women are to the rest of us. And there are not many of them! What we must all do, now that we are responsible partly for the running of the car we ride in, is to get off the back seat, take our manuals in our hands, and begin to hang around where the mechanic is fussing with the engine.

One of the first things we will see is that he is not Heaven-gifted with another sense from any of ours, that he has to fumble a good deal before he knows what to do. There is nothing magical or mystical or masculine about machines, either automobile or political. The machinery of government is at least as imperfect and likely to break down as that of an automobile. And the men who hang over it with wrenches and spark-plugs, often do not know how to make it go better, and are forced to try first one thing and then another, till something happens to fit the case.

They only learned what they know by practising, and we can only learn by getting off the back seat and handing them the monkey-wrench.

AS TO where, in the political world, we can start in, every woman of course must find her own opportunity. But if she does not turn her head the other way, there is probably one staring her in the face, this minute, in her own home or on the street where she lives, for the political machine is at best only toggled together in a makeshift manner. Generally speaking, for women, the easiest and most natural corner of the political garage to begin to work in is one where children are concerned. Anybody can start in here, finding out what the laws are about schooling in her own community and State, making the first-hand observation necessary to know if they are obeyed, investigating to see if they are as enlightened as those in other communities, and beginning to think how they could be bettered.

Let me repeat that any one item of first-hand contact with the workings of organized society is as good as any other for a beginning, for the first step which counts. The important thing is to overcome our traditional, passive, back-seat attitude of mind. Perhaps your chance to begin may be not be so far from home as the school or the factory where children are employed. Perhaps your chance to begin may be right in your kitchen, where your ignorant Swedish cook has been cheated by a rascally insurance man. Start right out there; the machinery of organized society needs mending if such a thing can happen. Get off the back seat, and find out what can be done, what people have done in other cases, what recourse such a victim has, what provision, if any, society has made to protect her. Read the best authorities you can find on the subject, but don't stop there. Go to the courts and find out what really happens, which is often quite different from what is supposed to happen. It may be that you will find yourself starting a local "Legal Aid Society" for the poor as a result of your Selma's outcry.

Or something quite different: It may be that your town needs a new municipal building, and that there is great opposition, among certain taxpayers, to the plan on account of the cost. Don't get out your crochet-work and chink of something else while the men are bending over the machine. Inform yourself on the subject. Examine the plans of the proposed new building. Compare the cost with that of other similar buildings in other communities. Go out and talk with three or four of the most reasonable men on both sides of the question. They will ask nothing better than to hold forth to you as long as you will listen. Make up your own mind; and then see how you can best present to other people the facts which have convinced you.

OR TAKE up the everlasting quarrel between consumer and producer and middle-man. It is as much and as grave a problem of the living together which we call the body politic as is the tangled question of foreign tariffs or the rate of international exchange. And yet it touches you closely and personally. You are in a position to study it, as no statesman can, from personal contact with it. You can isolate a little corner of it in your own neighborhood, where you can watch all around it and make a beginning of seeing what the trouble is. Find out where your milk comes from, and your vegetables, and how much of what you pay for them ever gets to the producer. See if you can't devise a cheaper way to move things from the farmer's field to your ice-box. There is in your own situation, so familiar to you, every element there is in the nation-wide crucial problem of how to cut down the expense of middlemen and get more money to the farmer. A tussle with your own corner of that problem will not only give you some experience in the intricacies of the organization of a complex society, but it will make you, when you pick up the newspaper, read with alert and intelligent interest the items about the nation-wide attempts to solve this problem.

I think we all feel that we ought to begin (and many of us have a notion we will stick there for a long time) with the concrete, the practical, the plain problems of our life-in common, without going into the question of party politics. What we want to do is, first of all, to see what cogs there are, and how they go around; and then to learn how to apply our drop of oil to ease them. I think if we all start in, now, to-day, right where we stand, to lean over the nearest political engine which is being tinkered with, there is no doubt that we too will be able to acquire the invaluable "hunch."

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THE WESTERN CLUB-WOMEN HAVE A WAY OF THEIR OWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

may have time and inspiration for all of the higher things of life that our club-women are telling us about?

And so, a few years ago, the Western club-women went to the school authorities. "In planning for manual training in our high schools," they said, "we want you to see that our boys and girls are given opportunity to study practical mechanics and the electrical branches. We want the emphasis placed where it will do them real good—them and their parents."

One can not go through that country now as I went through it recently and not see what that attitude on the part of the club-women has meant. It is not unusual to see a cabin—sometimes half cabin and half tent—as well equipped with water-power and electricity as the average city apartment. Churns and washing-machines and household appliances are frequently electrically operated, and who can measure the woman-power that has been saved? The women of the most remote villages are quite keen for the most modern labor-saving devices in their homes, whether their homes be cabins or palaces. Nothing interests them more than to hear of some new device for making housework lighter and easier.

ANY school-boy or -girl whom you may chance to meet on any main street of the West can tell you more about the marvelous power of Snake River than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of "the wise men of the East"—as they call them. It was a town-bred girl who told me that Snake River could water another million acres! A radiance came into her face when she said it. The words are so simple, and yet they mean so much to those people who live in the desert. Can you wonder that women who have been waiting for the water all of their lives" smile at our ignorance and lack of understanding?

Out in the West the men and the women are talking and working and the children are learning about these things that mean the very life of their families and of the families of the future. And because they are conscientious there is a wonderful unity of purpose—more than there is perhaps in any other section of the country—among the plain, average citizens. Sex antagonism is unknown. Men and women have worked side by side with common interests and common problems for so many years that there is no sex consciousness when it comes to public affairs. Men are just as much interested in having their homes equipped with modern labor-saving devices as the women are. And women discuss such questions as irrigation, conservation, reclamation, etc., with as much intelligence and understanding as men discuss them. Almost the first suffrage organization in that country—if it was not the first really feminine club—had a sort of husbands' auxiliary. This was known as "The Happy Husbands' Club," and they had many good times giving each other annual parties, these two clubs.

This unity of spirit has led to numerous organizations comprising all of the Western States. One man compared these States to a group of blind brothers all trying to get to the same place. And the women saw that they were a group of blind sisters. That is why they formed the Intermountain Federation of Women's Clubs.

The way they know the Western women educated the canners is almost romantic. "Until the women organized and came to us with some very definite suggestions," the vice-president of the National Canners' Association said, "we got our inspiration from the jobbers. We never knew, and found out, what the consumer really wanted. Now we can plan intelligently to the ultimate advantage of both manufacturer and consumer. We owe our heartfelt thanks to the organized women of this country. Hereafter the wishes of the housewife will be consulted and we will endeavor to supply what she demands."

Before the women definitely took up this question—before they began to study foods and brands and quality products, they were at the mercy of the wholesaler, the jobber, and the retailer. When any one of this trio got overstocked with a particular lot of goods, that lot was pushed to the front. When the order came in from the housewife who had not learned to ask for the brands which she had tested and found not wanting, she simply got a can of the slow-moving goods; and by and by the warehouses were relieved of their congestion. Quality was a minor consideration. "Peas was peas" in those days.

It was about ten years ago that the women of the West began to wake up. They took up their prejudices against manufactured canned goods one by one and looked at them in the clear light of reason. They decided to do a little thinking on their own account. They took the advertised brands and gave them a fair trial. They made up their minds that quality, purity, and wholesomeness were the first considerations. Where a brand of goods measured up to their standard it went on the household white list.

The club-women in a small town in Idaho observed what they called "Western Consumers' Week" a few years ago. Since then eight Western States have taken up the idea, and it has proved to be one of the most valuable and constructive campaigns ever waged by women anywhere.

So persistently did the women pry into things, that manufacturers began to turn their factories inside out and show their hands. If their goods measured up they began to let it be known through advertising, and if they didn't they kept still. Women wanted to see how the wheels go round, and before long they were able to read in their papers and magazines advertisements about such commonplace things as piston-rings, and zinc, and paper bags. There was "nothing hidden that was not revealed" about the canning business. This was very wholesome for the manufacturer. It required him to take stock and learn some things about his own processes that he had never considered important. The net result was the survival of the fittest, for the poorly made goods could not stand the searchlight. It is amusing to hear the canners admit that "the little ladies" of the West have educated them.

Of great educative value also was the "Buy a Pound of Wool" campaign inaugurated by the women of one Western State and immediately taken up by eight neighbor States. Women realized that a condition had arisen requiring immediate and intelligent handling. Drought in 1919 caused feed to reach an untold price. Hay sold as high as $35 and $45 a ton. The long feeding season—from October 25, 1919, to June 1, 1920—cut down all profits. Mortgages were necessary to tide over. Meanwhile wool from other countries had come in, and the market was flooded. Warehouses were glutted from overstock, and selling prices were far below the cost of production. "We found," one of these women said, "that sheep were selling on the Chicago market for $80 a ton—cheaper than tankage we feed to hogs. We Western women felt that we could not sit still and see one of our greatest industries vanish before our eyes. We knew that the whole world is interdependent. One can not be hurt without all feeling the thrust."

Armed with our knowledge of the economic crisis and details that few average people are aware of, and inspired by a real desire to throw themselves into the situation, these splendid, intelligent, patriotic women started the "Buy a Pound of Wool" week. They went to the merchants and put their plans before them. They urged them to clear their shelves, to offer the goods at the best prices they could afford. They wrote their Senators and Congressmen in Washington demanding an embargo, a protective tariff, on foreign wool and mutton. (A proposed measure failed of passage in Congress.) Every club-woman pledged herself to buy a pound of wool and interested her friends and neighbors in the campaign.

SOON after the campaign started Mrs. Bertha Stull Green, then president of the Idaho State Federation of Women's Clubs, wrote, "I bought my pound of wool yesterday. I paid a fabulous price for it. Three months ago we sold that pound of wool in Idaho for seventeen cents, after paying the freight to Boston." Mrs. Green knew and other Western women knew that something was wrong—that there was too wide a margin between the seventeen cents and the price of the manufactured article. This turned their thoughts toward profiteering, and before that campaign was over the Western women knew much more about wool and the prices of manufactured articles than they had ever known before. The day of "putting things over" on those women has passed. Standard goods that measure up to the mark set by women are the only goods that have a chance now to find a market. Everybody in the West agrees that the "Buy a Pound of Wool" campaign was of the highest educative value, and that it assisted in reviving the languishing industry.

Women of the West are interesting themselves very definitely in the welfare of the Indians. Scattered over the plains of the Western and Southwestern States there are something over 384,000 of these first Americans. A little investigation on the part of some interested club-women disclosed some startling facts. There are over 21,000 Indian children, eligible and physically fit for school, for whom there are no school facilities whatsoever. There is absolutely no organized, supervised recreation on any of the Government reservations. The playground is unknown. Indian boys and girls know nothing of the gymnasium and the swimming-pool. There is not a Junior Red Cross League for the Indian boys and girls. There is not a single parents' association. There is not a single housekeepers' club, or woman's club, and nothing is being done to teach Indian women about the care of their children and themselves. The Indians have no farmers' associations. They have no financial enterprises, for Indians are not allowed to handle their moneys. They have no citizens' associations.

These women found that schools for the Indians do not teach concrete common-school grades. There are no high schools. There are no colleges. Diplomas from Government Indian schools are not on a par with those issued to white children from American institutions. Indian young men

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Here Is the Reason for the Successful 20-Year Record of a Great Food for Brain and Body

A Few Facts of Nation-Wide Interest

WHEN a food has withstood the test of over twenty years, and millions of men, women and children in all conditions of life have eaten it with relish, and thrived on it, it *must* have sterling merit.

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It furnishes an ideal diet for brain as well as muscle workers. It is rich in tissue-building elements, and in the mineral salts that nourish nerves, provide iron for the blood, and furnish phosphates for the teeth and bones.

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Grape-Nuts has helped the health and happiness of millions, not alone in America, but throughout many parts of the civilized world. Its delicious goodness and digestibility make it the ideal food for every person who wants to be at his best.

Go to your grocer today and get a package of rich, nutritious Grape-Nuts. Eat it as a cereal with cream or milk at breakfast, or make it into an appetizing pudding for lunch or dinner.

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Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder

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What the Princesses of the Orient have always known

TRAVELLERS returning from the Orient are bringing a secret with them.

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Higher in food value than beef or bread; containing the gentle stimulant the system requires, it feeds and delights and lends its own rich coloring.

Put a package of Dromedary Dates where the children can reach them; serve them on cereals for breakfast; use them in salads and bread and in muffins and rolls. In them Nature has stored beauty and health. The exquisite women of the East have known the secret always; and in American homes where taste is supreme the day of the date has arrived.

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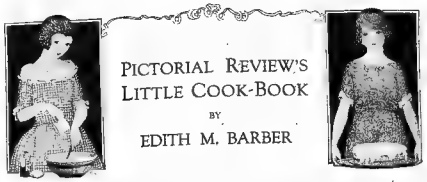

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY

EDITH M. BARBER

BEVERAGES started the Little Cook-book Series of recipes last month. "Breads" are next in our food alphabet, and first come some of the quick breads. There are no members of the food family which have more friends or more dear enemies than griddle-cakes, waffles, and muffins, which melt in your mouth—even if they do lie a bit heavy in the stomach.

"B" FOR BREADS

HOT breads require a thin or a thick batter or dough. A batter is a mixture of flour, liquid, and other ingredients which can be poured from the bowl or dropped from the spoon. Thin batters are used for popovers, griddle-cakes, and waffles. Thick batters are used for muffins and baking-powder breads. A dough may have the same ingredients as a batter, but is thick enough to be rolled or molded into shape, as for biscuits and dumplings.

A thin batter should be about the consistency of thick cream. If for any reason a thick batter can not be baked as soon as it is mixed, it may be kept in the ice-box for a number of hours before baking.

A thick batter should be of such a consistency that when a spoonful is held above the bowl, the mixture will run from the spoon in a stream which will break part way between the spoon and the bowl.

When sour milk is used as a liquid in any kind of batter, the mixture should be slightly thicker than when sweet milk is used.

In some sections of the country there is a distinction made between bread and pastry flour; and in such places pastry flour should be used for quick breads.

When baking-powder is used for leavening, the usual proportion is one and one-half teaspoonful to each cupful of flour.

WAFFLES with chicken for a main course or waffles with shaved maple-sugar or -sirup for dessert stand at the head of the class of hot breads.

A "waffle-iron" may be of iron or of aluminum.

Temper before using for the first time by heating slowly in the oven for at least an hour. If it is an iron utensil, after thoroughly heating, grease well and heat again.

A pastry-brush is excellent for greasing.

Waffles

2 Cupfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Sugar
3 Eggs
1½ Cupfuls Milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, cut in the butter, separate the eggs, and add the milk to the yolks. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients and fold in the beaten white of egg. If the batter is too stiff, more milk may be used. This recipe makes six good-sized waffles.

GRIDDLE-CAKES or pancakes or flapjacks, altho originally an American breakfast dish, are fast becoming a popular luncheon or supper dessert, and are probably more suitable in their new function than they were in their old.

A griddle may be of iron, aluminum, or soapstone.

If fat is put into the batter, it will not be necessary to grease even an iron griddle.

A griddle need not be washed each time it is used, if it is cleaned carefully by rubbing with paper and salt.

Sweet-milk Griddle-cakes

3 Cupfuls Flour
4½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Sugar
2 Cupfuls Milk
1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat
1 Teaspoonful Salt

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, add the milk, and stir gradually into the dry ingredients. Add the melted fat and drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle. Cook on one side until full of bubbles, turn, and cook on the other side.

Sour-milk Griddle-cakes

3 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1¾ Teaspoonful Soda
2¾ Cupfuls Sour Milk
1 Egg

MIX and sift the flour, salt, and soda. Add the sour milk and egg well beaten. Cook on both sides on a hot griddle.

Bread Griddle-cakes

2 Cupfuls Fine Stale Bread-crums
2 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
2 Eggs
¾ Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder

ADD the milk and the fat to the crums, and soak until the crums are soft; add the eggs well beaten, then the dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Cook on both sides on a hot griddle.

MUFFINS

MUFFIN-PANS may be of iron, aluminum, or of block tin. Happy the housekeeper who has inherited fluted iron "gem-pans," made perhaps by hand in grandmother's day, for crisp the muffin baked in such pans. Iron pans, however, may be purchased at any hardware-shop, and their use gives the glaze which adds so much to the appearance as well as the crispness of the muffin.

When melted fat is used in muffins, it should be cooled before adding, as hot fat toughens a mixture containing eggs.

Use melted fat or oil for greasing the pans.

The following recipes will fill ten to twelve medium-sized gem-pans.

Plain Muffins

2 Cupfuls Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Egg
1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat
½ Teaspoonful Salt

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, pour the milk into it, and stir gradually into the dry ingredients. Add the melted fat and fill the greased gem-pans three-quarters full. Bake twenty to thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Rich Muffins

¾ Cupful Butter
¾ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
1 Cupful Milk
2 Cupfuls Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt

CREAM the butter, add the sugar and egg well beaten, sift the baking-powder with the flour, and add to the first mixture, alternating with milk. Bake in greased gem-pans twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven. One cupful of huckleberries or three-quarters of a cupful of chopped dates may be added for tea muffins.

Popovers

1 Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Milk
1 Egg

MIX the salt and flour, beat the egg slightly, and mix with the milk; add to the dry ingredients. Beat only enough to mix well, and pour into hot buttered gem-pans or custard-cups. Bake in a hot oven thirty minutes. Then turn off the fire or open the door, and keep in the oven for ten minutes. Iron or earthenware is better than agate or tin for baking popovers.

Graham Muffins

1¾ Cupful Graham Flour
1 Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Sour Milk
¼ Cupful Molasses
½ Teaspoonful Soda
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, add the milk to the molasses, add the beaten egg, and combine the mixtures. Pour into gem-pans and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

Tea Muffins

⅔ Cupful Bread-crums
¾ Cupful Milk
⅓ Cupful Molasses
1 Egg
1 1/3 Cupful Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
¼ Teaspoonful Cloves
1½ Tablespoonful Fat

SOFTEN the bread-crums in the milk and add the molasses and the beaten egg. Mix the dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Melt the fat, cool slightly, and add. Bake in greased gem-pans in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

Eggless Johnny-cake

1 Cupful Corn-meal
½ Cupful Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat
1 Teaspoonful Salt

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, add the milk and melted fat, and pour into hot greased gem-pans or into a shallow baking-pan. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

HOT muffins for Sunday breakfast, when we have plenty of time to enjoy them, or for luncheon, when the cook has time to make them, add a special touch to the plainest meal.

All measurements level. Recipes serve five unless otherwise noted.
"Baking-powder Breads and Biscuits" in next issue.

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WHEN YOU HEAR THAT TURKEY GOBBLE

Fill Up the Holiday Menus with Cranberry Goodies and Other Thanksgiving Fixings

BY EDITH and MARY BARBER

THANKSGIVING!—the first of our purely American holidays will have an intensified meaning to us in its three hundredth celebration on November twenty-fourth. Some of us may have occasionally been guilty of forgetting the historical meaning of Thanksgiving and of thinking of it only in terms of "good cheer," and yet even in the recollections of the wonderful dinners at grandfather's are there not entangled among remembrances of roast turkey and pumpkin pie certain family traditions?

Mingled with the desire to some day make a pie like granny, was there not the unformed resolution to be a woman like her and to radiate the kindly spirit which let little girls help cook the cranberry jelly and even make the stuffing for the turkey? That stuffing!—oh, where is the recipe?—or rather where is the genius that seasoned it? Why does the stuffing of to-day lack the flavor which our remembrance attaches to that of grandmother's time? And yet not even for a Thanksgiving dinner of our childhood would we give up the memories which form the background upon which are built the worth-while things of our present-day Thanksgivings.

What shall we have for our Thanksgiving dinner this year? Perhaps our family demands a yearly repetition of the usual turkey, cranberry sauce, cabbage salad, pumpkin pie, and other fixings. But it may be that this year there will be special company for whom we shall be interested to make a meal that will be different, or possibly our pocketbooks will not allow us to indulge in turkey, duck, or chicken this season and we need a next best suggestion. In either case we may choose among the following menus and take from them some suggestions which may help us to make our Thanksgiving feast not only a success of to-day, but, like our grandmothers' Thanksgiving, a memory of to-morrow.

In planning the Thanksgiving dinner of course there are such things as celery and cranberries which will appear in some form whatever the other variations may be. Because of our universal delight in cranberries as plain jelly and sauce most of us have overlooked the wide possibilities of their use in other forms. Spiced cranberry jelly, for instance, when served on slices of orange, arranged around the platter which contains the roast duck, browned to just the artistic shade, will make us wonder why we have coupled duck only with apple sauce. Cranberries for salads, baked for dessert, or used as a flavoring for ices and other cold desserts, may be a boon to the housekeeper who during the Winter season finds it difficult and expensive, as far as fruit is concerned, to vary her menu. While it would not be a Thanksgiving without cranberries, instead of using them in the one form, let us use them to the fullest from Thanksgiving until the end of the season. And also add to our holiday menus the other delicious fixings for which the recipes follow

Cranberry Jelly

1 Quart Cranberries — 1 Cupful Water
2 Cupfuls Sugar

PICK over and wash the cranberries; add the water and cook in a covered saucepan until soft. Strain through a sieve or a jelly-bag. Add the sugar to the cranberry-juice and boil from two to five minutes until two drops will form on the edge of the spoon and hang side by side. Pour into one large mold or into individual molds.

Cranberry Sauce

1 Quart Cranberries — 2 Cupfuls Water
2 Cupfuls Sugar

WASH the cranberries, add the water and cook in a covered saucepan until soft. Add the sugar and cook until it is dissolved.

Cranberry and Apple Jelly

1 Pint Apple-juice — 1 Pint Cranberry-juice
3 Cupfuls Sugar

PREPARE apple-juice as for apple jelly. Prepare cranberry-juice as for cranberry jelly. Combine them and boil for five minutes. Add the sugar and boil until the jelly test is obtained.

Spiced Cranberries

1 Quart Cranberries — 2 Allspice-berries
1 Cupful Water — 1 Stick Cinnamon (Three Inches Long)
2 Cupfuls Sugar
10 Cloves

WASH the cranberries; add the water, and the spice tied in a piece of cheese-cloth. Cover and cook until the berries are tender. Remove the spice-bag, add the sugar, and cook until it dissolves.

For spiced jelly, rub the cranberries through a sieve before adding the sugar.

Baked Cranberries and Raisins

1 Quart Cranberries — 1½ Cupfuls Sugar
1 Cupful Raisins — 1 Cupful Water

PLACE the ingredients in a baking-dish. Cover and bake in a slow oven one hour, or until the cranberries and raisins are tender.

Cranberry-Snow

2 Egg Whites — ½ Cupful Cranberry Jelly

BEAT the egg whites until stiff. Add the cranberry jelly and continue beating until the mixture will hold its shape. Serve very cold with soft custard made from the egg yolks.

Cranberry Sponge

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin, Softened in ½ Cupful Cold Water — 4 Egg Whites — 1 Pint Cranberries — ¼ Cupful Water — 2 Cupfuls Sugar

SOAK the gelatin in cold water. Cook the cranberries with one-fourth cupful of water until tender. Rub them through a sieve. Measure the pulp and add boiling water to make two cupfuls. Add the sugar and heat until it is dissolved. Add the gelatin and cool the mixture, and when it begins to stiffen fold in the beaten whites of the eggs, and beat until the pudding will hold its shape. Chill and serve in sherbet-glasses.

Thanksgiving Salad

1 Pint Cranberries, Stewed and Sweetened — 1 Cupful Celery, Cut in Fine Pieces — 1 Cupful Diced Apple — 1 Cupful Chopped Walnuts — Juice of ½ Lemon — Juice of ½ Orange — Stiff Mayonnaise

MIX the salad ingredients, add the fruit-juice, and dress the salad with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce or romaine.

Winter Salad

1½ Tablespoonful Gelatin — 1 Cupful Orange-juice and 1 Lemon (Juice) Pulp — ¼ Cupful Cold Water — ½ Cupful Boiling Water — 1 Cupful Finely Chopped Raw Cranberries — ½ Cupful Sugar

SOAK the gelatin in cold water. Dissolve it in the boiling water; add the sugar, fruit-juice, and cranberries. Pour into individual molds. When stiff serve on lettuce with fruit-salad dressing.

Cranberry Pudding

1½ Cupful Flour — 2 Tablespoonfuls Fat — 3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder — ½ Cupful Milk (More or Less) — ½ Teaspoonful Salt — 3 Cupfuls Cranberry Sauce — 1 Tablespoonful Sugar

PREPARE a crust by sifting together the flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar. Cut in the fat, and add enough milk to make a soft dough. Butter a baking-dish and in it put the cranberry sauce. Cover with the crust and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is light brown and until it is thoroughly baked. Serve hot with cream or with cranberry-pudding sauce.

Cranberry-pudding Sauce

2 Cupfuls Cranberries — ¾ to 1 Cupful Confectioner's Sugar — ¼ Cupful Water — ¾ Cupful Butter

COOK the cranberries in water until they are tender. Rub them through a sieve. Cream the butter and add the sugar and cranberry pulp alternately. When finished the sauce should be of the consistency of whipped cream.

Cranberry Roly-poly

2 Cupfuls Flour — 4 Tablespoonfuls Fat — 4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder — ½ Cupful Milk (More or Less) — 1 Teaspoonful Salt — 1½ Cupful Cranberries (Chopped) — 1 Tablespoonful Sugar — ¾ Cupful Sugar

PREPARE a dough by sifting the flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar together. Cut in the fat and add enough milk to make a dough which can be rolled. Roll the dough to one-half inch in thickness. Spread with the chopped cranberries and sugar. Roll; lay on a buttered pan and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. This roll may be put on a buttered plate and steamed for forty minutes, then placed in the oven for ten minutes to dry.

Cranberry Pie

2 Cupfuls Cranberries — 1¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Raisins — 2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Cupful Water

CUT the cranberries in halves; mix with raisins, sugar, and flour. Line a pie-pan with pastry; put in the cranberry mixture, add the water, and bake in a moderate oven. When the fruit is soft, place a meringue on top and return to the oven until it is a delicate brown. A double crust may be used instead of the meringue if desired.

Cranberry Tarts

LINE individual pie-pans with pastry. Fill with cranberry sauce. Arrange strips of pastry in cross-bars over the top. Bake in a hot oven. When done sprinkle with granulated sugar. Serve the tarts cold.

Cranberry Tapioca

¾ Cupful Granulated Tapioca — 1 Pint Cranberries — ½ Cupful Water — ½ Teaspoonful Salt — 1 Cupful Sugar — 3½ Cupfuls Boiling Water

COOK tapioca, salt, and water together until clear. Cook cranberries and water until soft; add the sugar. Combine with the tapioca and cook five minutes. Pour into a mold. Chill and serve with cream.

Cranberry Corn-starch Pudding

1 Pint Milk — ½ Cupful Cranberries (Chopped)
3 Tablespoonfuls Corn-starch — ¼ Cupful Coconut or Chopped Nuts
¼ Cupful Sugar — ½ Teaspoonful Salt

MOISTEN the corn-starch with one-half cupful of the milk, and add the rest of the milk, which has been scalded in a double boiler. Add salt, sugar, cranberries, and nuts, and cook, stirring until the mixture thickens, then for fifteen minutes longer. Turn into molds and chill.

Cranberry Muffins

4 Tablespoonfuls Fat — 4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Sugar — 1 Cupful Cranberries (Sprinkled with 2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar)
1 Egg
¾ Cupful Milk
2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt

CREAM the fat, add the sugar, then the beaten egg. Add milk, then the flour, which has been sifted with the baking-powder and salt, then the sugared cranberries. Bake in greased muffin-cups in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes.

Carrot-plum Pudding

1 Pound Flour — ¾ Cupful Strup
1 Pound Grated Carrots — 2 Eggs
½ Pound Chopped Suet — 2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
1½ Pounds Raisins — 3 Teaspoonfuls Soda
¾ Cupful Molasses — 2 Teaspoonfuls Each of Cinnamon, Cloves, and Mace
1½ Pound Currants

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, add the eggs, suet, fruit, carrots, molasses, and strup. Steam in tightly covered, buttered molds for five hours. Serve with a cooked or a hard sauce.

Plum-pudding Sauce

3 Tablespoonfuls Butter — 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Cupful Powdered Sugar — 2 Egg Yolks
¼ Cupful Cream (Whipped)
½ Cupful Milk

CREAM the butter and add the sugar gradually, then vanilla and beaten yolks. Add the milk and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until it thickens. Cool and fold in whipped cream.

Cranberry Ice

4 Cupfuls Cranberries — 2½ Cupfuls Sugar
2 Cupfuls Water — ½ Cupful Lemon-juice

PICK over and wash the cranberries. Add the water and cook, covered until tender. Rub through a sieve, add the sugar and lemon-juice, and freeze, using eight parts ice to one of salt. Pack with four parts ice to one of salt.

Thanksgiving Ice-cream

3 Pints Cream — ½ Cupful Shredded Almonds
1½ Cupful Dried Brown-bread Crumbs — ½ Cupful Raisins (Chopped)
1 Cupful Sugar — ¾ Teaspoonful Salt

SOAK crums in cream fifteen minutes, then rub through a sieve. Add other ingredients and freeze, using eight parts ice to one of salt. Pack with four parts ice to one of salt.

Mock-duck

2 Pounds Thin Round Steak — 3 Tablespoonfuls Fat — 3 Slices Onion
4 Cupfuls Bread Stuffing — Flour — Salt and Pepper

WIPE meat and spread with the stuffing. Roll and tie or skewer together. Dredge with flour, salt, and pepper. Brown, with onion, in fat until golden brown. Place in a baking-pan and add water to half cover. Cook until tender, basting occasionally.

Bread Stuffing

4 Cupfuls Soft Bread-crums — 2 Tablespoonfuls Salt (or More)
1 Chopped Onion — Pepper
¼ Cupful Melted Fat — Sage
Water

MIX crums, seasonings, onion, and fat, and add enough water to make the mixture stick together. Celery and poultry seasoning can be added if desired.

Fruit Stuffing

3 Cupfuls Chopped Apple — 1 Chopped Onion — 1 Teaspoonful Salt (or More)
1 Cupful Seeded Raisins — Paprika

COMBINE ingredients and use for stuffing poultry.

Apple-horseradish Sauce

½ Cupful Cream (Whipped) — ½ Cupful Scraped Apple
¼ Cupful Horseradish — Salt, Paprika

WHIP the cream and add the other ingredients. Season to taste with salt and paprika.

THANKSGIVING MENUS

MOCK-DUCK		CLEAR TOMATO SOUP	CROUTONS
BROWNED POTATOES	CREAMED ONIONS	STUFFED CELERY	ROAST CHICKEN
CORN AND PIMIENTO PUDDING		APPLE-HORSERADISH SAUCE	
CRANBERRY SAUCE	PUMPKIN PIE	MASHED POTATOES	
CHEESE	COFFEE	BAKED CRANBERRIES	
CANDIED ORANGE-PEEL		BUTTERED SQUASH	WINTER SALAD
		THANKSGIVING ICE-CREAM	
		LADYFINGERS	STUFFED DATES COFFEE
ROAST DUCK		OYSTERS ON THE HALF-SHELL	
CELERY	GRILLED SWEET POTATOES	CELERY	OLIVES
MASHED POTATOES		CLAM AND CHICKEN BOUILLON	
CREAMED CAULIFLOWER		ROAST TURKEY	
HEARTS OF LETTUCE		FRENCH FRIED SWEET POTATOES	
PAPRIKA FRENCH DRESSING		MASHED POTATOES	BRUSSELS SPROUTS
CARROT-PLUM PUDDING, CREAMY SAUCE		CRANBERRY JELLY	
TOASTED CRACKERS		ROMAINE SALAD, ROQUEFORT DRESSING	
CAMEMBERT CHEESE	COFFEE	BURNT-ALMOND ICE-CREAM	
NUTS	RAISINS	CANDIED MINT-LEAVES	
		SALTED PECANS	COFFEE

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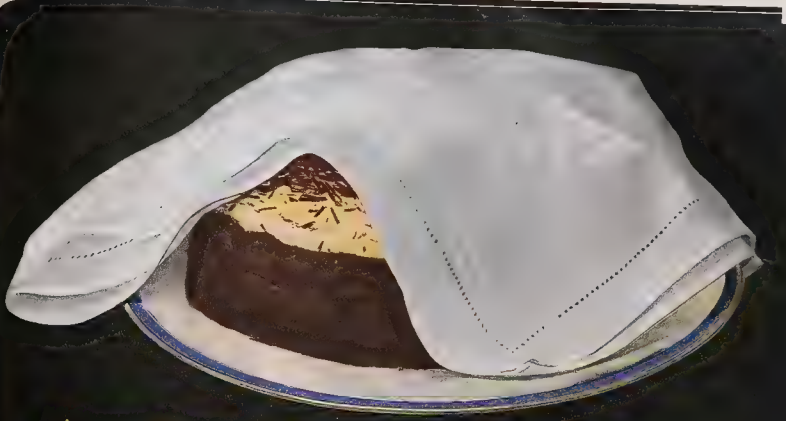

Another Mystery Cake
Can You Name It?

THE first Royal Mystery Cake Contest created a countrywide sensation. Here is another cake even more wonderful. Who can give it a name that will do justice to its unusual qualities?

This cake can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

$500 For The Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay $250. For the second, third, fourth, and fifth choice, we will pay $100, $75, $50, and $25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
127 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE FIRST ROYAL "MYSTERY CAKE" CONTEST
Held Last Spring

First Prize $100 "Tropicaroma"
Won by
Mrs. H. F. Tench, Long Beach, Calif.

Second Prize $75 "Royal Brownellow"
Won by
Mrs. John Titus, Kansas City, Mo.

Third Prize $50 "Virginny Sunshine"
Won by
Mrs. Herbert Lambert, Chittenango, N. Y.

Fourth Prize $25 "Royal Economystic"
Won by
Mary Emma Cox, Gadsden, Ala.

HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
grated rind of ½ orange
1 egg and 1 yolk
2½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
1½ squares (1½ oz.) of unsweetened chocolate, melted

Cream shortening, add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt, and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with the milk; lastly fold in one beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter
3 cups confectioner's sugar
1 egg white
2 tablespoons orange juice
grated rind of ½ orange and pulp of 1 orange
3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use ½ square). To remaining icing add 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

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Keeps Stoves Clean and Bright

Old Dutch polishes and cleans the nickel trimmings, porcelain sides and drip-pan, etc. Makes cooking utensils shining and spotless

Economical—Efficient—Sanitary

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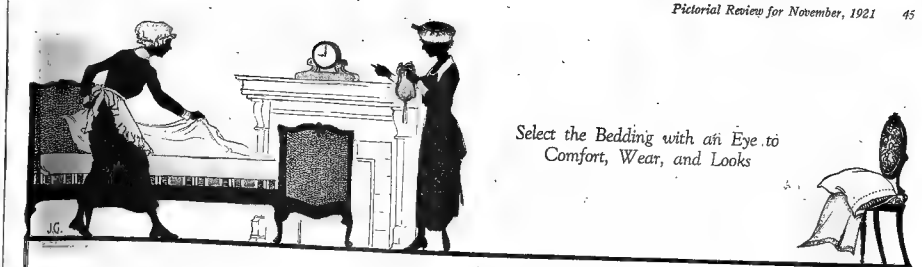

Drawing by Jessie Gillespie

FITTING THE BED FOR SLEEP

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT *and* GLADYS BECKETT JONES

DOCTORS and scientists tell us that comfortable, firm beds and the right kind of bedding are conducive to well-rested bodies and general good health.

An essential to comfortable sleeping is a good mattress. This is a luxury, for it is expensive, but it will prove a profitable investment if intelligently purchased and given reasonable care. Select a mattress that is light in proportion to its size and carefully tacked on the sides. Filling, size, covering, tacking are all worthy of consideration when buying a mattress.

The mattress may have any filling that is elastic. The standard mattress is usually filled with horsehair, the quality depending on the length and curliness of the hair. Curly hair furnishes a filling that is springy and one that will stand wear without lumping. Hair from the mane of the horse is better quality than tail-hair. A mixed gray or black hair will wear longer than bleached hair, as the bleaching process tends to make it brittle. Natural white hair is the most expensive, but it gives no better service than gray or black. The cheaper hair mattresses are often filled with broken or short hair, and sometimes goat's hair.

With present methods of manufacturing, the cotton-felt or wool-felt mattress is very satisfactory. Such mattresses can be remade when they become matted or lumpy, and are somewhat cheaper than a hair mattress. When new, a felt mattress is softer than one filled with hair, and for this reason often gives greater comfort.

When selecting the mattress-ticking keep to a subdued color or the safe blue-and-white stripes. Many of the colorful tickings are not fast-dyed and may discolor the bedding if they get wet.

Mattresses That Wear

THE best-wearing mattresses are well tufted. Plain tacking does not wear as well as tufting, but the tufted mattress is more difficult to keep clean. However, a vacuum cleaner or a small pointed tufting-brush will very easily remove any dust or dirt.

A well-made mattress has two or three rows of tacking in the boxing to keep the mattress in shape. The most satisfactory edge is called the "imperial roll." This has four rows of tacking in the boxing. It adds about five dollars to the cost, but it squares up the mattress, and even after much usage the bed makes up square and trim.

The mattress should be aired every day. In the morning, the bedclothes and protecting pad should be thrown back over a chair placed at the foot of the bed. It is well to reverse the mattress at least once a week, turning it from end to end as well as from side to side so that the wear will be evenly distributed over all the surface.

Once a month the mattress should be taken into the open air, sunned, brushed, and beaten with a rattan beater, or use a vacuum cleaner for removing the dust. Beating a mattress with a wire beater or a stick breaks the hair. A mattress responds to care and its life may be greatly extended by due attention.

The mattress-ticking may be protected from dust by a boxed cover made from unbleached muslin and fastened with tapes or snaps. A mattress-pad should be provided for each bed to give protection to the mattress and also to make it more comfortable. A pad can be made at home from unbleached muslin and cotton wadding and quilted by machine, or a folded blanket or cotton quilt can be used.

Bed-pillows are stuffed with down, chicken, duck, or goose feathers, or with hair. Fill the pillow-tick loosely with the stuffing, as an overstuffed pillow is hard and uncomfortable. Pillows should be aired and dusted at the same time as the mattress. It is not difficult to wash them in a tub or washing-machine without removing the feathers from the case. Use finely shaved soap or soap solution and warm water; make a suds that will stand up throughout the washing process. Souse the pillow thoroughly in the suds; rinse well in lukewarm water until the last rinse-water is clear, and hang to dry in the sun when the wind is blowing. It is a great protection to the pillow to provide an extra cover between the pillow-case and the pillow itself.

To transfer the feathers to a fresh cover, leave a five-inch opening in the end of the new tick, rip an opening of the same length in the seam of the old tick; baste the mouths of the two openings firmly together and shake the feathers from the old into the new cover.

Before buying sheets measure the length of the bed they are to be used on, for sheets of generous proportions add a great deal to the comfort of the sleeper, and help to keep the bedding clean. The sheets should be long enough to tuck in well at the foot and the sides as well as to allow a generous turnover at the top. This means buying sheets twenty-four to thirty-six inches longer and wider than the bed. The convenient-sized sheet for a single bed is seventy-two by one hundred and eight inches; for a double bed, ninety by one hundred and eight inches.

Always buy sheets that have been torn rather than cut before hemming, as their hems are straighter and they launder "square." Torn sheets are usually so labeled. If the beds in the house are standard sizes, there is very little money saved by making the sheets at home, often not more than ten cents a sheet where the materials of equal width and quality are used.

The heaviest wear on the sheets is in the center, and as a means of extending their life, split through the center when worn, overhand the two selvage edges together, and put narrow hems on the cut edges. After laundering, the seam will not be felt by the sleeper.

To allow for daily use and emergencies, equip each bed with six sheets and allow three pillow-cases for each pillow used. The pillow-cases should be one and a half inches wider than the pillow. This will allow the pillow to flatten out when the head rests on it.

It is desirable to have blankets that are soft and warm, but light. "All-wool" blankets are delightful to sleep under, but they are difficult for the housewife to keep in good condition. A seventy-five per cent. wool blanket launders well and is easy to handle. When frequent laundering, as in sickness, is necessary, a fifty per cent. wool blanket is preferable. A reliable store will tell you the amount of wool in a blanket. Short blankets can easily be lengthened by stitching a strip of flannel to the end that is to be used at the foot and finishing the raw edge with a binding.

Double blankets should be split and the raw edges bound just as soon as they come from the store; it makes them so much easier to handle. This also makes it possible to use one of these with a different-weight blanket on a bed.

BLANKETS can easily be laundered at home in a washing-machine, or with a hand-washing device. Use lukewarm water and dissolved soap to make a good suds. In washing blankets use a souring motion, changing the water as it becomes soiled. Rinse in water of the same temperature until the last rinse-water is clean, straighten the blankets, and put them through the wringer. Never twist them in the hands. Pin them to a curtain-stretcher as you would a curtain, or hang them crosswise over a line. When three-fourths dry, brush with a whisk-broom to fluff up the blanket and remove any wool that is loose on the surface. Always dry blankets in the shade. When using the curtain-stretcher measure the width and length of the blanket before it is wet so that the curtain-stretcher can be set to the exact measurement.

Any bedding that is stored should be put away absolutely clean. Fresh newspapers tightly wrapped around the bedding, with the ends and opening tightly sealed with gummed paper, make a safe and economical way of storage.

A comfortable is a light but a warm covering if made of down or "sheet" wool, and will wash satisfactorily. The cover should be of material that cleans easily, such as silkaline. To keep the top of the comfortable clean, baste a foot-wide binding of cheese-cloth on the end to be used at the head of the bed.

It is easier to keep bedding clean than it is to wash it, and, as an extra protection to the comfortables and blankets, spread a clean sheet over the bed just before the counterpane is put on, draw it down evenly with the blanket, and then turn the top bed-sheet over it. This acts as a dust-protector between a thin counterpane and the rest of the bedding.

The counterpane or bedspread is a matter of taste, but should be of material that is light-weight and easily cleaned. Marseilles spreads are handsome, but heavy to launder. The lighter spreads, such as dimity and unbleached muslin, embroidered, stenciled, or tufted, are very satisfactory and comparatively inexpensive.

The bed-springs should always be kept clean, as insects breed in dust. The box-springs should be vacuum-cleaned or taken out-of-doors and given a thorough brushing. Other springs not encased should be brushed with a stiff-bristled brush and any rust removed with kerosene or oil. Spread newspapers under the springs to catch the dust and protect the floor from oil.

Many housekeepers find that it is a decided advantage to cover the springs with an unbleached muslin draw-sheet or bag. This is an aid in keeping out dust, and also acts as a protection to the mattress.

A bed should never be used as a seat. Sitting on the edge breaks the mattress and sags the springs. Give your bed good treatment and it will repay you in comfort.

STOP THE SPOTS

"A STITCH in time saves nine," has always stood as a dire threat if we neglected our rips and tears. How much more particular we might be if we had an adage to impress upon us the necessity for immediately removing all spots and stains from our clothing; for, due to the lack of prompt action, the penalty may multiply nine times nine, and perhaps the spots can never be removed.

A first-aid shelf to spot-removal should be in every home. The equipment of materials and supplies is simple, but it is having them grouped together ready for immediate use that counts.

Small spots of unknown origin are apt to appear on the fronts of our dark-wool suits and dresses, and are a constant annoyance. Try cold water first for her benefit. "Housewifery," gives the following recipe: "One and one-half ounce of white Castile soap, one ounce of ether, one ounce of alcohol, four ounces of ammonia. Cut the soap fine and heat in one pint of soft water until dissolved. Then add three quarts of cold water and the other ingredients. Bottle tightly."

One of the secrets of successful "spotting" or stain-removal is to have plenty of pad underneath the spot to absorb the liquid that is used to remove it, and to employ a circular motion, working from the outside toward the center of the spot in order to keep a ring from forming. Change the pad as it becomes soiled, and pat the spot gently until the cleaner evaporates. Certain spots with color in them, such as a black grease-spot, come out more easily if turned face down on the pad so that the spot can be carried out without passing through the fabric.

For most spots and stains, especially those on light wool, and light and dark silks, the worker needs to follow specific directions. You must know what made the spot and on what kind of fabric, and also what will remove it without injury to the cloth. The following references will give you the information you need: "Removal of Stains from Clothing and Textiles," Farmers' Bulletin 861, gives explicit and accurate directions for removing all kinds of spots; "Laundering," by L. Ray Balderston, has an excellent chapter on stain-removal; "Clothing: Choice, Care and Cost," by Mary Schenck Woolman; and "Textiles," by Woolman and McGowan, have good material on stain-removal.

THE STAY-AT-HOME

BY MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL

THE village knew her as a faithful wife,
Low-voiced and patient with her husband's ways.
Busy through all the uneventful days
With small home duties that made up her life.

She'd married young; a quiet, sober man,
Not one to talk much; satisfied to sit
And smoke his pipe of evenings; drowse a bit,
His slow thoughts on the little store he ran.

The times were hard the year they married, so
They took no wedding-trip, but waited, till
The years had somehow drifted by, and still
It never seemed to be the time to go.

So they lived together, he and she.
The children grew up, married, went away.
Things went along from quiet day to day—
Then she died suddenly.

And when they came to tidy up, they found
Down in the bottom of her box of scraps
A child's geography with colored maps,
A shell that made a curious murmuring sound,

A steamship guide with pictures crude and blurred
Of white ships sailing by a palm-green shore—
Java, Sumatra, Bangkok, Singapore—
A strange, bright feather from some foreign bird;

A bit of paper daubed with gilt and red
That once had wrapped a pound of Chinese tea;
A yellowed clipping: "How to Dress at Sea."—
"What queer trash some folks keep around!" they said.

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UNIVERSAL

Universal Electric Percolator -No.9646-

Coffee To Linger Over And Drink To Your Taste's Content

THE "Universal" Electric Percolator is a handsome table appointment and mealtime essential that actually saves money while making better coffee. It gives even cheap grades of coffee a chance to make good.

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"UNIVERSAL" Electric Percolators in Nickel Plate, Silver Plate and Silver Platinum finishes. Also non-electric Aluminum Percolators with "Universal" high-speed pump. To get the best at the price you like, ask for "Universal."

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HERE are shown a few Universal Home Needs. There are hundreds more, all perfected, guaranteed products that save time, money and labor in the home. "Universal" devices fill a void, supply a need, bring a blessing. No home has enough until it has them all.

Write for Booklet No. 69 "The Universalized Home"

Universalize Your Home

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
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THE WESTERN CLUB-WOMEN HAVE A WAY OF THEIR OWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

and women seeking employment are unable to present required credentials.

The women found that three-fifths of all Indian children die before they are five years old, a contributing cause being lack of milk and other nourishing food. The death-rate of whites is 15 per 1,000, that of Indians 29.53 per 1,000. (Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, June 20, 1920.)

And these conditions are getting worse—not better. Last year in Oklahoma alone 250 Indian schools were closed. The Navajos, with whom many treaty stipulations engaged the United States Government to furnish schools for every thirty-five children on this reservation, have 6,055 children in Arizona and New Mexico of school age with no schools provided for them.

The majority of the Indians are taxpayers, yet we have withheld citizenship from them. We allow our native-born first American children neither the rights nor the public-school privileges of the newly arrived immigrants' children. Indians are not granted privileges accorded to the most ignorant foreigners. An Indian lacks the right to vote granted to every other nationality on the face of the globe. It is true that something over 184,000 Indians are called "citizens," but as they and all their property are under bureau domination the quality of their citizenship would be ridiculous if it were not tragic.

Women of the West are calling attention to the fact that these are the people who poured out their treasure for war work, who furnished 1,000,000 knit garments, took out 10,000 Red Cross memberships, made liberal purchases of war-saving certificates, and responded patriotically for increased labor in all industrial pursuits and greater production of foodstuffs. These Indians also bought $2,000,000 in Liberty Bonds, and they gave a larger percentage of volunteers for our army than any other class of Americans.

Mrs. Leatherwood told me that she was especially interested in encouraging the Navajo women in their old custom of weaving and selling their own wool. Effort is being made to encourage them to keep up their ancient crafts, and club-women will find a market for these things among the women of the towns and cities. It is interesting to note that Navajo women own the herds of the tribes.

Nevada club-women are starting a campaign for a reform in the divorce laws of the State. At recent district meetings of the women's clubs resolutions were passed calling for laws similar to those of Utah and California.

Nevada club-women doubtless lead the world in the number of club-houses in proportion to membership. The State has to its credit seven attractive women's club-houses. The Fernley Club has forty members and owns a beautiful club-house which is used by the entire community. Manhattan is a mining town of less than one thousand inhabitants, accessible only by stage from Tonopah, and yet the Woman's Club owns a house which all the one thousand citizens agree is the "best thing in Manhattan." Men donated their labor to build the house when the mining camp was prosperous, and everybody in the community has a real interest in it. The community idea had reached Manhattan long before the fair Sex it came to the rest of the world. The Woman's Club of Elko has thirty-five members and owns its club-house. Clubs at Reno, Goldfield, and Carson City have their own homes, and the Fallon Artemisia Club owns a valuable property and is only waiting for building prices to come down to begin the erection of a modern club-house.

ARE these Western women feminine? Yes, indeed they are. Not one of them is more "advanced" than Suss Young Gates. She it was who bestowed me to her granddaughter as of the fifth generation of voting women in Utah. Mrs. Gates knew Susan B. Anthony as well as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw intimately. She was one of their main allies in those pioneer suffrage days. For years she was press chairman for the National Council of Women of the United States, and thirty years ago she started the *Young Women's Journal*, which she still edits under another name. But despite her lifetime activities as an advanced feminist—or should I say because of this?—she is one of the most distinctly feminine women I have ever known. If you doubt it, listen to what she told me.

"If women ever have their own magazines, or if they have some sort of plan for getting them read in the daily papers, I hope they will not forget to make a place for fashions and for cooking recipes. The tired little wife in the farmhouses and on lonely prairie farms want to read about the flowery pathways of fashion. Every housekeeper is a born economist. We are continually finding some new way to combine things, and we have an instinctive desire to tell our neighbors about it. We women are interested in the personal element. It makes no difference whether we ought to be more interested in principles, as the uplifters say, or not; the fact is we are curious about the personalities of these people we hear about. I am free to confess that, while Madame Curie's marvelous work interested me, the fact of her plain black dress, with its high neck and long sleeves, attracted my attention before I had read about that precious gram of radium.

"I believe we can vitalize many great truths and popularize many moral issues by recognizing this factor and making use of it. The curved coral lips of Anna Howard Shaw and Susan B. Anthony's red shawl carried suffrage literature into many indifferent homes. I am interested in the style and color of Carrie Chapman Catt's dress, and I should like to know whether or not she can cook and sew a fine seam, as much as I should like to know about her politics. When you put up undraped moral issues for women to read about they get bored and go out to the movies, where they think they can see 'real folk.'"

DESPITE the emphasis that has been placed upon the practical side of public questions, the women of the West have by no means neglected the cultural side. It is doubtful if there is anywhere in the world a more striking example of what a community can do, if it possesses ambition, idealism, and a spirit of co-operation, than that furnished by Springville, Utah. Citizens of this attractive little town, nestled up among the mountains about sixty miles from Salt Lake City, decided upon a unique way of putting the town on the map. Springville was to be the art center of that part of the world!

I arrived at Springville by motor from Salt Lake City in the middle of the afternoon. The janitor of the school was sitting outside the door engaged in the favorite outdoor sport of whittling. He greeted me cordially. "Come to see the pictures?" he asked, cheerily. And I followed him into the handsome school-building, modern in every detail, and to the big auditorium where the pictures hang. The room is spacious, well lighted, and restful in its appearance. The walls are tinted a soft buff, and about forty pictures are carefully placed about the walls. This art exhibit would indeed do credit to any art center of any city. And the janitor knew more about pictures in general and those pictures in particular than I did.

I learned that the whole community for many miles around has taken part in the collection of these pictures and that whole families come from long distances to see them. Every picture is a real work of art, adjudged so by some critic of recognized ability. The work of Western artists has received the preference.

It is particularly fitting that this demonstration of the cultural ambition of an average community should be, made at Springville, for that little mountain city was the birthplace of Cyrus Dallin, the distinguished sculptor, now of Boston. For a long time John Hafen, the well-known painter, lived there, and it was he, in co-operation with several citizens and the school board, who initiated the movement that has really put Springville on the map. Mr. Hafen presented one of his best paintings, "The Meandering Stream," to the Springville school, and this was the beginning of what is now a really fine collection; Cyrus Dallin presented his "Paul Revere" to the public schools of Springville, and thus encouraged by these valuable gifts from artists of recognized genius, the school board decided to purchase one good picture a year, the money being raised by the school board, and the teachers and pupils.

It is safe to say that there is not another community of its size in the world that owns so fine a collection of pictures and sculpture. The collection contains one or two masterpieces. One has been exhibited in Paris, and nearly all have taken prizes. One of the most valuable pictures was purchased by the junior class in the high school.

The conquering spirit runs high in the Western women. It is born in them. Their ancestors came over the desert and learned to make the best of environment instead of succumbing to it. One of the finest stories I have ever heard is the story of how one woman, living on a lonely ranch very far from the world, conquered her isolation. If any woman who reads these lines lives in a far place—if she thinks that her lot is sad—I advise her to write to Mrs. J. T. Wilson, Yerington, Nev., and ask her to tell how she conquered her isolation. It is a story worth hearing.

Nelle Kanah was a clever newspaper woman accustomed to a very busy life in the midst of things. When she became Mrs. Cochran she went to live on a ranch eleven miles from a railroad. After a while there came to her a little boy and a little girl, and they began to develop desires for guns and soldiers and dolls and other things that little boys and little girls always want. Did Mrs. Cochran become unhappy because all of the family income was consumed in paying for the ranch, and because there was none for the kiddies? Not at all. Mrs. Cochran began to manufacture "fabric dolls," and when I was there I heard the prediction that there would have to be a spur built to that railroad some day not far distant in order to take care of the doll business which she has built up.

City women, pity your sisters on the far-away farms and ranches if you will, but if the women I met in the West are typical, I think there is no need to pity them. They are the most progressive, the most resourceful, the busiest, and the happiest women I have ever met.

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THE AMERICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"Sure you can," said Allan, as gently as tho he were soothing a terrified child. "Sure you can. What were they going to pull off if the Big Chief's kid croaked?"

"Chang—Chang was going to—I can't say it—with his bare hands—so that—so that no blood would be spilled, and vengeance would not fall on the village—they were going to tie Linny—oh, Linny!"

Miss Farr did not raise her voice, but she panted suddenly, like a small, spent animal. "Oh, Linny, Linny!"

"Steady." The voice supported her like an arm. "Don't let these yellow hounds see they've got you worried. Where'd that painted doll get all this dope, anyway?"

"She—she has a lover." The low voice was lower still, and Allan's fingers closed over the rusted chair, the ugliness creeping back into his eyes.

"I'll say she has! And the lover spilled the plans, did he? But what in blazes did she tell you for? They'd rip her limb from limb if they ever found she'd ditched them."

"She'd do anything for us," said Miss Farr. "Anything. No, you needn't look like that; it's not Linny. It's mostly me, because I gave her my green parasol—and a handkerchief with lace in it—and a string of yellow beads. She sat all that night outside my door crying—and she follows me around the house like a little dog. Like a little dog that every one in the world had whipped and kicked, until some one happened to go by one day and give it a pat. And a bone. A little old bone that they didn't even want." She looked at him sternly, defiantly. Then, she laugh.

But the gentleman who knew too much about Marie Angelique did not laugh.

"WELL, I'm glad she got the beads," he said simply. "What time was your brother coming back?"

"He was coming back for lunch," she told him. "But Marie Angelique was having a party, so I asked her to tell him to come straight here. The clock isn't right, is it? He ought to be here any minute."

"What kind of party?"

The girl made a vague gesture, her white face flushing deeply. "Just a—party."

"Is the guy that gave her this dope invited?" inquired the gentleman dryly.

Miss Farr smiled wanly. "I shouldn't be surprized," she said.

He looked at the clock that was an hour and a half slow, and frowned.

"If I knew what to do with you I'd run over to Chang's and bring a few well-chosen words with him," he said. "Chang and I are great little pals. The village and every man, woman, child, cat, and dog in it belongs to the two of us. He hands out the pipes and I keep the glasses filled, and every last one of them would lick the shoes off our feet. And when Chang's been pretty good I let him lick mine."

Miss Farr looked frankly bewildered, and he came promptly to the rescue.

"He happens to have a full-grown thirst for absinthe, and opium means nothing in my young life! So that leaves me one up on the village terror, see?"

"I see." For a moment the heavy eyes danced at him. "There seems to be corruption even in Yen-Shai-Kwan."

"Even!" replied the proprietor of Yen-Shai-Kwan grimly. "Even. If there's anything *but* corruption in the whole stinking place I'll drink near beer."

Miss Farr took an uncertain step, clutching at one of the painted chairs.

"I'm—tired," she said in a very small voice. "Aren't you—aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

He cast a despairing eye over the almost deserted café. "You oughtn't to sit down here," he said.

"But I can't stand any more," Miss Farr said simply. She swayed, and he saw, with a passionate shock of pity, that the small, tired face was mysteriously wet with tears.

"Oh, my *God!*" he whispered, and the words were a prayer and a curse and a protest to that unknown God whom he claimed as his own. "Here, sit down—turn your back to them—don't, for God's sake, don't, don't!"

At that shaken and despairing entreaty, Miss Farr raised her head bravely, curling her lips into a desperate smile.

"All right," she said. "I don't often, really. I'm ashamed. But trying to laugh and pretend I didn't mind has eaten out my heart; it has, truly. I couldn't let Linny see that I was afraid. If I could just sit and cry like that for an hour—have you got a handkerchief?"

He put his hand swiftly to his pocket, as tho some strange gift of divination might enable her to see the grimy rag bulking in its depths.

"No," he told her.

She brushed her lashes with swift fingertips.

"It's probably just as well; if you had one, I might cry for hours. Aren't you going to sit down, Mr.—I'm sorry—I forgot."

"Allan," he told her. "Allan Allan. Would you rather have me sit down?"

"Much, much rather, Red Allan." She leaned toward him, and something floated away from the white veil—something young and fresh and sweet as small bright flowers hiding under the brown leaves in March.

"Look—look, Evian—les—Balns—what are you doing here, you lovely, cool, blue dream? Please how did it ever get here?"

"Well, fifteen or twenty years ago this was quite a frog settlement. Some nuns had a sort of a school for the village kids a mile north of here, outside the wall—place, they say, was a Portuguese monastery a couple of hundred years further back—and a crowd of Frenchies that weren't nuns or ladies—not so's you'd notice it—decided that this place was healthier for 'em than France, and started to run in absinthe and send out opium, and generally uplift the heathen Chinee. Great stuff—while it lasted."

"Well, but—" Miss Farr frowned a little, perplexed. "Wasn't it a success? This room seemed crowded this morning. I suppose that the natives are at lunch, aren't they—that's the reason that it's empty now? But what happened to the foreigners? Have they all gone away?"

"Yes," said Red Allan. "It wasn't what you'd call a real success. They've all gone away."

"The nuns too?"

"The nuns too," he acquiesced gravely, and in spite of his carefully level tone, she looked up quickly. He was studying the table before him, his eyes turned from her.

"Mr. Allan!" She bent to his head reluctantly at the sound of her voice. "What—what happened to those people?"

"Why, it just wasn't a success," he said. "It was quite a while before my day; I don't know much about it, Miss Farr."

"Did they—well, what—" she asked the blanched small voice incredulously.

"You sure do follow through," he murmured, mocking still now. "Yes, they killed 'em. They're like a lot of the rest of us—they don't understand being uplifted."

But no smile touched the pale face opposite him; his raillery flagged before its sickened terror. "The nuns—the poor nuns who were trying to help them!" He nodded, and she wrung her hands together, her lips quivering suddenly in a passion of anger. "Oh, the beasts—the hateful, cowardly, cruel beasts!"

"Sure they're cowards—they're taught that it's no shame to be a coward," Allan said slowly, "and hateful and cruel and beastly—like the whole lot of us. We've been spending our time and money learning how to be cruel and hateful and beastly lately; I'll tell the world we have!"

The girl leaned forward, color flying in her cheeks like a flag.

"Is that all the War taught you?" she demanded—her voice a call to battle.

He stared back at her, the old defiant recklessness in his eyes. "What war?" he countered flatly.

"*Oh!*" cried Miss Farr. After a minute she controlled herself sufficiently to inquire, elaborately bitter, "Then you think that they—that they were quite justified?"

"I don't have to think," he said. "I'm no judge. But I know this—they're all right if you let 'em alone. So for God's sake why don't you?"

"Well, they haven't killed you," she commented acrimoniously and contemptuously.

"What do they want to kill me for?" inquired her host pleasantly. "I'm one of their best little pals and we get along great together; we got a lot in common."

Miss Farr contemplated him coldly.

"*Evidently!*" she replied, and shrugged in an icy voice, and for a long time silence hung heavy over the table by the counter. It was by no means a companionable silence; it was heavy with hardness and bitterness and ugliness. The clock ticked away as relentlessly as an instrument of torture, and the little drum was still throbbing in the distance, ominous and tragic and intolerable. Suddenly the girl flung her hands over them, her face twisted and strained in sheer frenzy.

"Be quiet!" she cried, her teeth clicking. "Be quiet, be quiet, be *quiet!*"

ALLAN reached the open door at a bound. Slamming it as sharply that it cut through the far-off menace like a thunderclap, and thick silence and a more swiftly crowding gloom fell on the dark room.

"You can take your hands down," he said quietly, but his voice carried across her terror. "Want me to bind this cloth?"

She shook her head. "No," she whispered, "no. If it stopped, time might stop too. Let it go on, Red Allan—let Red Allan—talk to me quickly. Tell me a long, long story that you can end when Linny comes through the door; you can end any story pretty quickly if you know how to say, 'And so they lived happy ever after.'"

"The ones I know don't end like that," he told her, and reminiscent smile flickered again, unquenchably youthful.

"Well, begin one anyway," urged Miss Farr. "Begin now. Once upon a time——"

"They don't begin like that, either." The small figure beside him drooped despondently.

"Never mind—I was just talking nonsense. It's dark in here, isn't it?"

Allan rose. "Shall I open the door?"

"No, no." The terror quivered again. "Shut it out—shut it out. It's just that it's dark."

"Well, we can fix that. How about these two?" He struck a match, and the torches on either side of the mirror flared suddenly into life. "That fool Luen Ching smashed three lamps last week, and the lanterns are poor stuff, but they are aren't so bad. That better?"

"Much better." She rewarded him with a piteous smile. "Where are all your customers? Not a single one to chaperon us?"

"Chow," he explained curtly.

"Chow? Oh, of course. What time is it?"

"It's near two."

"Two?" She straightened as tho a whip had flicked her. "But Mr. Allan, where's Linny? He said——"

"I read a pretty good story in a book once," said Mr. Allan desperately. "It was about a guy who wasn't worth the powder to blow him up; he was a souse and a crook and a pretty poor customer any way you looked at him, but, believe me, he came through."

"Did he?" The girl's interest was purely perfunctory, her eyes on the closed door.

"I'll say he did." He was watching her closely. "Well, Sydney—the rumhound's name was Sydney—he——"

"Oh!" cried his abruptly enlightened listener, "The Tale of Two Cities'—oh!"

"Hell!" murmured the teller of tales. "Wouldn't you know that out of the whole library we'd both pick on the same book?"

"Well, when it's such a book!" she laughed. "Heavens, how I cried over it—I wept the last few pages to pulp. Do you remember when he says,

"'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done.'—"

"Some wind-up," said the other enthusiast, and turned abruptly to silence.

"Penny for your thoughts," offered Miss Farr.

"You're throwing away money," he told her. "I was thinking that things don't turn out as pretty in life as they do in books."

"A great many people wouldn't think that life was especially pretty—they would want a happy ending."

"Well," cried Allan, "don't they get one? The poor fools don't know a happy ending when they see one, that's all. They have a guy hang on till all his teeth fall out and he couldn't even see with spectacles. The only thing that's got a right to die is the villain, and outside of books he generally lives so long that he makes Methuselah look like a two-year-old."

"But I can't imagine any one's wanting to die!" protested Miss Farr eagerly—and caught her breath swiftly, remembering.

"Can't you?" The level voice was bitter. "Any one who'd gone straight and kept happy-go-lucky shouldn't be want to die, before some one came along and smashed the lights out of everything? Yes, sir, dying sure ought to be a cinch for the good little boys."

"Aren't you a good little boy?" asked Miss Farr gently.

THE red-headed young man let his eyes dwell on her for a moment speculatively and tenderly, as tho some power to smother wondering how much of a hard truth could be told a foolish child.

"Well, no," he said finally, "not so's you'd notice it. I sure am going to put up a fight to stay in this world for the next fifty or sixty years—not that I don't think that it's about as rotten as it can be and still stick together; but I've got a good hunch that it's going to be a first-class vaudeville show to what I'll find when I hop off."

He smiled at her reassuringly, tho the smile didn't get quite as far as the desperate eyes.

"What outfit were you with in France?" she demanded abruptly.

"Me?" said her host, and his voice was suddenly wary and hard and ugly. "I wasn't over in France."

"Ah, don't be silly!" cried the girl impatiently. "I was there for two years myself, and the moment I saw your shoes I knew that they were issue stuff, and the moment you said, '*Pas compris*,' I knew where they were issued. That's not French, English, or good red herring, but it's pure A. E. F. What outfit?"

"Oh, you pick up that lingo from fellows that you run into," he explained easily, "and it goes fine with my pals out here—they still have a sneaking love of that kind of French. We *compris* each other good and plenty."

"Nonsense," replied his unimpressed audience flatly. "You're A. E. F., and I don't see why you're so mysterious about it, either. Maybe you were a field clerk or an M. P."

Allan yielded abruptly to joyous laughter. "I'll say you were over! What was *your* outfit?"

"First Division," replied Miss Farr, trying not to look as tho she were boasting.

Allan smiled indulgently. "Pretty fair crowd," he conceded.

"Pretty fair!" The words died on their outraged owner's lips. "*Well!* I know what you are. Don't bother any more, thank you! Only one outfit in the world has the nerve and cheek to pretend that." She leaned across the tin table, flushed and triumphant, the sinister room fading like a dream, the gay, tragic, unforgettable and forgotten days closing in about them once more. "How do you get that way, Marine?"

"For God's sake!" cried the man sharply, his hand flung out to check the light, defiant mirth. "For God's sake! *keep quiet.*"

Miss Farr kept quiet, her startled eyes flinching at the white anguish of the face turned to hers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS $30,000 SCENARIO CONTEST

This contest, at the close of which there will be awarded $30,000 in prizes to the writers of the thirty-one best scenarios entered, is dedicated to the belief, shared by all leading picture makers, that amateur scenario writers with proper advice and encouragement, can produce quantities of strong vivid stories, real life scenarios that will give needed stimulus to the work of permanently establishing moving pictures as one of the great American contributions to art. The contest will be national in scope. No one will be excluded except employes of The Daily News and of the Goldwyn Company. Prizes are offered as follows:

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Rules and Regulations

1. All manuscripts must be sent to The Scenario Contest Editor of The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.
2. Legal assignment to The Chicago Daily News of all copyrights of the scenario submitted must accompany the manuscript—the assignment of copyrights will be waived after the awarding of the prizes on all scenarios that do not win prizes. Form of assignment published in The Chicago Daily News.
3. Manuscripts must be of not more than 5,000 words and although not necessary, may be written in short story form.
4. Manuscripts must be in typewritten form or in legible handwriting, written on one side of paper only.
5. All manuscripts must be in the hands of The Chicago Daily News by 12:00 o'clock midnight, November 1st, 1921.
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THE AMERICAN

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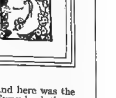

"You're clever, aren't you?" he demanded, his low voice shaken and raw. "All right—you've said it. I was an American, right enough—and an A. E. F'er, right enough—and a Marine, right enough—but I'm none of them now and don't you forget it. I've come here where I belong; we're all yellow together out here, and we get along fine. We talk the same language—and it's not yours. Your move is to clear out and to clear out quick. The river boat leaves Nankou at four—catch it."

"Mr. Allan, please, please don't." The valiant voice broke sharply. "I'm sorry I was so outrageously inquisitive—forgive me—don't talk to me that way—don't send me away. You're all I have to turn to—you're an American. You are, you are—you're one of my Americans, and you can't fail me. No one of you has ever failed me yet. When I saw you in the street last night I went home and cried with joy—because I knew that I'd found some one to turn to at last, and that everything would be all right."

"You ought to write one of those glad books that sell five million copies," he commented, but he leaned away his head, so that she could not see his eyes.

Miss Farr flushed to the roots of the bright hair, rubbing back her chair. "I suppose that it did sound silly," she said. "I won't trouble you any more. Good-by—and thank you."

"Wait," he bade her. "You've called my hand; don't go." He leaned forward, touching the small, gloved fingers very gently. "Don't go," he repeated. After a long moment he spoke again. "What is it you want?"

"I want to get Linny away from here," whispered Miss Farr. "He's all I have in the world—and these fiends are going to murder him. Help me to make him go, help me."

Red Allan felt her tears hot on his bare fingers, but he did not stir.

"He ought never to have come," he said. "He's just a kid, and he doesn't know how to look after himself. Oh, yes, they're no worse than we are. God knows, maybe they're better—but they have different blood in their veins. They taught him to hate a foreign devil worse than a snake—and to trust him less."

"But they don't hate you," said Miss Farr.

"Me?" He lifted his hand from the fingers that he touched, still gently. "No, not me. I live their way; it's good enough for me. I'm no foreign devil to them—I'm one of their own kind, Miss Farr. But if I ever crook him, if I let fear the heart out of my body for a black traitor, and think they'd get to heaven the quicker for doing it. They might be right at that."

He smiled strangely, his eyes begging her to smile with him, but the pale lips never curved.

"It's unthinkable," she said. "It's ghastly. Linny—darling Linny, who only wanted to help them! And they're dying like flies under his hands—before he can even get his hands on them, half the time. Mr. Allan"—her piteous eyes met his and the terror that shook her lips touched him for a minute too—"Mr. Allan, it couldn't be the vaccine, could it?"

"What vaccine?"

"The vaccine that he used when the Government sent us down, because of that smallpox scare. It was a serious fight to make them use it, and now—they're dying. Mr. Allan?"

"Don't you know what's the matter with them?" demanded Allan incredulously.

Miss Farr shook a despairing head. "Linny made a specialty of plagues in the medical school, he's devoted all his time to it—why, he's practically an authority on beriberi and the bubonic varieties and smallpox—but he's completely baffled. They'll be apparently as well as I am—and the next thing we know they're raving with fever—and the next they're they're dead. It's like some horrible nightmare."

ALLAN'S strained face relaxed abruptly, and he flung out both arms, as tho invoking the attention of invisible powers.

"Bubonic plague, you fool! Bubonic plague, rot! Well, he may rate 100 as a brother, but I'll say he's a bum doctor!"

"Mr. Allan!"

Her anger fell on deaf ears.

"Bubonic plague!" He leaned forward swiftly, scorn lighting his face even tho mirth had lit it. "Say, didn't he ever see flu before?"

"*Flu?*" She sat staring at him blankly. "But—how do you know? You can't know—it's impossible."

"Well, it may be impossible, but it's flu." His tone was once more indifferent. "Some of the leading citizens from this place were working as coolies round the dump in France when their turn came after—afterward. That's how I happened to pick this out as a health resort. They probably came back with their skins full of it—far as I know nobody's figured out yet how it travels, but they know you can get it more than once. Anyhow, it's hit 'em now, good *and* plenty, and thanks to the fact that they've been living on two kinds of poison for breakfast, lunch, and supper, they're caving in like rats. Bubonic plague! Believe me, they'd be lucky if it was bubonic plague!"

"I can't believe it," said Miss Farr tonelessly; "I can't."

"Well, don't kill yourself trying to." Linny's professional rival advised pleasantly. "You don't call it leprosy or croup as far as I'm concerned. I was just telling you. Where was little brother while the flu was among those present, so to speak?"

"He was in California, doing research work," she told him. "He was too young to get over—he wanted to go dreadfully."

"Did he, now?" inquired the man who had got over. "That sure was tough; he'd have enjoyed it."

"Are you implying that he didn't want to go?"

The menacing tone left him profoundly untouched.

"THAT dump I was telling you about was full of 'em—Congressmen from Dakota, and lecturers from Vermont, and clergymen from Iowa, all prowling around the beds and telling us what lucky hounds we were. They could hardly wait till the armistice was signed to rush over and let us know how they felt it—but they'd waited, all right, all right. 'My lad, I'd give ten years of my life and half my income to have had your experience. It will be a precious memory to you as long as you live.' A precious memory! God! *God!*"

Miss Farr put her anger far from her, and schooled her lips to gentleness.

"What were you doing in the hospital?" she asked casually.

"Me? Nothing."

"Wounded?"

"No."

"Gassed?" She saw his lips shake suddenly, uncontrollably. "Gassed?" She repeated softly.

"Yeh—gassed." The words were so low that she could hardly catch them, but she had been good at catching low words uttered by shaking lips.

"That was worse than being wounded," she said. "It was worse than—anything, wasn't it?"

"No," he replied. "Not than anything."

"Did—did they treat you badly in the hospital?"

"Me?" He laughed suddenly, a laugh that made her shiver even in that still, close room. "They treated me like a king—like they would have treated a king ten years ago. I was their one big bet in the hero line; if I'd asked for the moon, they'd have thrown in a few stars along with it. The world wasn't good enough for me—I'll say it wasn't."

"A hero." She sighed contentedly. "Well, of course you were. Go on—tell me some more."

"Sure I'll tell you some more." He dragged his chair closer, his eyes, bright with a consuming fever, fastened on the upturned face. "Whole lot more. Lot more. Generally speaking, I don't talk much about this. But to-day——"

"To-day you're homesick, aren't you?" she asked. "And you're Americans—and we're alone—and it's different. Go on, Red Allan."

"Don't you worry, I'm going on," he told her. "See this?" Something flashed in the air for a minute, and then lay on the table where he had tossed it—something at once dark and bright. She bent over it, eyes perplexed. Familiar and unfamiliar—a medal—a ribbon with white stars. Blue and white—blue and white—she lifted to him an incredulous and awestruck face. "Ribbon with white stars. Blue and white—blue and white—she lifted to him an incredulous and awestruck face. "It isn't *really*, is it?" she asked. "Not —not *the* medal?"

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"Medal of Honor," assented its owner lightly.

"Oh!" Her voice was a hushed breath of wonder. "I've seen one—never—never—there were only sixty, weren't there? May I——?"

"Don't touch it!" The command was a pistol-shot in the quiet room, and Miss Farr, looking like a very small child who has been unexpectedly slapped, drew back her fingers.

"I wasn't going to hurt it," she remarked with tremulous dignity.

"Well, don't touch it." The tone was uncompromising, and she choked down an overwhelming impulse to express herself in less uncompromisingly, swallowing hard.

"What—what did you get it for?"

"Killing a hundred and thirty men," replied the proprietor of the Honorable New-year pleasantly.

"A hundred and *thirty*" echoed his startled audience. "But—how could you? Not all by yourself?"

"All by myself," he assured her. "Oh, I'm one of your real honest-to-God heroes; no 'Oh,-Captain,-see-the-funny-prisoner-I-found' stuff about me. When I do things, I do 'em good and proper."

The girl looked at him gravely. Not so had her men spoken—her men who swore that they got their Croix de Guerres and D. S. C.'s for a dozen cigarets. But he had been drinking—he was half crazed with loneliness—and he was hiding some hurt deeper than the swagger in his voice, than the fever in his eyes.

"No wonder that they would have given you the moon," she said. "Go on—hurry—how did it happen?"

"Sure you want to hear?"

"Sure."

"Well, here was the woods we were in." He sketched a swift line in front of him on the smeared table. "And here was the clearing behind us. Then 'way back there, where you're sitting, more woods, to the left—that's where our artillery began—not the big guns, of course. The Germans were about where I am, say—a good ways in front of our first woods, but they were on rising ground—if there was any rising ground in twenty kilometers, those Germans would be sitting on it. And listen while I tell you, they were sitting *pretty*. They'd brought up every gun they could lay their filthy mitts on, and they were shooting hell into us good and plenty and right. And I'll tell the world they could shoot! We hadn't had time to dig in—it looked as tho the only useful thing we could dig would be graves anyway. So the Loot took a——"

"But where was our artillery?" demanded Miss Farr feverishly.

"You're wrecking my story," he warned her. "But Pinkerton ought to be glad to get you at a thousand a month. Where the blazes *was* our artillery? Well, it wasn't any secret. It was laying down the neatest little barrage I ever hope to see in my life about a hundred yards behind us."

"Behind you?" repeated the girl blankly. "But what—?"

"Like in that fancy piece that I used to worry the fourth grade with when I was wearing pants the size of mittens, 'some one had blundered,' Miss Pinkerton. Maybe they'd got the range wrong—maybe they hadn't. *My* own bet is that we'd gone beyond our objective. Our first orders were to occupy some trenches that the frogs had got tired of in the clearing before we tried to make the woods, but we had a rotten memory for orders, and Heinie'd fixed a machine-gun nest in the woods that looked like a real invitation to come and take it away. We took it away, all right, all right, but the party hadn't even begun then. And when it did begin and we allowed that we'd just as soon go back to those trenches in the clearing, it was too late. I didn't know that there were as many shells left in the allied army as our fellow citizens were pouring down between the place where we were and the place where we wanted to be. We were caught in the prettiest little pocket ever cut, and if we didn't get out of it quick, our worries were about over—except deciding whether we'd rather use a table leg or a weegee board to tell our folks about the next world."

"Why couldn't you telephone—signal—get into communication with the artillery?"

"THE Loot thought of all that before you did, Miss Pinkerton. No wires —too far to signal—clean out of touch with the battalion headquarters. No, sir, the game was fixed. They couldn't have done it nicer in the movies. And believe me, those boys were sore." The young, young smile flickered for a moment. "Sore doesn't do 'em justice. We were going to be relieved the next day—sure dope—and they'd all been yapping about hot slum and cigarets and chocolate and cognac, and the tow-headed girl at the Café of the Universe and the green-eyed one at the Hotel of the World—and how the first time we'd been in that half a horse village the guy who handed out cigarets had brought up an American girl in his truck, with a big box of candy and a boiler of chocolate and a banjo and everything, and she'd stayed for three hours and laughed at the Loot because she'd be there again—and now those Fritzies had got our range, and the best artillery in the A. E. F. hadn't, and it looked as tho she could laugh her bobbed head off for all the good it would do our bunch. And believe me, they were sore.

"Weren't you?" asked the girl.

"Me? I was nine-tenths down with flu, and the tenth that was left was mighty stiff what that fool kid Rusty would do if some one didn't watch out for him after they'd sent me back to the hospital."

"Who was Rusty?"

"He was my buddie," said Red Allan. "He was seventeen years old, and he had sort of red hair too, and he only came up to my shoulder, but he'd fight any man that weighed two hundred pounds and likely like him. He'd give the shirt off his back and the cigaret out of his mouth to any yellow dog that wanted one—he gave me——" He broke off abruptly, his eyes fixed incredulously on some far distance. And then he dropped his head in his hands. Something broke and strangled in his throat; a noise that a beaten child might make, tortured beyond endurance, gagged to silence. "Rusty," whispered the dreadful voice; "*Rusty.*"

But no Rusty answered—only the shaken voice of the small person in white across the table.

"Please don't," it said. "Please, please don't. Tell me what happened them."

"Yes." After a minute he unlocked his fingers and raised his head, but not his eyes. "Sure, that was just the beginning, wasn't it? What you want to know is what happened then. Well, here's where the hero act started. I was half burnt up with that rotten fever and was clicking so with chills that I was scared for my tongue, but I dragged over to where the Loot was going out of his head trying to think up his next move and introduced

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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How I Made $1150 in Eleven Months —Right in My Own Home

My spare-time earnings made the first payment on our home. We plan to pay the rest the same way. Read how simple it is to turn spare hours into dollars.

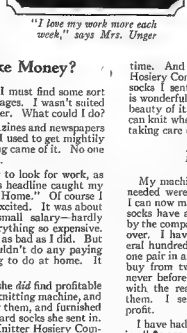
By Mrs. Frank Unger

WHEN we were first married, my husband and I used to make a little game of paying the household bills. Every Saturday afternoon, as regular as clock work, I got out the bills, and he produced his check book, and settled up with everybody. We used to call it "wiping the slate clean." Back in those days there was always plenty of cash to meet the bills, and maybe enough left over for a couple of theatre tickets or a little outing.

Then by and by we began to notice that somehow there wasn't any surplus. Prices were increasing and my husband began to look grave as he drew the checks. I too was worried. We quit spending anything for recreation and began pinching pennies here and there. But even then we had barely enough to get by from week to week.

Then one week we had some extra expenses and we found the money would not go around. I felt so badly about it, that I just wanted to cry. But that was only the beginning. Almost every week it seemed as though we had to put off paying some bill. Our expenses were steadily increasing. My husband's wages were hardly enough to meet the household accounts, to say nothing of clothing. And so things ran along for months, with us pinching and skimping and trying desperately to break even.

I began wondering what I could do to help. Surely there must be *something*. To go out and work was impossible, because I had a four months old baby to care for. Perhaps I could have tucked baby into his carriage and made a few calls in the afternoon, canvassing for something. But I was never cut out for an agent. I knew I would scarcely make pin-money that way. And we needed plenty of real cash.



"I love my work more each week," says Mrs. Unger

How COULD I Make Money?

There was just one thing for me. I must find some sort of home work that would pay good wages. I wasn't suited to become a seamstress or a dressmaker. What could I do?

Finally I began looking in the magazines and newspapers for some sort of paying home work. I used to get mightily discouraged in my search. But nothing came of it. No one seemed to have any work to offer me.

Then, one day I opened the paper to look for work, as usual. And on one of the pages this headline caught my eye: "How I Make Money Right at Home." Of course I started to read, and soon I was real excited. It was about a woman whose husband got a small salary—hardly enough for them to live on with everything so expensive. She wanted to make extra money just as bad as I did. But she had two little children so she couldn't do any paying work unless she could find something to do at home. It was my situation exactly.

Then it went on to tell how at last she *did* find profitable home work—making socks on a hand knitting machine, and how the company paid her for making them, and furnished replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks she sent in. The name of the firm was the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, and they were located at Buffalo, N. Y.

"Well," I said to myself, "this certainly looks like a chance for me to make some money. At any rate, I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer."

So I wrote a letter to the company, asking for their free information. In just a few days I had a reply telling me all about the machine, and the details of their home work proposition. And then I was more enthusiastic than ever.

I told some of my friends about the knitting machine, but most of them only laughed and said I would never make any money with one of those things. My husband was doubtful about it. But finally he said: "Your judgment is usually pretty good. If you really believe you can make money with an Auto-Knitter, why send and get one."

How I Started

And that is exactly what I did. I sent the order just as fast as I could. Then pretty soon my knitter arrived. At first I was a little bit afraid, because I didn't know anything about machines. But I often think now how simple it was to learn to run my Auto-Knitter when I sat down and went at it with the instruction Book as my guide. If I had done this more carefully when I first received my machine, I should have made a perfect sock much quicker than I did. The book makes everything so clear.

I submitted the first faultless sock I made to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company. They said it was fine and they would buy all I could make like it. I was as happy as a lark! At last I had a way to make money without leaving my home and baby.

Mrs. Frank Unger

Well, I started to work then in real earnest, putting in every minute I could spare from my housework. The more I worked the Auto-Knitter the faster I could turn out a pair of socks. The first week I made only one dozen pairs, but the next week I made two dozen, and went on increasing until I could make twelve dozen pairs a week in my spare time. And all the while checks from the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company kept coming in for each lot of standard socks I sent them. I think the pay for this home work is wonderful. I love my work more each week. And the beauty of it is that I don't have to keep regular hours. I can knit whenever I have a few moments to spare, besides taking care of my baby and doing the housework.

Made Over 7,000 Pairs

My machine works perfectly. The only repairs I have needed were some needles which were carelessly broken. I can now make four pairs of men's socks in one hour. My socks have always been cheerfully accepted and paid for by the company, except a few pairs that I could easily make over. I have knit over 7,000 pairs of men's socks. Several hundred pairs were sold to my friends. When I sell one pair in a family it isn't long before all of the men-folks buy from two to six pairs. Every one says they have never had a chance to buy such nice warm socks with the real "home-made" quality worked right into them. I sell them at $1.00 a pair, realizing a nice profit.

I have had my machine eleven months, and I have made in all $1,150.00 out of the socks I have knit with it. With this money we have made the first payment on our home, and plan to pay the rest in the same way. In addition I have made my original investment for machine and yarn.

Just imagine what it has meant to us to have more than $100.00 "extra" money coming in each month. And now we are realizing the dream of a lifetime—a little cottage of our own. Our Auto-Knitter has made it possible. Without the little wonder-worker, we would still be worrying along, facing a hopeless, dreary existence. Oh, I am so glad we are away from it all, that I could just shout for joy! To those who want to make extra money at home in their spare time, I heartily recommend the Auto-Knitter. There is nothing like it.

Mrs. Frank Unger, New York.

The home the Auto-Knitter is paying for

How You, Too, Can Make Money at Home

We asked Mrs. Unger to tell you, in her very own words, her experiences with the Auto-Knitter, because we wanted you to know what can actually be accomplished at home with spare-time work. Here is a woman who was face-to-face with the "more-money" problem. Her insight and judgment enabled her to size up the Auto-Knitter offer quickly and decide promptly. This judgment was amply vindicated by the fact that she got back her entire original investment with two weeks' average earnings, having made more than $100 monthly, a return of almost 200 per cent. a month on her original investment. Not everyone makes as much with the Auto-Knitter as Mrs. Unger because not everyone devotes as much time and energy to the work, but women everywhere are solving the "extra money" problem in this way without leaving their home. Men, too, are making money with the knitter in spare time. Why shouldn't you do likewise?

Perhaps you haven't even as much spare time as Mrs. Unger. It may be that you can devote only a few moments at a time to the work. But don't let that discourage you. For in these odd snatches of time you can earn *at the same rate* as though you operated your machine all day. And, as Mrs. Unger points out, you can pick up the work at any time, knit as long as you wish, and leave your machine when it is necessary to do something else. Auto-Knitting will pay you directly in proportion to the time you spend at it.

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company enters into an agreement to buy all the standard socks you knit on the Auto-Knitter, and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. You can send large shipments or small, just as you please. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot. Replacement yarn is also furnished for every shipment you send in. Thus you have yarn to work up into more socks. Under the terms of our Work Agreement you have steady, pleasant, well-paid employment without "going to work."

Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. Inexperienced persons can learn to turn out standard "Olde Tyme" wool socks, with the aid of the Auto-Knitter. These socks have all of the comfort, warmth and strength of hand-knitted socks. And the machine operates many times faster than even the most skilled hand-knitter.

The Auto-Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it. Then, too, there's a complete instruction book that makes everything plain. The work is so pleasant and enjoyable you hardly realize it is work. And as you operate the machine you are earning money to buy pretty things to wear, new furnishings for the home—and whatever else you may be needing.

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

Of course you want to know more about the wonderful little machine that helped Mrs. Frank Unger make her dreams come true; the machine that has done so much for other women.

Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of other Auto-Knitter owners. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money-making opportunity offered you.

Remember what Mrs. Unger said just a few short months ago—"At any rate, I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer!" She lost no time in getting the facts. You are in her position today. Will you follow her example?

Just write your name and address in the space below. The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Department 211-K, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Department 211-K, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, New York

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing prospectus, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME . . . . . .
(PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY)

ADDRESS . . . . . .

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You can. It's easy. I'll prove it in five days' time *—free.* In your own home, with your own phonograph. Read my offer.

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Reducing the Wallace way is *play.* A 20-minute lesson daily—*to music!* You simply cannot resist this interesting, *resultful* method. And results are permanent.

How I Reduce You

Food does not cause fat. Many stout men and women eat less than a child of ten. My method *lets you eat*, but your system uses all your food for blood, bone and sinew. *Nothing is left from which Nature can make fat.*

Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is *nothing.* If you are 50, 60, 75 lbs. overweight I require a little longer. But the results are the same; a normal figure, symmetric body and limbs, remaining flesh firm and smooth, and a glorious state of health.

Read These Letters

(Printed by Permission)

"I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took off 12 lbs. and I eat everything I want. It is all so wonderful, music and all! You have brought a blessing into my life. '—(Mrs.) Mildred M. Sykes, 300 N. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

"It was easy to 'Get Thin to Music.' Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who it is. I feel and appear ten years younger."—(Mrs.) Grace Horchler, 4625 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"In twenty-two days I have reduced 11 lbs. I love the lessons, and am feeling better than in months."—(Mrs.) V. W. Skinkle, 914 N. 40th St., Omaha, Neb.

"All my friends ask how I did it. I reduced 20 lbs. and heartily recommend Wallace. Thank you for your kind interest throughout the course."—(Mrs.) W. M. Finch, 1001 W. 69th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

"You surely have my thanks, as I reduced 62 lbs. before completing the course."—Mrs. Ruth Martin, Lisbon, N. Y.

"I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter."—(Mrs.) Esta Arbaugh, Mandamin, Ia.

Free Proof I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I *can* reduce you, by Nature's own laws, with perfect and permanent results. I'll prove that I can —before you pay a penny. Fill in coupon and I'll send free and prepaid, plainly wrapped, full-size record for five day trial. Use it, and note the result. That's all I ask!

Wallace

WALLACE, 178 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send record to 'Get Thin to Music' free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me to buy.

*Name*_____ 18

*St. & No.*_____

*P. O.*_____ *State*_____

THE AMERICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

my proposition. He was gamer than most of us, that kid Loot, but he was crazy about us fellows, and he didn't know how to get us out of this, and it bothered him. It bothered him so that he was just about two jumps ahead of a padded cell. When I got through, he said, 'It's a thousand-to-one you won't make headquarters alive, Sergeant.' And I said, 'Good odds at that, Lieutenant.' One of Fritz's shells hit so close that it jarred most of the conversation out of both of us for a minute, and then he said, 'I'm going to let you try. We can't stick it out here much longer. If you can get them to lift the barrage—Allan—it's time that counts—minutes—seconds—make 'em see—' I said, 'I'll make 'em see.' 'You're not fit to be on your feet,' he said. 'You ought to be in a bed, you young fool.' And I laughed just the way they do in the books. 'The less loss to you,' I said, and he put out his hand. 'On your way, then, Sergeant.' And I told him, 'I'll slide off this way. They'll never miss me in this racket. Tell Rusty—' another shell hit, and he put his hand up to his head like that—and called, 'That one was nearer, wasn't it? Almost a direct hit. Allan, you understand it's the seconds that count—the seconds!' And I yelled back over my shoulder, not even saluting, 'Yes, sir—the seconds. I'm off. Count on me.' And I got to the edge of the wood in three jumps—and into the clearing in another." Sergeant Allan bent closer, tracing a wavering line across the table. "From there to there—that doesn't look very far, does it? That's where they found me—outside the Major's dugout—it was a long way." He lifted his eyes, and the girl shrank back, involuntarily. "A long way," he repeated slowly.

"But you were in time, weren't you? Weren't you?" she begged.

"Time enough," said Red Allan. "Time enough to get the medal. I was raving out of my head by then, and I couldn't do more than croak because of the gas, and a piece of shrapnel that had got me in the mouth. You needn't look like that—it didn't even knock my teeth out—but I kept croaking over and over, 'It's the seconds that count—the seconds—' And I got there."

"In time!" exulted Miss Farr.

"In time to get the medal," said Sergeant Allan. "About three minutes too late for the barrage."

FOR the second time that afternoon the clear eyes lifted to his were drowned in tears.

"Oh, poor boy," she whispered. "But it was what you had tried to do that counted, wasn't it?"

"That's what the old bird said that pinned this on me. He said that for a man sick, wounded, gassed, raving, to push through that hell deserved the highest honor that his country could give him. He said that it showed what a man was made of when the raving soul in him could flog his dying body on to its goal. He said quite a lot."

"And well he might have!" cried Miss Farr, the tears forgotten. "That's what counts—what's underneath—the real part, the part that's stronger than madness, stronger than life, stronger than death—"

"Yeh." He sat staring deeply at the little dark, shining medal. "What's underneath—I guess that's straight. But there I was, three minutes late—they fell back into that barrage three minutes before it lifted—and so near dead that I was practising the death-rattle. Mostly gas; they never quite made that out. There was a tear in my mask, but no gas around, to speak of. War's a funny thing."

"But what about the hundred and thirty men you killed?" demanded his insatiable audience.

Sergeant Allan traced the line across the clearing behind the woods once more.

"I was just going to explain about them," he said, and added accusingly, "I told you it was long. Had enough?"

"Enough!" she mocked. "Go on—go on! Oh, you Marines! Wasn't it enough for you? How we used to hate you—and how we adored you, you arrogant young lunatics! There was one of you who used to come into the hut in Germany; he'd climb up on the counter, and swing his legs over the edge and throw back his black head and sing till the rafters rang—and until every doughboy in the place wanted to break his neck. How did the song go? You know!" The clear voice rang out bravely,

"'From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea—
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States——'"

"Hush!" whispered Sergeant Allan, and he stared over her shoulder into the dancing shadows, "Sing lower—they might hear."

Miss Farr's voice quavered, in spite of the tilt to her chin.

"Who?" she asked.

"The men I killed—there were a hundred and thirty—they mightn't like it."

She laughed uncertainly, tilting her chin higher. "Pooh! I'm not afraid of any German there is, alive or dead. What comes next? You sing, too—come *on!*

"'Our flags unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every time and place
Where we could take a gun;
In the snow of far-off northern lands
And in sunny, tropic scenes
You will find us ever on the job,
The——'"

"But they weren't Germans," said Sergeant Allan.

She stared at him blankly, "Not Germans?"

"No." His voice was quite pleasant and conversational. "They were United States Marines."

Miss Farr shut her teeth hard over a queer little sound, and smiled at him carefully.

"You're sick, aren't you? I ought to have known—your eyes and your voice—I'm such an idiot. You have a dreadful fever, and I've been sitting here chattering——"

"You're on," he told her. "I've got a dreadful fever, and I'm drunk, but I'm not crazy—yet. They were Marines, right enough. I picked up that gas just a little ways out in the clearing, in an old dugout that was still crawling with it—and I took to the dugout like the dirty rat I am when the first piece of shrapnel scraped my skin. I'd have been there till next day if the gas hadn't got through my mask and driven me out. Even rats like to die in the open. Of course I may not have been in long, not more than three minutes maybe—I'm not extra clear about the details." He smiled, and the girl lifted her hand, closing her eyes.

"You—you didn't know what you were doing," she whispered.

"But that's where the real man comes out," he reminded her. "You and the General knew all about that; you knew a lot." He pushed back his chair, still smiling. "So that's how I got the medal. You're the first person I ever told. I had to show you what I meant when I said that I couldn't help you. I'm not going to take any chances on dying, you see. Those fellows—the ones that used to call me Red—they're going to be waiting for me, Miss Farr. They thought that I could help them, too. I'm yellow—'Yellow' Allan—and these are my people here. Whenever I start thinking of—of other places, I take out my medal—and I stick along. They're as good as me, these Chinks, and they like me. I'm lucky. You Americans—you Americans hate anything that's different from you, don't you? Everything that's different's wrong, and you can't eat or sleep or breathe till you change it. These guys here had been running things their way for thousands of years when our first families were eating with their tomahawks. Why can't you leave them alone, you two?"

"You don't understand them any more than we do!" cried Miss Farr passionately. "You don't! You talk this way, and the next minute you're insulting them with every breath you draw—condescending and patronizing and—and intolerable. It's in your blood, too; it's in your bones. It's the same thing that made you call the French frogs and the Germans Heinies, that makes you stand up here and rant to me about 'Chinks'——"

"Oh, rats!" said Sergeant Allan, rising from his chair, and the torches' light fell full on the haggard, fever-ridden young face, touched once more to its ancient heritage of reckless, joyous arrogance. "A Chink's a Chink, and you can't get around that, can you? I'll tell the world you can't!"

Miss Farr was already on her feet.

"A Chink's a Chink to you because you're as bad as the rest of us—and as good," she protested stormily. "Because you're an American. Because—" She paused, her hand lifted, her face frozen in a dreadful inquiry, "What's that?"

ON THE other side of the great door, some one was knocking, a frantic and desperate summons, muffled through the thickness of the wood, but appallingly distinct in the silence of the room. She caught at the table edge, clinging to it desperately.

"Linny," she whispered. "Linny—I forgot—what have I done?—what have I done——?"

The man, his eyes still on the floor, ran his hand behind the counter, his fingers closing caressingly over the shining revolver.

"You never can tell," he murmured. "Not ever. It might be——"

"It's Linny," said Miss Farr. 'Open the door."

"You sure ought to have been a Sergeant," he mocked gently. "From the way you hand out orders I'll bet you were born with a whistle in your mouth. Anything to oblige a lady—" He swung across the room, wrenching at the chains—the great door creaked back on its hinges, and a flood of blazing sunshine, a rush of burning air swept into the quiet and the darkness. On the threshold stood Linny Farr, a bright bundle of silk and gauze in his arms, his face convulsed by something worse than terror. He stumbled across the threshold, holding the bundle close.

"Shut the door." His voice died in his throat, but he forced it relentlessly back, the sweat running unheeded down his face. "The door, quick. They've got us. That oldest boy of Li Sen's—he saw me and started running like the devil. We're done for."

Allan stepped to the open door, sweeping the village street from end to end. It was empty, save for a starved dog scavenging in the distance—empty of everything but the dazzling sunlight. Even the little drum had fallen silent. He stood for a moment leaning against the lintel, staring at the clump of bamboo, green against the gray stone; at the sky, gentle and blue and friendly; at the golden sunlight, spread like a carpet at his feet. A breeze stirred the hair on his forehead; he turned and went slowly back into the room, closing the door behind him, clamping the chains in place, shifting the bolts. Then he turned to the authority on smallpox.

"I'm listening," he said. "Shoot!"

The boy stumbled forward to his knees, placing the bundle carefully on the floor, and Allan cleared the space between them in one great leap.

"My God!" he cried loudly; "Marie Angelique——"

"She's dead," said Linny Farr, and a spasm of sheer nausea shook him suddenly. "They've strangled her, look—look at her face—look."

MISS FARR had not stirred since the great door had swung open, but she stirred now, coming toward them through the green tables, slowly and stiffly, her small, set face whiter than the veil that floated about it. But Allan barred the way.

"Stand still," he said sternly. "Don't look—turn your face away. Don't move."

He bent swiftly, straightening and smoothing the huddled silks with fingers grown suddenly sure and dexterous, tearing one of the shining lengths ruthlessly, folding its shimmering blues and greens over the terrible face that no one could believe had belonged to that gay small sinner.

"All right," he said. Miss Farr turned obediently, and he stumbled to his feet, catching his hand in something as he rose. A dancing shower gleamed and scattered in the torchlight, and the frozen mask bending over the ruined brightness broke and quivered with the shower.

"The yellow beads," whispered Miss Farr. "Oh, oh—Marie Angelique." She slipped to her knees, and gathering up one soiled, limp little hand lying quietly in the gauze folds, its restless fingers with their burden of enameled gold, quiet forever, she laid her cheek gently in the curve of the rouged and dimpled palm. "Marie Angelique, Marie Angelique!"

"Where'd you find her?" Allan demanded of the crouching figure that had been the debonair Linny.

"On Chang's door-step—she'd been talking to me not ten minutes before—not five—she came to warn me that the whole crowd had gone out to that Portuguese monastery to wait till Chang brought me out there—they were fixing up some horrible heathen ceremony; Chang was going to—to use me as a sacrifice to the gods—" He ground his hands together, his eyes starting from his head. "God! God! I'm going out of my head, I tell you—this is a filthy nightmare; I've got to wake up— Help! Help!"

"Cut out the yelling," Sergeant Allan advised him, "All the help you're going to get will come for a whisper. And don't kid yourself along with any dream stuff, either. You're awake, all right, all right. Where's Chang?"

"He's dead." Linny made a convulsive effort to control his chattering teeth. "It hit his heart; he'd just started gasping and choking when I heard Marie Angelique ringing the little bell I'd given her outside the window. It was our signal. She'd come through the back wall to warn me, and to tell me that Nan had gone back to you. She thought we could make the river boat, and she'd pretended to be down with this cursed plague so that she didn't have to go with the others. But some one must have suspected; some one must have waited outside the door, and caught her as she came out; some one must have—agh!" He broke off, his head in his hands, shudder after shudder breaking over him.

"Here, you've got to talk quick!" Allan wrenched him back relentlessly. "Go easy on the movie stuff; it's a shame that a nice little fellow like you has to come up against life and death and nasty things like that, but right here's where you do it. Get along with your story."

Miss Farr lifted her head, her eyes meeting the contemptuous ones above her unflinchingly.

"Don't talk to him like that," she said. "It's cruel—cruel and silly. Can't you see how sick he is? What do you want to torture him for? You won't be bothered with us much—longer."

"And I haven't got any time to waste handing out pretty talk to *you*," he assured her imperturbably. "If you want to make yourself useful you can go over to the shelf behind the counter, and get down that big square bottle, and pour out a good stiff drink for the great doctor. Never mind how much you put in; just add enough water so he won't choke his little heart out swallowing it. That's the stuff—no, I'm not taking any just now. Come on, you. Snap into it. What happened after the girl left you?"

"I went back to Chang. I don't know what I thought—that if I saved him he might be merciful—I don't know what—but he was choking himself to death—

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THE AMERICAN

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and something snapped in my head—and I let him choke. He's dead."

"Good work," conceded Sergeant Allan "What about the kid?"

"It had died quite a while before—just after I got there. Chang had a rotten fever himself, and he was getting pains in his heart—"

"He'd not been drinking absinthe like soap and smoking hop all these years for nothing, glory be to God. Then what?"

"Then—I started to get Nan. Marie Angelique said that if we could get to her house she knew of a way behind the gardens to a loose place in the wall at the end of the village—the main gate was guarded, of course—but this place was down behind the silk merchant's——"

"Then what the devil are you doing *here?*" Allan's voice shook in a sudden storm of rage that sent the blood surging across his face. "Here, get out—take her and get out before they get here—d'you think I'm going to have my heart torn out of my body because you're too slack to make your legs move? Get on your feet, you——"

The boy lurched clumsily forward, and Miss Farr, after one petrified moment, flew to the door, tugging and straining at the heavy bolts.

"*Oh!*" she cried passionately. "I can't—it's stuck. Linny, help me, help me!" She threw a despairing glance at the helpless Linny, and then turned to Allan, her eyes averted, as from something unclean.

"Open the door," she said. So might Scotland's Mary addressed her executioner.

The executioner, however, did not stir. The color had drained back out of his face, and it looked, by some odd freak, young and clear and serene. "That's twice this afternoon," he commented. "Nothing doing, Simon Legree; I'm through opening doors. Let little brother do it."

"Linny!"

"You—you don't understand, Nan. I don't know where it is—I swear I don't. She was going to show me—and when I came out—she was lying, there—dead. I couldn't find it—not now—they'll be here any minute—I couldn't—I swear—I'd need——"

"All you need is a nurse and a compass and a troop of cavalry," chuckled the red-headed young man affably, "then you'd do fine. But you're right for once; they'll be here any minute. That little devil of a Li Sen's can run faster than a greased snake. It's over a mile to the monastery—which would look as tho it were over a mile back. Two miles and one quarter—oh, sure! What time is it by grandfather's clock, Miss Legree?"

"It's half past one," said the girl.

"Add one hour and thirty minutes to one hour and thirty minutes and you get three hours and no minutes. Three o'clock!" The calculator dragged his sagging figure to his feet. "Right here is where we speed up the film. Come on, Algernon Montmorency, lend a hand." He seized one end of the great wooden counter, waving an imperious gesture to the two dazed figures in the corner. "Both of you—and don't waste time saying you you can't do it. You've got to do it. Clear over to the door there—it'll block off the whole thing. When I count three, shove. One—two—three—*go!*"

BLINDED, dizzy, sick, and gasping, they went, dragging and tearing a frantic way through the cluttered room—facing each other across its clumsy length at the goal, broken but triumphant.

"Oh, but how, how?—" Miss Farr panted incredulously.

"Never you mind how—get the chairs—all of 'em, tables too. Hurry, for God's sake. That's right—pile 'em up that way. Wedge 'em in so they brace it—lock their legs together—that's the idea. I need another, over in the corner. Yank down one of those torches, will you?" He knelt on the door, where the counter had stood, and under the crack of light the newly uncovered red stood out clear and fresh, a little island in the sea of stained and dirty bricks.

"Fourth from the end," murmured Allan; "one, two, three—there she goes!" He pried the tile loose, heedless heedless of raw fingers. "Here, you two, lend a hand, can't you? Twelve of these to get out, and that boat leaves at four. You're going to have to sweat your young souls out to make it, at that. All right—stand clear; I'll lift it." He rose, and the trap-door creaked protestingly as it swung back on its rusty hinges.

"The guys that ran this joint here before used it—it's a cellar with a tunnel that runs under the city wall and comes out the other side. They're back for opium-running, after the Government set agents on their track—I got wind of it in an invoice that I found in the corner, and, believe me, I kept my mouth shut about it. You never can tell when a trap-door's going to come in handier than an umbrella around these parts. There's a ladder—get on your way, the two of you. You'll come up outside the wall at the far end of the village; cut across the river path, and beat it. You've got forty-five minutes to make two miles."

"Aren't you—coming with us?" asked Miss Farr.

"No." His back was toward them, as he lit another torch, swiftly, from the one in his hand. "I'll stay behind and clean things up a little—some one ought to put the bricks back, and sort of straighten things out. You take this, and I'm going to give little brother a great big pistol—look out, because if you pull the naughty trigger it might go off and hurt you. Savvy?" He came closer, his fingers closing over the boy's slim wrist like iron bands. "If they catch up with you, *shoot her.* Never mind anything else —shoot her. And shoot quick. Get me?"

The boy stared back at him, the weak, young face touched to a strange dignity.

"You needn't tell me what to do," he said. "Give me the pistol—and thank you for helping us out. I'm sorry I made such an abject spectacle of myself. I was rather all in. Come on, Nancy."

"But you?" asked the girl. "What are you going to do without your pistol?" She spoke as tho the mere forming of words were a terrible and difficult task, but her voice did not falter.

"Oh," he told her lightly, "I'm better off without it; I might start shooting things up and make a whole heap of trouble. Better not——"

"Give him back his pistol," ordered Miss Farr.

"But, Nan," protested the boy, "I think he's right. He understands these people—he can make them listen to reason——"

THE red-headed young man's face was suddenly lit with a shining mirth, tho his voice was grave. "Sure—that's the idea; I'll reason with 'em. You bet your life we understand each other. Now, for the love of the Lord, clear out. I've got to get these holes filled."

"Start, Linny." Miss Farr's voice was colorless, but Linny started, mechanically. "I'll come in the morning—I have something to say to Sergeant Allan."

"But, Nan——"

"Don't argue, or I won't come. I'll hand the torch to you when you get down the ladder. Give me the pistol, too. Are you all right? Good-by, Sergeant." There was stepped back from the opening, and crossed the space to where Sergeant Allan stood leaning against the wall beneath the mirror, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. She came so close to him that he could see the golden lights of her dark lashes.

"They'll kill you," she whispered. "They'll kill you. Won't they?"

"Who?" he asked.

"Those devils. And you're afraid to die—you said so."

"Oh, forget it." He smiled down at her, gay and weary and indulgent. "I was handing out a lot of bunk—kidding you along—I'm not afraid of anything I say when my head gets like that. Hurry, won't you?"

"Come with us."

He thrust his hands deeper. "I can't come with you. Show some sense, for God's sake. They may not be here for an hour—and they may be here in two minutes. That door may hold till hell freezes—and it may burst in a second. If they got in here and found me, that help they'd be on your trail like hounds. I can't risk it. No, I'm going to stick around and reason with 'em." He looked at him again.

"Hold them for an hour—hold them. I'll get help—I'll come back. I will—I will——"

"Sure, you do that That's the idea—but get started, won't you?"

Miss Farr lifted her hand. Something lay in her palm, dark and shining.

"It's your medal," she told him. "It found it on the table. Send it down." She fastened it to his shirt with swift fingers and then lifted her face to his "In France," she said, "when they bestow a medal they bestow—something else. I have known brave men you are the bravest. Send Linny."

Something brushed Sergeant Allan's lips. He stood motionless, but his eyes held her closer than any touch.

"Oh, wonderful and beautiful and dear," begged the starved and burning eyes, "do not leave me, do not leave me."

But his lips said—"Hurry."

"Nan!" cried a despairing voice from far down the ladder, and she smiled at him once again, and was gone.

SERGEANT ALLAN stood quite still, listening. She might speak again—she might laugh—the heat of the flying feet died away in the distance, and he moved slowly forward toward the dark hole—and halted, taut and quivering. Far off and muffled came the echo of a gong—the great gong in the temple, baying deep.

"My God," he whispered to the dancing shadows, "they're back!"

He sprang on the trap-door as tho it were alive, crushing it into place, shifting and pushing and wedging the tiles with frantic fingers. There was a gap left in one place—not big, but a gap. He stared desperately about him, and his eyes fell on the shining bundle in the far corner of the room. In a moment he was back with her in his arms, feeling her gently to the floor, spreading the wide gauzes till they lay about her like great glittering wings.

"Lie still," he whispered. "Lie still." He tried to rise; and then he knew that he was held fast in the grip of some mortal weariness. So had he felt once before; so had he felt when he stood wavering in the clearing behind the little wood. He was done—he was through—he could not lift his finger tho he died for it The thud of his fall—and then again. There was it had him in its claws again. It roared like a roaring in his head—a roaring of many waters—or was it in the sunlit street outside the bolted door? He dragged himself inch by inch—along the floor, cautiously, inch by inch—along the floor, cautiously, inch by inch—along the floor, cautiously,

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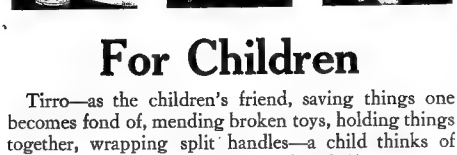

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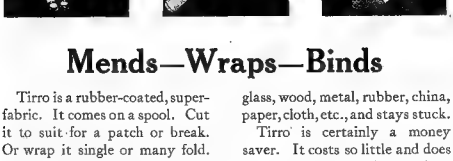

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HE THAT HATH EARS

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like a trainer who hears the lions roaring. He smiled, but a shadow stood in his eyes He straightened like a wild thing that seems free but knows itself to be in a cage.

"What is music for?" asked little Scuffy, curiously. It was very pleasant, important to him to be up here in the hall looking out on the snow-covered lawns and talking so easily to this kind man of whom grown people seemed to stand in awe. Scofield looked down on his rubbed corduroy bloomers, then at the conventional afternoon coat of his friend. He had heard his father *say* that morning, "Old Gas, in khaki is as good as the next one. I've seen him sweat like a wind-shield on a rainy day." The little boy thought how he would like to see this cool, splendid person "sweat like a wind-shield."

Mr. Frederick had gone on to say that Gasgoine, with all his genius, was a good pal like any other sporting chap, but his small son in that judicious parliament, a child's mind, now solemnly told his father, "No," Gasgoine, Scuffy felt, was something bigger, queerer than other people. He was (this was privately thought) "something like a mad fairy." His long gray eyes had the hint of sea and mountains and strange castles with giants in them. If one were to put a fur-lined skin and velvet shoes on him a long staff he wouldn't be so different from John the Baptist, and as St. Christopher he would do well. Scuffy thought that the musician's crisp, curling hair was like a certain kind of vivid cloud and that he smiled at you more—well, more like your mother, the nice at all like ladies.

BUT this big, black-coated man, as Scuffy was for the third time noting, was afraid of something—afraid. Could—It be of himself? Scuffy looked again into the long, grim face. Gasgoine could, he decided, be safely trusted with that information about the rat.

"What is music for?" repeated the clear, practical little voice. Scuffy Frederick, planting himself in front of his friend, demanded an answer. Looking down through the curve of the balustrade, he could see his mother's shining head as she greeted her guests below. His father, with the pleased hospitality the little boy knew so well, was piloting the drifting guests to seats. Long sprays of pink and white and yellow, forced in the Frederick greenhouses, were luminous among the lighted candles. The black piano, like a hooded prophet, stood waiting. And there people all came to sit still and listen to music!

Gasgoine, leonine head turned down in amused interest, had under his laugh of inquiry a quizzical respect. For his host's small son had put in short form much of the speculation and introspection back in his own mind.

Well, really, what *was* music for? Why did such people as those below-stairs—cold, selfish, flippant, opportunists—swarm to hear it? Such music as he had on his programs, for instance—classic, almost intellectual; whether firmly studious or radically importunate, of a healthy, robust scholasticism; never sentimental, never morbid— Was it a kind of ego that made them all sit up and pretend to be intelligent about it, or were they indeed too disgustingly, mechanically intelligent? Did music ever wander like a pure woodland stream into their beings? Did it ever, like clean fire, warm them and give them courage?

"What was music for?" Gasgoine himself had roamed far down long azure tunnels of tone out to golden fields of forgetfulness. Music had often led him by one revealing chord to think that he held the Rosetta stone for the bitter suffering of life. But these to whom he lavishly gave it, did it ever sweep one of them on its tide to a greater breadth and vision? Did it comfort and strengthen, or did it merely stimulate within them emphasis of desire, strange self-deceits, and decadent despairs?

"What was music for?" this little kiddy had asked. There were plenty of glib things to say. Music for morals, music to rest nerves, to stimulate memories and relieve pent-up emotions, to give the sense of a great outlying power and beauty from which mankind might draw. He, Gasgoine, a man who could take the great shell of the universe and hold it to his listening ear of humanity, ought not to balk at that grave child's question. Yet, Gasgoine did balk For a moment the man's eyes turned inward, fixed by a great inward pageant, the procession of the stormy, delicate, sensuous, tragic souls of all the great composers from Beethoven down to MacDowell—these, he thought out of their mysterious wizardships of sounds, might well ask, "What is music for?"

The musician smiled into the clear eyes of the little face raised to his. He spoke awkwardly, with a kind of surprized catch in his voice, "Well, now, it's stupid of me— but I don't really know, unless—well—isn't it just to keep us here?"

A woman's light laughter floated up the stairway. "Harmon Gasgoine?" came lucious, querying tones. "Oh, I shouldn't hero-worship if I were you. He's quite, *quite* human—not so immaculate either—did you ever hear that Bar Harbor story the house-party at Wotfords'?—why, the husbands simply quail at mention of his name."

There was a sudden hush, as the some one had whispered, "Careful; Gasgoine's here, staying in the house." The musician, with a curious twist of that Covenanter mouth of his, had turned again to the window; his eyes with smoldering protest scanned the white fields of snow. He put his hand on the little sweater-clad shoulder near him.

"For instance," explained Gasgoine quietly, "If I should say to myself, 'No matter what comes, no matter what *seems*, there's a kind of man I want to be—a very strong man, you know,'"—Scuffy nodded. —"And then, as I was thinking it over, I suddenly heard Gower, the great Bach player—well, if I heard Gower on a November day—by the sea, playing one of the great fugues—(fugue means flying)—why, I should probably feel wings spreading inside of me—I'd sort of rise, and -well, I'd be a heap more apt to make myself that kind of man."

"What kind?" inquired the mystified Scuffy. Gasgoine did not flinch. "The best kind I could think of," he replied gravely. "Anyway, bigger and braver. Good music sort of claps you on the back, you know; it backs you up and says, 'Go to it, old fellow.'"

Gasgoine looked very tenderly down at the little head hard by. He would have liked to put his hand upon it, as if it were the head of a little son of his own, but the small form was so erect and fine in its dignity; the little hands holding the green car so loose and trusting in unconscious reverie! The musician contented himself with wondering what the boy's thoughts might be. Scuffy drove one hand into a trousers-pocket.

"The bravest thing I have to do is to go to the dentist's," he announced soberly "I have to go again to-morrow, and mother and father think I ought to go alone. They think it would be more manly." Now he looked up with a slight shame into the kindly, wizard-like face of his friend. "I haven't promised yet," confessed Scuffy, slowly. "Even mother couldn't get me to. I—I couldn't feel *sure*, and you can't promise until you feel sure *inside*, can you?"

The man's hand tightened on the small shoulder.

"You certainly have to feel very sure inside," Gasgoine agreed slowly.

"Does music make people feel any surer?" asked Scuffy. He had almost the air of swagger. He was talking assuredly with the ease of an old club-man. "I know what you mean," he chattered eagerly on. "When I sing 'The Yanks Are Coming' and 'Over There,' I really think I am a soldier and I'm not afraid of the—well, you know, the skulls and things—and when I sing 'Eternal Father, Strong to Save,' I can see the big ships going safely over the waves. I see God drawing 'em along with the moon magnet."

The musician stared. Ah, then, so he had imagination, this straightforward little chap; so much the worse for him in the future. In a man's future, with imagination—the caressing hand, almost a body in its fine symmetry, dropped from the little worsted shoulder.

"So you think it would be more manly to go to the dentist's alone?"

SCUFFY raised sober eyes. "Mother thinks so. Father says it would be, but when I have mother to hold my hand, and I can hear her and smell her, and feel her right through the pain, why, then I almost *like* the dentist. You see," said Scuffy, with an air of explanation, "the dentist is really a very nice man. He *cares*; he doesn't want to hurt you; but the man that helps him laughs, and," said Scuffy solemnly, "it's that laughing that makes *me* want to cry."

Gasgoine thought of the woman's fight laugh below, of the sentence he had overheard. "I know, old chap," he agreed soberly, "it's the despairing people's laughing that always makes things hurt."

"I don't suppose," Scuffy had the air of enjoying the conversation, "that you could play any tune that would make me more unafraider?"

"I ought to be able to. Anyway, those are the tunes I like to play, the ones that make people unafraider." Gasgoine looked at his watch. "Scuffy, *now sirrer*, I've got to go down and begin." He gravely touched the green automobile. "Thanks for showing it to me. It's a bully; I don't believe they can improve on that model."

The tall musician turned to go down the winding stair. He looked back with the smile of comradeship. "If there is any tune of mine that will make it easier for you to get away with that dentist proposition, why, you just let me know; I'll play it twice!"

John Frederick announced the musician, who indeed every one there knew Gasgoine by famous program after program. The artist, standing gravely by his friend's side, had an inner smile for the patent aplomb of the host's remarks. Civilized life changed a man very quickly, got him back into the frilly notions of things, the women's milieu of titles and drawing-room recognizances. How a few years ago in camp the men would have howled down all this smooth persiflage! The cryptic musician-face endured the obvious puffery

Gasgoine stared over people's heads. It was a big three-rooms-full, and people on

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HE THAT HATH EARS

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the stairs and in the sun-room. What did they come for? *What was music for?* Suddenly he caught the glint of a silken scarf of flame color. "Love, not *here!* She hadn't followed him *here*—Gertrude!" His heart pounded out the name; he thought that the knowledge of her presence must stand in his face. He saw the tragic black eyes reading him, exulting in him as the fiery color sweeping over her dark costume up to the smoky-black hair instantly stirred him. That inevitable flame-colored scarf—Gertrude was so romantic, so schoolgirlish, even in a feeling as irrevocable as he knew hers to be—and then to follow him boldly like this, to turn the knife herself in both their wounds. Did she like to watch the slow blood dropping or did she really believe he would—would? —*a swift*, sickening sense like nausea swept him. He turned from the steady dark eyes to another familiar face in his audience, the smooth droops and curves of that gray-and-blue little Mrs. Arden who also followed him from recital to recital.

WHILE Frederick expatiated, Gasgoine coolly noted the familiar blue jewelry, the earrings and rings and striking necklace. What a little powder-puff Mrs. Arden was! He half caught the heavy scents, the purposeful "wistfulness" of the dark eyebrows, the metronomic lift and drop of the dyed lashes. It was Mrs. Arden who had written him that he had "played her out of temptation." Somehow, in this present mood the comment was not so irritating, only, and the strong mouth had its quirk of amusement, it did seem as if some of these feeble little women purposely set themselves adrift toward the whirlpools of temptation (which after all for them was only sensuous pleasure of being played away from these whirlpools—or, Gasgoine half shrugged, being played into them!

The indifferent gaze wandered over the audience—speaking of temptation, there was Corescue, poor devil! Monocle in eye—still playing the game, strutting like the dandy inside of the horrible corpse of his life. The man's gaze seemed to be fixed on the musician. It was the stiffened gaze of a dreaming man's eyes going for the last time under water.

Corescue looked, eager—asking, but Gasgoine knew that it was only the stirring of the body's dead embers that the man asked for.

The musician lowered his head sharply—What is music for? What is music for? he heard a clear little voice demand. He sat down at the piano.

To be young, to have pure Anglo-Saxon heritage, and to have mastery of one's body and an instrument like a piano, is to be prophet, priest, and king. Also it is to be martyr. Through the musician's high-keyed consciousness the great mystery of life and sex and power burned its way. Gasgoine suddenly heard the drums of the Maenads and Thyiades in the howling blackness of the Greek mountains. He saw the wild, flesh-tearing hands of the priests and frenzied women plunging into the smoking carcasses of sacrificed animals; with his own hands tearing at the very flesh of life, his own head and heart smoking on the fagots of consuming passion and pain, he plunged headlong into his first music. Ah, Gasgoine would show them; he would rip the cover off this complacency, this suave, flippant interpretation of life; he would show these people what boiled and bubbled under their flat composure; he would let the stuff of life flare as if would boil over in smoke and stench, but at least *reveal* the chemicals that composed it.

With this primitive Russian wo, all this elemental scream of the soul, he would make these luxurious, sensuous people face themselves. His heart hammered at his hands, and these hands, like scourging priests, went to their flogging—Gasgoine's heart thundered hatefully—"*Know* your cowardice! *Know* your ignorance and negligence, your intellectual arrest, your cold selfishness! Yes, and let the girl with her orange scarf, her smoky hair and eyes like mountain lakes, let her dare to follow him through his music as she had followed him to this house! Let her plunge the white body and soul she held so lightly in the blazing pit of a passion like this! The firm, steely hands bit into the white keys like some superb mechanism of teeth and belted bands. Gasgoine's person sat there a human dynamo, a superman of stuff more potent than wire and steel, a smooth intelligence of connecting-rods and velvety pistons and liquid gage-valves dominated by the cool, relentless mind.

Frederick, moving softly about the wide entrance hall, waiting to subdue this and that late arrival, whispered to his wife, "He's off! What? The blooming Eurydice! Without notes too! Where does he pack all that stuff?—corking! Say, Grace, who sent Filbert a card? He's here without his wife, the old cad! Have you seen Maud Sheering? As usual, dressed like a lamp-shade. I suppose making a regular slate of meetings. What a fool she is—going over Niagara in a barrel—and *she* thinks the barrel won't burst!"

Mrs. Frederick put a restraining finger to her lips. Her answer was another whispered question. "Who's that sick-looking youth that spoke to you, over there with the old lady in green velvet—the boy with the rolling eyes?"

"Oh, that's Miss Scollard's nephew." Frederick waited a moment, then he leaned closer to his wife's ear. "Done-fiend," he remarked with boyish succinctness.

The calm, fair-faced woman looked shocked inquiry.

"She takes him around—psychos him," muttered Frederick, "but—well, he won't get to work on himself, they say."

The host and hostess stood together near the outer door. Everything was going well; they were complacent. Music was for the Fredericks a pleasant diversion. These two well-bred people knew little of the essential artifice of that fabric they knew as "society." Fortune, good health, minds fed on a self-sustaining and self-pleasing conservatism, made their culture of home-loving and hospitality all the self-expression they needed. They said that they loved music, and their friends rated them under the rather doubtful word "musical."

When the tall figure planted evenly on the piano chair dropped his hands from the keys there was the usual polite hush, then foppish, well-restrained applause. To an acute observer there might have been something sad in Gasgoine's subservient bow. So an enslaved god might have bowed to a group of pigmies! The musician's deferential, courteous, but automatic precision of courtesy spoke worlds. There was just the slightest assumed servility in it, a servility that the successful artist must needs show his master, the Public; the servility of the proud trainer who sometimes must prostrate himself under his arrogant beasts.

What was music for? Gasgoine glanced around for a glimpse of his little friend. He had seen him tugging the flexible flier out of the side door; now he pictured the stocky form, cap askew, trying the gentle slope of the western terrace. That clear little mind would be wide open, innocently cognizant, in fact, of nothing easily on their instinct-moving hinges. As Scuffy played he would be unconsciously getting the fine mystery of the trees sailing their dark forms through the afternoon snowlight. He would see the crisping specks of the drift where the morning sun had folded down an icy seal. The dainty rosettes of the cat's footprints along the footpath to the kitchen windows would give him an untutored sense of decoration and symmetry, and the gift-tree look of the pendent cones on the furry mistiness of the blue spruce would stir him with some faint-dawning sense of symbol.

Probably, tho, Scuffy was still thinking of that dreaded visit to the dentist and about going along and being brave—well, perhaps, to be fair, most of the people in this audience were unconsciously, back in their minds, thinking of being brave instead of being brave! The thing filtered up over the dark bitterness of the musician's mood—Everybody wants to be brave—that was not so hard to believe; *everybody wants to be brave!*

THE musician's hands, like the hands of a lacemaker over its lace pillow, now threw back and forth light bobbins of chords over the soft spooling of the pedals. The meshes of melody gathered and clung until they seemed a web. She would find, dry leaf of ego, and suspend it in clear sound, in a Winter of rigorous solitude and sentience until it should have a new body of wings and sun and a clear sky of thought and action. All that was priest in the man made him yearn thus to wrap these absorbed figures

Gertrude, flaming in her orange plumage, would suffocate in the light. The musician's heart deepened down like a bitter well. He could see her bold face at the bottom staring at him. Ah, but Weaver was never so mesmerically he could not raise her from the well and wrap her from her wonted blazing brilliance. And the monstrous fallacy of wrapping up old Filbert, the banker, struggling to get out of the subtle white meshes! Young Gertrude suffocated, tearing from him the restraining, confining threads!

Over and over the priestly hands threw the shuttles; the manteling pattern of lacy music seemed to lie all about the chambers like the soft snow that lay on the ground outside. Through the Winter windows the twilight grew bluer, and weaving flakes fell with their gray flicker past the panes.

At the first intermission Mrs. Sheering wound her gold-and-green figure through the aisles to Gasgoine's retreat: Here she found the musician alone. The perfume of flowers, the soft bunch of lights

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The loveliest Nails
—just a matter of knowing how

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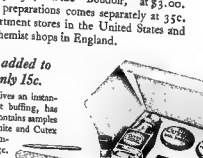

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HE THAT HATH EARS

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curled one side of the dark curtain, the carving of the bench he sat on, made an ecclesiastical setting, a sort of confessional atmosphere which the woman in gold and green instantly recognized. She became at once its grateful devotee. Mrs. Sheering, holding the mesh-bag she sought, felt among its costly trifles. She looked into the grave, searching face of the musician; her low voice came with a note of appeal, an inevitable thrill.

"You made us all feel so good, so brave —I—I know after hearing you that I can never do anything wrong—". Mrs. Sheering had been going to say, "again," but her curious red lower lip rose very sweetly on the one word "wrong," and she added appropriately, "unworthy of you and your music."

There are lots of women who go around saying things like this. With some people the sense of sin is a kind of sensuous capital. It insures a permanent background of emotional excitement. But a woman who can say so banal a thing doesn't do much wrong. However, Gasgoine caught the curious exhalations of Mrs. Sheering's subtle perfume and idly wondered what it was all about. He smiled straight into eyes that were still beautiful but curiously clouded as if some inexhaustible fire burned in their depths, now artfully covered by years and years of ego-smoke-screen.

"I shall play for you some more," he said playfully, "such things as will make you take the veil—you will"—his eyes focused on her—"unburdened even your pet evasion."

She moved a little nervously—her trained laugh caressed him. She shook her graceful turbaned head, seeming to say she had no evasions. "You are jesting," Mrs. Sheering demurred—"but I (coquettishly) was in earnest." She let her voice shake very prettily, and Gasgoine wondered if all her *arrière pensée* weren't somehow hidden in the topaz earrings that shook against the emphasized line of her delicately famished cheek.

THE artist rose, looked steadily at her. He held out his hand—he was thinking of old Filbert, the lawyer, with his leering face and effrontery of wealth. "What is music for?" he asked her quietly. "Wouldn't it—for instance, mould you let what I play, what you say 'influences' you, make a difference in your life? Do you think what I play should make a—a difference in mine?"

A startled look came into the woman's smoky eyes. She clutched the gold meshbag nervously, as if some one had tried to take it from her. Mrs. Sheering did some rapid thinking.

Of course it was genius, that horrible direct way of saying things—what was it she had heard about Gasgoine?—that he was turning a new leaf—Gasgoine—she coquettishly withdrew her hand from the young fellow's—"A difference" She repeated the words with a slow dangle of the earrings; her light accent emphasized the over-red puree of her small lips.

"What is music for?" repeated Gasgoine doggedly. He had not meant to say this—but he could still hear the fresh little voice of Scuffy asking: "Why—we have always a sort of Lucullus feast of it, haven't we?" he demanded—"when it might be—the pillar of cloud by the day—before we really means anything," blurted the man, "it ought to change us into something bigger, braver."

The woman in gold and green looked at him. She did not let the smoke-screen clear from her eyes, but this time the earrings were still as she replied automatically, "I—I see what you mean!" She shrugged her shoulders as if an icy wind struck her. "Why," she said trailing archly into his face, "you're really a terrible person, aren't you? For the moment," she laughed with a ridiculous little like splintering ice -"well—for the moment you made me feel queer."

Frederick's comfortable drawl was heard announcing a new number. Then he inquired of the expectant rooms, "Shall we turn on the lights? Mr. Gasgoine is willing to play in the twilight."

To hear the great Gasgoine in the twilight! There was a low murmur of rapture. This audience was plainly awake to esthetic values. The rooms were now pitched in almost lavender dusk; a grate-fire smoked and smoldered in the hall; the snow-etched trees outside swung branches like white coral or dim sea-fans past the watergray of the panes. The group who sat spellbound might have been in a great glass chamber poised subseas in wavering aqueous murkiness.

There was a little, soft, pushing sound of the hall door, and Scuffy, red cap askew, could be seen tiptoeing with elaborate care his precious flexible flier to its corner in the sun-room. The little boy walked on punctilious tiptoe. These nearest smiled to see his elaborate care not to disturb. Scuffy sat down on a small chair near his father and mother. The man at the piano playing introductory modulations smiled. So, then, Scuffy had come in for his piece! The dear little old man had had his nerve out there in the dark—he needed something to make him more "unafraider." By gad, the emotion flooded up through Gasgoine. Scuffy should have it, everybody there should have it. Gasgoine would play the best he knew of human courage, lifting its head under the bludgeonings of chance.

Scuffy's piece!. The pianist felt his audience now. He had them under his great wings of music; he would dash up to the sky with them; he would lead them as surely and steadily as even Moses led his tribes through the wilderness. In the gloom, with his hands almost luminous in their flame-like motion, he seemed to weave a new spell on the black and white keys.

At such times a fine musician seems to be one with the black bulk of the piano. The great ebony casket is curiously of his own elements and he in turn possesses the thing of wood and wire and ivory as if its matter had entered into his spirit and his spirit and flesh were one with its matter. Gasgoine, given full play to his genius, could often make this so and yet rise to no frenzy. The outer man was invariably calm and chiseled to a Greek outline.

That calm was the musician's subtle, almost awful power. Now he wielded it in its full manhood. Played life, played all its bitterness, its fear, its loneliness, darkness, and veiled remembrance. He played it ardently, purely, and with utter tenderness and bravery, for Gasgoine was thinking of one little boy's words. "You can't promise until you're sure, can you?" Gasgoine had grown very sure himself; he wanted to make every one else to be very "sure."

In the dusk a woman moved slightly; her hand went out and caught that of her husband sitting by her; the man and woman's hands clung in some convulsive passion of faith at some difficult but honest relation between them. Their faces wore the identical look of intention and consecration; they seemed to stare defyingly upon weaknesses of flesh and spirit. Scarsdale, the young drug-addict, folded his arms over his chest; his thin lips met with the weak grip of a cat's jaws, one above the other. A broker, a tall, unusually built man with a face of handsome aplomb, but for the moment his tailored effects of success; he slumped in his chair in a kind of awe. A thoughtful wonder invested his sumptuous sensuality of expression. In those few minutes a miracle happened: the orchids lost their beauty and value; the gleam of pearls and clothing; the sensuous color of fire and flowers and candles were as things dried up, without lambency. There was only the pentecost of sound—there was only one note apparently in the whole world; it was the note of the horn of courage, of the spiritual conviction of men and women; it sounded while the snow flickered past the windows, sounded into the face of a frightful, sophisticated, trivial life, sounded into the great aching gray of the approaching night.

Every one in the room in some measure heard it, for the sound was arrested and understood; in every one there the walled-up soul lifted its head and listened, trembling.

It was the best he could do for Scuffy, for them all. Now Gasgoine sat in the silence glad that his heart turned to the lights so quickly, glad that the applause like Autumn leaves covered him, glad indeed that he need play to no more. Moses mood off him, he wanted nothing so much as to get away. Retreating again to the anteroom, he secluded himself in the inanities that should presently break forth. As the faces and figures turned toward him he stood like one in a trance. Gasgoine trembled before the faculties, the overstressed social methods, and battened his mouth down. He was now again the rebellious man, full of passionate protest.

"What is music for? What is music for?" he muttered. Better it can it for lighthouse-keepers and the lonely men on rolling lightships, for firemen's vigils and sailors' fo'castles, and huts and shacks in the desert, where all faces hungry for beautiful sound are touched to imaginative glory by the gramophone, than use it as he—Gasgoine—did—in mere social dance, resulting in a smug plaisserre like this!

HE TURNED to find the girl in the orange scarf at his elbow. She was very young, quietly but superbly clad, resolute, fresh; without sentimentality or morbidity.

"I have come again." She said it with dignity; her proud and determined face held him as the face of a child Maiden might have held little Kay. "You can not prevent me from being with you—at least in your music."

"All the same, I am sorry." The man said it gently, with an emphasis she could not mistake. She quickly resented this. She held out her unglloved hand. Gasgoine saw how like a mate to his own it was. He flung his eyes recklessly on the imperious, lovely bend in her middle lip.

"I know you better than you know yourself," the girl asserted quietly. Then, with a curious, icy like soft white fire, "I am determined to win," she said.

Something of the sense of a monk came to the musician. Gasgoine did not wonder at the old Trappist's vow. Any word he said now would be fire—fire that would leap along, ring around them both, consume them.

"God helping me, you don't win," he said shortly. His eyes for a moment with a kind of dread wavered from her. He looked thickly over her head at the groups waiting outside to speak to him.

"Gasgoine!" she pleaded in a covered voice. Oh, yes, he knew that voice. He could see the knife stabbed into that proud breast she had taken the shield from. It was a natural, tender woman's breast with all its passionate defiance. Some instinct told him how he hurt, and his own words sickened him.

"I'm a brute," he gasped. "Go—go—won't you?"

"Oh, what is music for? What is music for?" the girl whispered agonizedly. "I thought you played that last thing for us—I thought you were trying to speak to me, past them all, as if far back in the woods you blew a bugle for me, a horn that said 'Come!'—a silver trumpet that called me."

Gasgoine forgot that the groups that waited could see them. Something like torrid burned in his eyes, into his brain; he seemed to stand wrapped in fire. "I was—I did call—" he began, then suddenly straightened and looked at her.

"I can't make it right, dear." He said it very gently with the edges of his lips, and stood, one hand braced on the fold of the curtain that half shielded them.

Gasgoine told himself that now he must feel nothing, see nothing, not even the piteous look of her as she so fatally raised her imperious head to face his words. The man in him, his thick clearly, but gave it up. He shrugged his shoulders—"Yes," he said with pale lightness, "you did hear the horn; it was the trumpet of sorrow.—" He laughed strangely. "I was playing it for little Scuffy Frederick. He has, tomorrow, to go to the dentist's alone!"

She stared for a moment at him; he caught the blaze of her, a flaring torch of life against the pallid, forced blooms in the tall vase near the curtain. Such as two human beings crashed into stars of passion.

"You, you an artist defy nature!" she laughed lightly. Her very breath scorned him; her low tones and raised eyebrows interrogated him. "Nature," she said with an intensity that arrested him, "is the only thing that is *right*."

With this pagan honesty he could not help but respect, she faced him. At that moment she looked like a lovely Indian, a savage thing, clean and real all through. "Don't"—she pleaded fiercely—"Gertrude! we can't do anything—we mustn't think -we are caught —trapped!"

WITH a fierce gesture he caught her hand and held it a moment, then raised it swiftly to his lips and almost flung it away.

"I thank you for saying that," he told her soberly, "and—I honor you. Dear, nature is right, but—there are two natures."

Gasgoine bit his lip, they were dry. "My first nature makes me know that you are—were, my woman and that I—I came too late; but there is another nature, my best, I think, that tells me to go through hell-fire rather than bring sorrow to a gentleman's—to another man's home, to his whole life. What is music for?" Gasgoine echoed her question fiercely. "Well, isn't it to make us catch ourselves and our motives very deeply?"

He was trying to face her bold eyes with their passionate challenge, trying to hold himself for the final knife look with which she would turn and leave him, when he felt a little figure bulk into him, and a little, warm, clinging hand stole into his. -

Gasgoine's face broke almost crastly into a smile, his arm went about the little figure, and he looked down, saying quietly, "Well, by Jove! Here's the owner of the rat."

The room reeled for a moment around him, so much as that faces turned toward him might have been stars in his night; he shook hands and smiled and answered questions with a warm arm on Scuffy's shoulder. While through the throngs he watched Gertrude leave him. His desolate eyes saw one figure in its brilliant scarf moving toward the door; he saw that golden plinth of silk pause for a moment, and, as the long white door opened, saw it bright like fungus against the clean, snowy night. The next person who shook hands with Gasgoine announced somewhat this woman caught the strange, listening look of eyes that seemed to have been dazzled by some strange light in the desert. And that was all.

"Scuffy," asked Gasgoine in an undertone, "do you think people are beginning to go?"

"They are," returned Scuffy with simple conviction, "and then you and I and father and mother are going to eat supper together alone." He looked up at the musician, nodding his head. "I'm brave now," the little boy said brightly. "I'm going to the dentist's to-morrow *all alone*." He announced it proudly.

Gasgoine shook the little hand. "Good," said he. "Was it—the music, Scuffy?"

Scuffy could not tell. "You never know what really makes you brave," said he.

The musician burst into a great laugh. He caught the little form to him and adoringly pommeled it. A late goer came in greeting.

"What's the row?" asked this man.

"Oh," said Gasgoine, "Scuffy is being paid an old score—he had the nerve to ask me this afternoon 'what music was for!'"

The two, Scuffy and the musician, smiled knowingly at each other. It was clear that Scuffy and his friend had an understanding.

"Would you like to see that rat?" asked Scuffy.

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THE BREADTH OF A HAIR

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When he stepped to the sidewalk a few minutes later, he noted absently that the sky was overcast. A thick fog was crawling in over the salt-marshes across the slough. He shivered and buttoned the collar of his coat about his throat and walked homeward briskly.

He slept not at all that night. Indeed he did not even undress, but threw himself upon the bed and lay motionless with wide, staring eyes, thinking, his brain filled with a sort of sinister intoxication. At times he had the curious illusion that the man lying upon his bed was a stranger whom he had never seen before, and when dawn finally came he arose with a sigh of relief and went down-town to an all-night lunch-room for a cup of coffee.

It was a little after six o'clock when he returned to his rooms and found a yellow slip of paper inserted in the crack of his door. It was a notice from the local Western Union Telegraph office that a wire had been received for him from San Francisco and that the messenger would return in two hours with the telegram unless he called in person.

Reach folded up the note mechanically and put it in his pocket.

WHEN he called for the telegram fifteen minutes later, he found that Joe Platt would be in on the eight-thirty train. He wanted Reach to meet him at the Arcade Station, Los Angeles, with the car. They would take breakfast in Los Angeles together. Platt had an important matter to discuss with him. And would he please telephone Mrs. Kurwitz, his charwoman, to air his apartment and have it ready for him.

Reach crumpled up the telegram in his hand and glanced at his watch. It was twenty minutes after six. He had plenty of time. The run to Los Angeles would take only an hour and a half. He frowned. Just like Joe. Joe knew very well that Reach loathed to drive the "auto," as he, Platt, called it. Reach had remonstrated with him for his folly of investing two thousand dollars in a piece of mechanism as unreliable as an automobile. Platt had scoffed at him for an old fossil, so Reach had suffered himself to be taught how to drive it, much against his will.

When Reach made his way to the shed on A Street which Platt had rented as a "garage," as he pleased to call it, Reach had no definite idea of what he intended to do after Platt's return, beyond the necessity of removing Platt at once upon his return from San Francisco.

He did not telephone Mrs. Kurwitz, the charwoman, for reasons of his own.

The shed on A Street was a small affair on the rear end of the lot behind an old residence whose owner had used the shed some years earlier as a miniature gymnasium for his children. He had caused the walls to be heavily padded to prevent the youngsters from injuring themselves. This padding still remained on the walls. Overhead were several stout iron bars with the rings still attached. There were no windows in the shed. It derived its light from the door facing the alley, a folding door which took up the entire end of the shed. When this door was closed the shed was dark as a tomb. Also, being built of reinforced concrete, it was more or less sound-proof.

Reach inserted the key in the padlock, opened the door and stepped inside. The shed had been closed for nearly a week. The air in the shed was very bad and vitiated. The door, a massive affair of two-inch Oregon pine, had been put in by Platt to protect his property.

While Reach was backing the car out of the shed, Sargent, the aged owner of the place, came hobbling down the back steps of the house, with a slip of paper in his hand. He held out the slip of paper to Reach. Reach glanced at it with a frown of impatience. It was a bill, two weeks past due, for the rent of the garage.

"See me when I get home to-night," he growled, ungraciously. "I haven't got time to stop now and make out a check."

"Yes, sir," he said, meekly, and hobbled out of the way of the turning car.

A little while later, when Sargent returned to the kitchen, he said to his wife with a sigh,

"I had hoped to collect that bill to-day, Mother. We owe a week's groceries now," and his wife replied, "I don't like that man Reach. He fairly gives me the creeps."

Sargent said nothing to this. He stood looking out of the window at Reach turning the corner of the alley with the automobile.

The train from San Francisco was six hours late, and Joe Platt was hungry and tired when he stepped off the Pullman at two-thirty and joined his waiting partner upon the platform.

Reach guided the car through the traffic in the rain to Campi's Café. Upon their request the waiter led them to a booth at the extreme rear of the restaurant, and at the sight of food Platt rallied and soon became his usual cheery, rascally self. He leaned across the table and regarded his partner with an air of mystery.

"Howard, old scout," he said genially, "we're going to pull off the slickest little swindle of our aggravated career."

And in low tones he began to outline to Reach what his fertile brain had concocted while he was away.

"It'll take about twenty thousand dollars or so to pull it off," he said, "but we'll be able to retire from business. You won't need to lie awake nights any more worrying about your next forwarding address."

Reach listened in silence. He grew hot and cold by turns.

"How soon d'ye want the twenty thousand?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Right away! Why?" Platt asked. "We've got plenty of cash on hand, haven't we?"

"Of course," Reach muttered hastily. He glanced away, not daring to look his partner in the face.

Platt frowned. He regarded Reach with a mixture of suspicion and disgust.

"You're not going to get cold feet, Howard?" he asked menacingly. "If you are, I'll go it alone."

"Who said anything about cold feet?" Reach's voice was shrill with suppressed emotion. "I've been closing the books for the month while you were gone," he ended lamely; "give me a chance to see where we stand."

"All right, Howard, but I've got to have the coin by to-morrow night," he insisted.

"I'll have it ready for you," Reach muttered. "I'll get Frisbie to help me check up to-morrow."

Platt's face cleared. Under the influence of the excellent meal he grew expansive. He did not know that by his insistence he had signed his own death-warrant for immediate execution. He discussed in subdued tones every step of his new venture, interrupting himself with an occasional loud guffaw at his own ingenuity. He waxed eloquent with enthusiasm and self-conceit and the mellowing influence of wine, and Reach plied him with more wine, drinking with him to the success of their venture, but seeing to it that Joe Platt drank three glasses to his one.

They lingered for two hours over their meal. When they arose and called for their check, Joe Platt was much the worse for liquor. By this time it was raining hard, and Reach suggested that they visit the Palace Café, where drink, music, and a genial atmosphere might be enjoyed without the formality of buying a meal. The rain would probably abate by evening, he thought. They could drive to San Pedro in comfort then.

Platt agreed readily. The suggestion was perfectly in line with his mood, so it was after ten o'clock when they emerged from the genial atmosphere of the Palace and entered the car. Joe Platt was very drunk. Reach had to assist him to his seat.

By the time Reach was speeding through the suburbs along the road to San Pedro, Platt was fast asleep in the seat beside him Reach bent low over the steering-wheel for a moment, and listened to his partner's stertorous breathing. Then he raised his head and sat staring straight ahead of him as the car sped on through the rain.

It was nearly midnight when he drove through the west end of the alley to the garage so as not to pass the house in front. The west end of the alley was flanked by the rear entrances of stores closed hours ago. The rain had assumed the proportions of a torrential downpour. As he turned the corner of the alley Reach felt with satisfaction that the street was entirely deserted.

Opening the door of the garage, he swung the car around sharply, drove up the concrete incline, released the clutch, and shifted the gears into neutral. Then, without shutting off the engine, he alighted and stood looking at his sleeping partner—sprawled back in the seat—listening. He touched Platt lightly once or twice to assure himself that he was sound asleep. Then, satisfied that his partner was beyond even the ability to make the feeblest struggle against what he, Reach, intended to do, he stepped out into the rain and looked up and down the alley. Satisfied that no one was about, he closed the door of the shed and locked it with the patented key Platt had given him when he left for San Francisco.

FOR a moment or two Reach stood listening in the rain to the soft purring of the running engine within. Then he turned the collar of his coat and pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked briskly out of the alley in the opposite direction from which he had entered it with the car.

Fifteen minutes later he inserted the latch-key in the door of his apartment, switched on the light and lit the gas log in the fireplace. Then he changed his wet clothes for dry ones, laid his watch on the smoking-stand beside the grate, and sat down to wait.

He was strangely calm now. He considered his position from every angle. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, by which any one could connect him with the death of Joe Platt. There would be no marks of violence upon the body. They would of course detect the odor of liquor about the dead body—might even suspect foul play and test the body for poisons, but Reach knew that such a test would bring nothing in the end—do nothing but divert the faintest trace of suspicion from himself.

They would never dream of looking for traces of the deadly monoxid gases. As a chemist and mining assayer the study of noxious gases had been part of Reach's curriculum. Carbon monoxid among them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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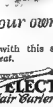

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THE BREADTH OF A HAIR

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These gases are produced in various ways, and the imperfect combustion of a running gasoline-engine in a small, confined space was one of the most effective. The engine of an automobile does not explode all the gas that enters the pistons. A considerable amount of the gas is thrown out of the exhaust unconsumed. In a small, unventilated space like the shed, sufficient gas would be discharged by the running engine to asphyxiate a man in the course of half an hour, perhaps in fifteen minutes; but Reach was in no hurry. He intended to give the gas plenty of time to get in its work before returning to the shed.

It was half past twelve now. At two o'clock or a little after two he would return and drive with the dead body to Platt's apartment on K and Alcorn Streets. Some time during the day he would return to the apartment and "discover" the body and notify the police, suggesting heart-failure as the cause of death.

Yes, he had taken everything into consideration. There was nothing but the motive—the fifty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy—to point to himself as a murderer, and motives do not convict a man of murder. Besides, he did not intend to present his insurance claim until two weeks after Platt's funeral. By that time even if suspicion should attach himself and the body be exhumed, no trace of carbon monoxid would be found, since death by monoxid poisoning was a form of asphyxia, not unlike death by drowning.

It was a little after two A. M. when Reach walked up the alley. The rain had stopped, but the sky was still overcast, threateningly, and a heavy mist hung low over the houses. As he approached the shed he heard the soft purring of the still running engine.

Pausing for a moment to remonnoiter, he unlocked the door, swung it open, and stepped back. For five full minutes he waited behind the open door to permit the gas to escape. Then he stepped into the dark space and felt his way around the car to where Platt's body was sprawled in the seat, with his left arm extended over the door of the car.

Reach touched the dead man's hand. It was almost cold and of lifeless feel. He evidently had come quickly, no doubt due to Platt's highly intoxicated condition.

Fumbling in his pocket for a match, Reach struck it and held the match up to Platt's face within the sheltering hollows of his palm. He stood for a moment regarding his dead partner's face. The countenance was placid and calm as he had known it would be. There was not the slightest sign of distress upon it. Joe Platt had died without even awakening, painlessly and without a struggle.

Blowing out the match, Reach mounted the seat beside the dead man and backed the car into the alley, leaving the alley by the same way he had entered it shortly after midnight, and drove to Platt's apartment by a roundabout route.

When he brought the car to a standstill at the curb outside the apartment on K and Alcorn Streets, he looked up and down the street. No one was in sight.

Shutting off the engine, he ran his hand into the dead man's right trousers pocket and drew out Platt's bunch of keys. Then he alighted, and by the flare of the headlights selected two keys from the bunch.

Turning out the headlights, he walked to the short flight of cement steps, inserted the patented key in the lock, pushed the door open, and stepped into the hallway. Then crossing the vestibule, he opened the inner door with the pass-key and swung this door wide open also.

Then he returned to the car, slipped the bunch of keys back into the dead man's pocket, and caught Platt's heavy body by the shoulders, hauling it across his own by stepping off the curbing for leverage.

It was no light task to carry a two-hundred-pound body up even a short flight of five steps, and Reach paused a moment for breath on the top step, resting his burden against the doorjamb. He was so nearly exhausted by the unusual exertion that he did not notice when an object dropped from somewhere above. He dead body to the soft earth of a flower-bed beside the steps.

AFTER placing Platt's body upon the bed, he began to partially divest it of its clothes. It was necessary to have it appear that Platt had returned home in a state of extreme intoxication; so Reach set the stage carefully. Over the back of a chair he draped the dead man's coat. Platt's collar and tie he hung over the head of the bed. His hat he tossed upon the floor beside the chair, and one suspender he slipped off the dead man's shoulder.

Three minutes later he stepped out of the house, and pulled the outer door shut. He heard the latch snap. Then pausing for a moment on the step to see if anybody was in sight, he returned to the car. He made a quick examination of the seat and foot-rests to assure himself that he had left nothing undone. Then, satisfied that everything was all right, he walked briskly down Alcorn Street to his own apartment.

Considering everything, Reach slept very well the remainder of the night. He arrived at the office somewhat later than usual, but his face carried no trace of anxiety. He felt very safe. He had decided after all not to go to Platt's apartment to "discover" the body when he remembered that there was no way of getting into the apartment without forcing the outer door, since he had replaced the keys in the dead man's pocket. Better wait and let the charwoman, Mrs. Kurwitz, discover the dead body.

Reach got through the morning somehow. At one-thirty he went to lunch. As how. At one-thirty he went to lunch. As he passed through the banking-room he told Frisbie, the head bookkeeper, that if Mr. Platt telephoned to tell Platt that he had gone to the Firmin Café for lunch, and would return in about an hour. He also told Frisbie that he wanted him to stay after hours to check up the month's business.

"Mr. Platt wants to go over the accounts this evening," he said, "so please have everything ready, Frisbie." Frisbie said that he would.

Reach lingered over his lunch longer than usual. He did not eat very much. He was beginning to feel nervous at the delay. A reaction had set in.

It was nearly three o'clock when Reach returned to the office and found two men waiting in the anteroom to see him. He frowned as he recognized one of the men as Mr. Cummings, a clerk from Ludkin & Company, his Los Angeles brokers. The other man he did not know. The two men were talking together as Reach entered.

THE stranger had evidently arrived first, for the clerk handed Reach a card and nodded at the man as Reach stepped up to the desk. Reach took the card between his fingers and glanced at it.

"*R. W. Thain, Inspector Metropolitan Squad,*" Reach read.

For the fraction of a second Reach's mind wavered. Then recovering himself sharply, he extended the card toward the stranger and asked as calmly as he could,

"You wish to see me?"

The stranger had already arisen. He nodded.

"You are Mr. Reach?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes!" Reach answered with an effort. "Is there any place where we can talk uninterruptedly?" Thain asked.

Reach regarded him in silence for a moment. Then, wetting his lips, he said,

"Come into my private office."

Thain was a quiet-mannered, pleasant-spoken man —when it suited his purpose. It suited his purpose now.

Reach pointed to a chair and took one himself opposite. Then he steeled himself against the ordeal, leaned back in his chair, and met Thain's eyes unflinchingly. Thain cast down his own. His manner was diffident, and Reach, noting this, drew a breath of relief and decided that, after all, he had nothing to be afraid of.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

Thain cleared his throat. He seemed to hesitate. Finally he said,

"When did you see your partner, Joseph Platt, last, Mr. Reach?"

"Last night—about midnight," Reach replied promptly. Too promptly, Thain thought. "Why?"

"He seemed his usual self at that time?" Thain continued in the same pleasant tone of voice.

"Yes, certainly." Reach shot Thain a glance of quick scrutiny and smiled faintly. "Perhaps not his usual self," he added with a air of being candid. "He was a little under the weather. I hope he didn't do anything rash after I left him."

Thain smiled in Reach in sympathetic understanding.

"Where did you leave Mr. Platt at midnight?" he inquired. Reach thought quickly.

"In the alley outside the garage," he lied glibly. "He was somewhat the worse for liquor," he added, haltingly, as if loath to blacken the dead man's character even at the expense of clearing himself. "I left him sitting in the car. He insisted that he was able to drive home alone."

"I see," said Thain thoughtfully. "You haven't heard of anything else? His voice was pleasantly interrogative.

"No," Reach answered. He regarded Thain furtively. "Anything happened, Mr. Thain?" he asked with sudden show of alarm.

Thain was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly,

"Mr. Platt was found dead upon the bed in his apartment at two this morning by Mrs. Kurwitz, his charwoman."

Reach gripped the arms of his chair.

"What—how—why—" he stammered, in well-simulated alarm.

Thain leaned forward in his chair slightly.

"Mr. Reach," he said, "will you tell me just what happened yesterday and last night? I understand that you went to Los Angeles in the car to meet Mr. Platt. The night watchman found the car parked outside Mr. Platt's apartment before daylight this morning."

"Certainly, certainly! Good Heaven, Joe dead!" Reach exclaimed. His agitation was manifest. Thain's suave voice steadied him.

"Please omit nothing, Mr. Reach. We want to be absolutely sure that death was due to heart-failure before we submit the body to the coroner."

For nearly an hour the two men talked earnestly. Reach watched Thain narrowly while he recited how he had left Joe Platt seated in the car in the alley. He told Thain without reserve about their visit to the Palace Café at Los Angeles during the afternoon of the day before, and Thain listened attentively. Reach also told Thain he had stayed at the garage for a considerable length of time arguing with Platt. Platt had insisted upon being left alone, and finally Reach had left him in disgust.

When Thain finally arose and shook hands with Reach, Reach felt very safe. Thain left him with the request not to fail to be present at the inquest, which was to take place the following day. Also he told Reach that if he wished to view the body, he would find it at the morgue, and Reach, seemingly prostrated with the horror of his partner's fate, looked up from his chair and said in a low voice that he would go to the morgue during the evening when he had recovered somewhat.

As Thain passed through the anteroom, he nodded to the clerk from Ludkin & Company. The clerk returned his nod, and Thain left.

Inspector Thain spent the rest of the afternoon questioning various people, among others Mr. Sargent, the owner of the shed where Platt kept his car. Thain did not get much information from any one.

On the surface Reach's story seemed straight enough. There was no doubt that the dead man had been drinking heavily. The odor of liquor was the first thing Thain had noticed when he had arrived at Platt's side. But when Thain had emerged from the house after viewing the dead body, he had, as was his habit, taken a stroll about the house, and in the soft earth of the flower-bed beside the steps he had found there a bunch of keys. Two of these keys he had found fitted the door of the apartment. But there was no key on the ring that fitted the lock of the garage door. This fact gave Thain some food for thought.

At dinner he went to dinner in a small lunch-room on the water-front, pondering over what had happened. The clerk from Ludkin & Company, with whom he had exchanged a few commonplace observations while both were waiting for Reach's return from lunch, was eating at a table near the door as Thain entered. The man looked up from his plate with a nod of recognition and motioned Thain to his table. Thain had never seen the man before. He did not know what his business with Reach had been. But the man had an engaging personality, so Thain accepted his invitation and took a chair at his table.

"Name is Cummings," the man said, producing a card and handing it to Thain. "Cummings of Ludkin & Company, Los Angeles." And Thain responded by handing Mr. Cummings his own card.

Cummings glanced at Thain's card and emitted a low whistle.

"A detective," he said with a grin. "I thought all the time you were a collector, the same as myself."

Thain smiled back good-naturedly.

"How do you find collections these days?" he asked, for want of something better to say.

"Fair," Cummings replied.

"Platt & Reach are pretty good people to collect from?" Thain questioned.

Cummings shot him a quick glance.

"Well, yes," he said, finally.

"Aren't they?" Thain persisted.

"Certainly," Cummings hastened to say, but his tone was not very convincing. Thain glanced at the card the man had given him and made a mental note to call upon Ludkin & Company in Los Angeles the following day, and dropped the subject.

THAIN found Mr. Ludkin of Ludkin & Company a taciturn customer with an icy manner and a chilly eye. But when Thain showed his badge and laid his card upon the plate-glass top of Mr. Ludkin's expensive mahogany desk, the looker thawed.

"Platt & Reach do a good bit of trading with you, I presume?" Thain inquired.

"They never have, until three weeks ago. Then they plunged," said Mr. Ludkin.

"Oh!" said Thain. "Clean-up, I suppose?" he added.

Mr. Ludkin leaned back in his chair and regarded Thain curiously. Then he said,

"When I read in the paper about Platt's death from heart-failure, Mr. Thain, I didn't wonder. Platt & Reach dropped over a hundred thousand on the Pacific Canneries common in the flurry of last week."

Thain considered this information in silence for a moment.

"Can you tell me the exact date when this money was placed?" he asked.

"Their account was opened on November 3rd." He consulted the calendar on his desk. "Just three weeks ago yesterday. On November 18th they were wiped out of their twenty-point margin. We wired for funds to protect, but as they did not come forth we closed the account."

Thain made a memorandum of the two dates.

"Must have been pretty hard hit," he mused.

"I think so," said Ludkin. "A trader is not going to sacrifice a hundred thousand dollars if he can protect. Yes, I guess they must be pretty well cleaned out."

"Hm," said Thain, "I'd have died of heart-failure myself."

He arose.

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THE BREADTH OF A HAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

"Thank you, Mr. Ludkin," he said.

On his way out Thain compared his memorandum with another he had made. Platt left San Pedro for San Francisco on October 30th, according to Reach's statement. He had returned yesterday. During his absence Reach had played the market with disastrous results.

Thain walked to the nearest telephone, got San Pedro on the long distance, and asked for Police Headquarters.

The desk-sergeant answered the phone. "Thain speaking, Joe," Thain said. "Tell the Chief to get word to the coroner to postpone the Platt inquest twenty-four hours. Never mind why. Just see that the Chief gets the message."

Old Doctor Slade, the coroner, was seated at his desk in the little office of his cottage on the water-front, poring over the typed report of a lately discharged jury, and cursing the jury roundly in homely Western profanity for its finding, when Thain entered.

The coroner laid down the sheaf of papers and glared at Thain.

"Why in blazes did you go and make me shift the Platt inquest twenty-four hours ahead? What's the matter with that case anyway?"

"Lots of things, Doc. You've seen the body?" Thain asked.

"Yes. Looked it over last night. Who told you Platt died of heart-failure? Clear case of death by gas asphyxiation."

Thain sat up in his chair with a jerk, and the old physician looked at him pityingly.

"Pain as the nose on your face. Been drunk too. If people would learn to turn off the gas instead of blowing it out, it would save us coroners a lot of trouble and you sleuths a lot of chasing around. I suppose you've been pussy-footing all over town for somebody to hang a crime on."

"I have," Thain admitted humbly. He drew in his breath sharply. "So you think Platt died of gas asphyxiation, Doc?" he asked.

"I do not," Slade ejaculated with emphasis. "I know it."

"Better than ever," exclaimed Thain. "Shoot!"

"In the first place," said Slade, "when a man dies of heart-failure, as from other natural causes, the blood begins to coagulate at once. In the second place, it turns dark, not light. . . . I wonder why you fellows don't take a simple course in mortuary diagnosis, Bob. It would save you a lot of shoe-leather."

"Yes, yes! Go on," Thain interposed. "I'm interested."

"In death from carbon-monoxid poisoning," the coroner said impressively, "the blood turns a bright cherry-red."

Thain inferred him.

"I thought you said Platt died of gas asphyxiation?"

Doctor Slade sighed.

"Yes, Bob," he continued, wearily, "I merely called it by its right name. Of course," he added with fine sarcasm, "I forget that you are not supposed to know. Death from gas asphyxiation, or carbon-monoxid poisoning, as it is scientifically and correctly known, is a sort of oxygen starvation of the blood. The blood of the victim turns, as I said before, a bright cherry-red and does not coagulate at once, but remains fluid for considerable space after death—sometimes for several days. The reason is that the carbon monoxid contained in the gas forms a stable red blood-pigment, hemoglobin, replacing the oxygen normally combined with the hemoglobin. Death by asphyxia is the result."

"I see," said Thain. He looked at his finger-nails in silence for a moment.

"Then you're sure that Platt died from gas asphyxiation?" he asked.

"Absolutely. I opened one of the arteries of the left wrist. The blood was perfectly fluid —and bright red, altho the man had been dead for nearly twenty-four hours."

"I see," said Thain again. "How far can a man walk after having inhaled enough gas to kill him, Doc?"

SLADE leaned back in his chair with a roar of laughter.

"If a man had inhaled enough carbon monoxid to kill him, Bob, he couldn't blink his left eye, let alone move his feet."

"That's what I wanted to know, Doc." He glanced at Slade meaningly.

"There was no gas-jet in the room where Platt was found dead. The room was lighted by electricity. There isn't a gas-jet in the whole apartment. Platt used it only as a sleeping-apartment. He took his meals outside, and the place is heated by a furnace, not gas, but a wood-and-coal furnace."

"Hm," said Slade, "that's odd."

"That's what I thought," Thain answered.

The coroner glanced at Thain out of the corner of his eye.

"I'll hold up the inquest for a week if you say so, Bob," he said quietly

"All right," Thain answered; "let me ask you one more question, and then I'm done." He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. "Is there any other form of carbon-monoxid poisoning except by illuminating-gas?" he asked.

"Certainly. A dozen of them," Slade answered. "All gases generated from carbon contain monoxid in varying quantities. It is the released energy of the sun which has been stored in the earth for countless ages in the form of coal and oil, and in other forms. Illuminating- and cooking-gas is produced from coal. Gasoline and distillate and other highly volatile fluids are refined from crude oil. One form is used for light and heat, the other for power, as in gasoline-pumps and automobile-engines; still another——"

Thain interrupted him here with an exclamation.

"By the Lord!" he ejaculated so vehemently that it made the coroner jump.

"Suppose," said Thain, excitedly, "that a man had been left drunk sitting in a small, confined space for two hours, with the engine of an automobile running. What would happen to him?"

"A coroner's inquest and a funeral," said Slade promptly.

Thain arose.

"Could you come over to the Chief's office at Headquarters at, say, one o'clock this afternoon, Doc?" he said. "I don't think I shall have to ask you to postpone the inquest again."

Slade looked at his watch.

"I'll be there at one sharp," he said.

WHEN once convinced that he was on the right trail, Thain was a changed man. Before finding the trail his manner was one of extreme preoccupation, which often appeared as shyness to those who did not know him. But when he had definitely picked up a thread that seemed to lead somewhere, he followed it with a swiftness and unerring judgment that seemed almost uncanny to his colleagues and superiors.

When he left the coroner he knew for a certainty that Joseph Platt had been murdered by his partner, Reach. But he also knew with equal certainty that to convict Reach of the crime was next door to impossible. Reach had of course left Platt insensible with liquor in the garage, knowing that the gas would asphyxiate Platt, but any smart lawyer would make Reach plead that he had not known of the deadly effect of the gas. It would be easy to convince a jury of this.

It was perfectly clear that Reach had driven the dead body to Platt's apartment, but here again Reach could plead that he had not known that Platt was dead. Platt had been in a state of extreme intoxication. Death had taken place only a short time before Reach moved the body.

Again, if Reach should stick to his original story—the one he had told Thain the day before—there was still nothing but circumstantial evidence of the slimmest kind against him. Certainly not enough to convince a jury that murder had been committed.

Thain sat for a long time with closed eyes, thinking. When he opened his eyes again, he slipped his hand into the top drawer of his desk and took out the object he had picked up in the flower-bed beside the steps of Platt's apartment. For some moments he sat looking at it perplexedly.

Then he reached for the telephone and called Black 67329 and asked for Mr. Reach. He heard the clerk plug Reach's private extension, then the voice of Reach answering, "Hello."

"Thain speaking, Mr. Reach. Could you step up to Headquarters during your lunch hour and make a formal affidavit for the coroner's inquest?" he asked pleasantly.

"Just a matter of form, you know."

There was a moment's pause. Thain held his breath. The wire seemed charged with suspense. Then Reach's voice came back.

"Of course, Mr. Thain. What time did you say? Half past one? Certainly. Yes, I'll be there. Good-by." And Thain rang off.

At a little after twelve o'clock Reach went to lunch. His face was in high good-humor. Everything had gone off well. Just the same, he would be glad when it was all over with. He dreaded the ordeal of having to go to Headquarters, in spite of having assured himself over and over again that there was nothing to be afraid of. As Thain had said, it was a matter of routine merely.

It was fifteen minutes past one when Reach arose from his table and walked leisurely up the three short blocks of Fifth Street to Police Headquarters. The desk-sergeant glanced up from his book when Reach entered and asked for the Chief's office. The man pointed to a narrow stairway at the end of a long, dark corridor.

"Up two flights," he said briefly. "First door to the right," and turned his back upon Reach.

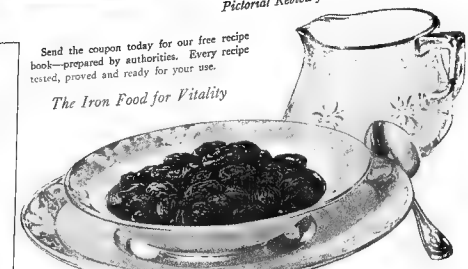
For a moment Reach stood looking at the long expanse of the gloom-shrouded corridor before him. A spasm of fear passed through him. Then he pulled himself together and started down the corridor.

In the Chief's office he found Thain and Doctor Slade, the coroner. Reach knew Slade slightly and nodded to him as he passed Slade on his way to the Chief's desk.

Thain was seated at a small table near the Chief. He looked up as Reach entered.

"Sit down, Mr. Reach," he said pleasantly, indicating a chair facing the table behind the Chief's desk. Reach glanced at Thain's table Upon it lay half a dozen articles found in the pockets of the dead man. Reach's face turned a shade paler, but he controlled himself and sat down.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



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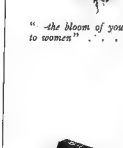

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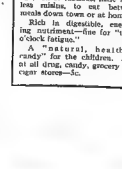

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THE BREADTH OF A HAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

Thain leaned across the table and regarded Reach kindly.

"Mr. Reach," he asked, "you left Mr. Platt in the car outside the garage at about midnight the night of his death?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Platt was somewhat the worse for liquor?"

"Somewhat." Reach grinned.

Thain smiled back at him easily.

"In fact, Mr. Platt was very drunk?"

FOR an instant Reach hesitated.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"When you left the garage, did you lock the door or not?"

Reach remembered that he had locked the door after driving away with Platt's body. There seemed to be no danger in admitting this, so he said finally,

"I locked the door when I left."

Thain leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"I see! And Mr. Platt was in the auto outside in the alley?" he said again as if to assure himself that he had heard aright.

"Yes," Reach answered. "I was afraid Joe would forget to lock the door so I locked it myself," he added eagerly.

Thain opened his eyes. For a moment he regarded Reach in silence. His small black eyes bored into Reach's pale-blue ones. Reach squirmed in his chair uneasily, but recovered his composure when Thain asked,

"Have you any idea of where the key is?"

Reach blinked his eyes. He drew a sigh of relief as he remembered that he had stuck the key in his vest-pocket. He smiled faintly and said,

"I have it here in my pocket."

Thain and Doctor Slade, the coroner, exchanged glances. The Chief turned his head and looked away.

"May I see it, Mr. Reach?" Thain asked.

"Yes, certainly."

Reach ran his finger into his vest-pocket and passed the key across the desk to Thain. Thain laid it on the blotter in front of him.

"After locking the door and leaving Mr. Platt in the automobile you went directly to your rooms?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

THAIN picked up the key from the blotter with a soft, catlike motion.

"Did Mr. Platt have a duplicate of this key?" he inquired.

"No, sir. There was one, but my partner lost it several months ago."

"Mr. Platt could not have opened the door without this key, then?" Thain went on.

"No."

"That's what I wanted to know," Thain said, slowly. He leaned across the desk and shook one long, bony finger in Reach's face. "It won't work, Reach," he said.

Reach stared at him with wide, drooping mouth.

"What won't work?" he demanded. There was a note of bravado in his voice, but his upper lip trembled.

Thain tapped the edge of his desk softly.

"You killed Joseph Platt," he said. "Better own up, Reach!"

"You're crazy!" Reach exclaimed.

"Not so crazy, Reach," Thain insisted. "The idea of asphyxiating Platt by leaving the engine of the automobile running was an excellent one. The garage was almost sound-proof. The novelty of the method was your best alibi. But you slipped up on one thing, as I figured you would. You told Sargent that you'd pay him the rent for the garage upon your return from Los Angeles. That's what tripped you. Sargent is an old man and poor, Reach. He needed the rent money badly to pay a bill with, so he sat up and waited for your return.

"When he went down to the garage he found the engine running and the door locked."

"It's a lie!" Reach screamed.

"It's no lie, Reach," Thain said wearily. "If you had paid Sargent what you owed him before leaving he wouldn't have waited up for you and I'd never have been able to hang murder onto you. Refusing to accommodate an old man fixed you, Reach. Better own up. It'll make it easier."

Reach owned up. For ten minutes the room was filled with the clamor of Reach begging for mercy. But there was no mercy for him.

WHEN the firm of Platt & Reach went into voluntary bankruptcy the receiver found among the assets of the defunct firm a life-insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars on the life of Joseph Platt, deceased.

The receiver presented the claim for collection. It was paid promptly.

One morning, six months later, the unlucky depositors of Platt & Reach found in their mail a check for fifty cents on the dollar.

For the last time Howard Reach got his discount.

THE MAGIC MIRROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

or by the scornful mockery of his brother Stanley.

He had not yet answered Mrs. Lawson's letter. He would write to her after he had achieved his aim, and would send her a copy of his first accepted piece of work. He had found her picture in a magazine and had cut it out and laid it between the leaves of his Bible.

At last the clock struck eight. He crossed the room and sat down at his pine table. He wrote his title, breathed a long sigh, then, as if the thoughts which crowded his brain overpowered him, rose and walked to his north window.

In the dimly seen house directly under his eyes there lived a woman who last week in her eightieth year had been made the subject of a new and extraordinary operation to cure blindness. She had seen for the first time in forty years the faces of her husband and children, had looked upon a city which bore little resemblance to the town of her youth, and had beheld once more Autumn's blazing trees. What were her reflections? Did she wish, in moments of strangeness for the shrouding darkness of the past? Jesse knew her well; he should have been able to weave from her experience a tale of rapture or of pathos.

In the second house a woman watched for her drunken son, her distress, her pride, her fierce defense well known to Jesse. She would have played the part of Rizpah, but Jesse, who knew his Bible well, did not think of her as Rizpah.

In the third house a terrible drama had been enacted. Here at midnight a father had shot his son, claiming that he believed him to be a burglar. He had been exonerated, but there had been whispers of a common affection for an evil woman. Jesse had heard the tragedy discussed on the street, in his own house, and many times at night he had looked down and shivered. Here was a vivid history of the result of sinful human passion!

The little houses did not suggest alone tragic histories. Between the yards of Numbers Five and Six there was a rough board fence twenty feet high, a "spite-fence," built by Number Five to shut out light and air from Number Six in revenge for the shooting of a cat. On the opposite hillside, and quite alone, stood a little house and a little church. This church had been built by the owner of the house for himself because he could not approve of the established forms of worship. Here he preached for himself, sang for himself, and prayed for himself.

BUT Jesse might have found material nearer at hand. If he could have seen into his mother's heart he might have sensed her gravity, her gentleness, her piety, her pride. If he had understood his father he might have possessed a type of simplicity and goodness. If he had thought seriously of Stanley he might have seen in his furtive look the evidence of some grave uneasiness of mind. If he had looked sharply at Mamie's flushed face he might have surmised that she was by turns happy and despairing.

But he did not think of his mother as she sat mending by the lamp, or of his father as he quaffed his drink at Wagner's, or of Stanley, at this moment aghast at the poor hand which had been dealt him. Nor did he think of Mamie, indifferent to the sweeping rain since the same umbrella sheltered her and a dishonorable lover. He had passed them one evening on the street, and had thought vaguely of his sister, but he had let the incident fade from his mind.

Returning to his desk, he sat down. His meditation at the window had furnished him with his first sentence. "In 30 A. D. a young Jewish maiden sat on the flat roof of her father's house, looking off toward the distant hills." He wrote steadily for three hours, then, too excited to sleep, he lay for another hour staring into the darkness.

"SAVED: or a Jewish Maiden of 30 A.D." was commended by Professor Titus. He spoke to Jesse's pastor about his talent, and the preacher complimented Jesse.

"Professor Titus admires your work, Jesse, and I congratulate you. The church has a story-paper for young people, and I hope you will write for it. I don't know what the remuneration will be, but they should pay something."

Jesse was so astonished that he almost stammered that he would accept no remuneration, but he caught himself in time. Money! If he could earn money his future was secure.

He lived henceforth in a daze. He found often that he had walked beyond his destination; he salted his coffee, and to the amazement of his family drank it down without realizing his mistake. He saw himself unfolding a printed page upon which stood the proud words, "'Saved,' by Jesse Hummer."

The preacher recommended a new occupation for the Summer. He looked without sympathy upon the manufacture of liquor, and he proposed to Jesse that he go about the country selling books; and Jesse rode on Stanley's discarded bicycle and carried in a basket behind him dummies of a dictionary, an atlas, and an illustrated Bible. The first impulse of many farmers' wives was to offer him food, and many surly farmers ordered books which they would never read. He earned rapidly, and his health improved in the open air. He noted in his little book many aspects of the landscape, and he planned new stories with ancient settings and heroic events and characters.

By the middle of September he had earned a hundred and fifty dollars. He carried one hundred dollars in a little pocket on the inside of his shirt over his heart, and fifty in a similar pocket on the other side. A hundred dollars was what he hoped to earn; the rest was like a gift from Heaven.

It was noon when he rode up the street on the return from his last journey. The pavement was filled with noisy children coming from school; the bells and whistles had scarcely ceased their loud clamor. He had delivered a heavy load of books and he was tired and hungry.

As he turned into Cherry Street he saw two men who separated in front of his house, one entering the gate at the side, the other taking his seat upon the door-step. His father belonged to a lodge, and was frequently visited at meal-times by men who came to collect dues or to consult him.

Jesse leaned his bicycle against the porch-post and opened the screen-door. The kitchen seemed very dark after the bright sunshine, but he could see his father and mother at the ends of the table and Stanley and Mamie on the far side. The place near the door with its back to the light was his own; there lay his knife and fork, and an ornamented glass with "Jesse" cut into it, which his father had once brought him from the fair.

"Hello!" he said. He saw the stranger standing close to him. His family looked strange; his mother and Stanley and Mamie were deathly pale; his father sat with open mouth.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

Stanley gazed at his brother as a bird held by the paralyzing gaze of a serpent might look at its deliverer.

"They say I stole a hundred dollars, Jesse. I didn't steal anything."

Jesse leaned against the door. Into the minds of all flashed uneasy recollections of his strange behavior, his late hours, his fine clothes.

The officer looked at Stanley with scorn; he interpreted at once the appealing gaze.

"Perhaps you brought it home and meant to return it, Hummer, eh?"

Once more Stanley's eyes sought his brother's. His frantic gaze said, "You have money, Jesse! Save me!"

"I can't wait all the afternoon," said the stranger.

"Go up-stairs and get it in my bureau, Jesse," commanded Stanley.

Jesse looked at his father, at his mother, at Mamie—he met the same desperate appeal. He went slowly into the hall and climbed to the third story. He knew that there was no money there. He remembered suddenly an unexplained incident of the past. Oh, how stupid, how stupid he had been!

IN THE hall he paused in a hasty descent. There was not a sound from down-stairs; he saw them in imagination sitting motionless, the food cooling before them, the officer watching them. They expected him to save them. He put his hand inside his shirt and drew from the pocket on his left side his hundred dollars. He had to tear the pocket open; he had sewed his treasure in place.

In the kitchen he handed it over silently. The stranger counted it, and went out. Feeling its warmth, he wondered whether this boy were a thief also. Perhaps they were all thieves!

When the echo of strange footsteps had died away Emmanuel lifted his head. He knew only too well that he had long suspected Stanley of ill-doing. He rose and closed the door and window, in his motions the agony of Cambremer in "Un Drame au Bord de la Mer." He spoke in Pennsylvania German, the language of his deeper thought.

"They will hardly keep you."

"No," said Stanley.

"Where is the hundred dollars?"

"I lost it."

"Playing for money?"

Stanley began to cry like a baby.

"If I could get fifty dollars to go West I could start again."

"This is the place for you to redeem yourself!"

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THE MAGIC MIRROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

Stanley rose.

"I must get away!" He began to shiver, and his jaws clicked against one another.

"You've done other wrong?" asked Emmanuel heavily.

"I must get away," insisted Stanley. "Jesse, you have more money. You'd rather see me go to jail than help me! You're a fine Christian with your Christian Endeavor and your Sunday-school!"

Jesse opened the bosom of his worn shirt and laid fifty dollars on the table. For the culprit he had no sympathy. The vaguely remembered incident had now taken full shape; he ran up the stairs and came down immediately, bringing his little bank.

"Father, I had two dollars in this a year ago New-year and I have since been putting money into it, a little at a time."

Emmanuel counted slowly; the sum of all was ninety cents.

"You've left me only this much more to help you with," said little Jesse, quietly, shoving the coins toward him.

Mrs. Hummer had during all this time said nothing; she still said nothing, but sat aghast, the house of her pride crumbling. Stanley pushed roughly past Mamie's chair and went toward the door.

"Good-by."

"Without eating!" cried Mrs. Hummer. He thrust the end of the loaf into his pocket, then he reached greedily for the last of Jesse's money, looking over his shoulder as tho he already heard footsteps on the boardwalk.

"Yes," he said. He was a block away before they moved. He dropped down the hill; when he had passed the last house he began to run. Beyond lay railroad-tracks and a water-tank, and there he waited the pause of a freight-train.

With one accord at last the remaining Hummers looked at Jesse.

"What will you do, Jesse?" asked Mame, gaspingly.

Anguish and rage contorted Jesse's thin face.

"I'll have to stay out a year," he answered sharply. "That's all." He did not see with what humble, grateful expressions his father and mother regarded him, who had become a man and a hero in their eyes. He hated, hated his brother, and there was no room in his soul for any other emotion.

EMMANUEL did not intend to allow Jesse to assume all the burden of Stanley's debt. Before the matter could be even discussed, however, the representative of Einstein Brothers returned. The peculations of Stanley amounted to three hundred dollars. His father paid for silence and freedom from pursuit, and thus was left without means to help Jesse.

Emmanuel was increasingly short of breath, but this indisposition seemed a small trouble. He had never visited the doctor and he should certainly not begin now when every penny was precious. Mrs. Hummer, too, found that tasks which were light had become heavy.

Jesse returned to his position in the brewery with higher wages. He grew thinner and his eyes a little larger, and his father looked at him with profound anxiety when he came into the office for his delivery orders. But Jesse was young, and presently he reproached himself sharply for his idleness and self-pity. Bringing his note-books, he forgot the odor of the place, and ceased to hate the telephone, the mouthpiece of a thirsty city.

More than once he looked out the office window and saw the dray loaded, the horses restless, and his father sitting on the high seat motionless. When he called sharply, "Pop!" Emmanuel looked at him with a mixture of gratitude and fright and drove away. Presently he lost a day's work, and Jesse's slowly increasing fund had to be drawn upon.

There came at last a day when Emmanuel sat for a longer time than usual on the high seat of the wagon. Jesse, with the receiver of the telephone to his ear, watched in alarm, and, his business concluded, went out quickly to the courtyard and stepped up on the hub of the front wheel, from where he could reach his father.

"What ails you, Pop?"

The light touch sufficed to weight a trembling balance. Emmanuel was already swaying, and now he slid down from the seat to the front of the wagon and lay, an inert mass, between seat and dashboard. By the exertions of many men he was got home and into a bed made up hastily in the sitting-room. The stairway was narrow, and unless he should be some day able to climb it under his own power he would climb it no more.

When Hummer was safely in bed and his wife sat beside him and it was understood that even tho he lived he would work no more Jesse climbed to his room. He was now aware of the odors of Mamie's perfume, and he hated it as he hated the odor of beer. He walked to his window and stood trembling and trying to restrain his tears. It was eight o'clock of a June evening, the sun had set, and the north and east toward which he gazed were filled with pale-green and pink reflections.

But beauty did not support a youth struggling for composure. He turned his eyes back into his darkening room. Things were now definitely over for him; he had fallen from hope for the last time. Laying his head on his arm, he yielded to the doubtful luxury of tears.

He had sat thus dolefully for only a few minutes when he was aware of some object under his arm. Lifting it, he discovered it to be a roll of papers. There was a letter also, carried thither by Mamie. He lit his lamp, his heart leaping and his hand shaking, and opened first the package of papers, copies of the *Young People's Herald*. Underneath the name of the paper, he saw in large letters "Saved," and under that his own name, Jesse Hummer. From the pleasant letter of the editor fell a check for ten dollars.

So moved was he that he behaved like a child; indeed he had not acted so spontaneously in all his years. He ran downstairs and laid paper and check on his mother's lap.

"See, Mother!"

Mrs. Hummer was bewildered, then her tears flowed afresh. She did not exactly understand, but she knew that no joy in the world could henceforth equal the sum of her sorrows.

JESSE sent a copy of the *Young People's Herald* at once to Mrs. Lawson, with a letter expressing profound gratitude for her advice. He could wait patiently for her answer; he had misjudged her once; he never should again.

Through the Summer evenings he sat writing in the parlor, where he could be called upon to help his father. Emmanuel cherished night and day a dream of returning to his work. In order to make the burden of his idleness as light as possible he had achieved a heroic height of sacrifice; he had given up his beer. He was sustained in this reconciliation by no moral convictions and had no comforting consolations.

Jesse had acquired a simple, serviceable style, neither admirable nor in any way distinguished, but free of gross faults and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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FABRIC FUR *the new textile for Fall—while furriers try to make fur as pliable as cloth, fabric fur leaps into vogue*

(Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston)

Wrap of Silk-Seal plush and lynx by Philip Mangone

Chosen for Marsha Mansfield, of Selznick Pictures. This luxurious wrap indicates the success with which Silk-Seal plush is being adapted by leading designers

JENNY, Bernard, Drecoll are using Fabric Fur for coats, wraps, sport costumes, even dresses.

Marvelous examples of Fabric Fur have come from the hands of such men as Rodier of Paris and Lister of London—men whose ideas are closely watched and whose work is eagerly sought in America.

Our own American textile industry has never known greater triumph than the exquisite creations of fur it is making in fabrics.

These reproductions are of seal, broadtail, baby-lamb, caracul, beaver and other short-haired furs.

The Silk-Seal plush is especially successful. It has the deep rich pile, the softness and lustre that spells sealskin, and such grace and suppleness that it lends itself especially well to the new mode.

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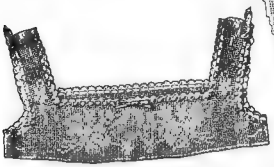
Useful Suggestions for Christmas Gifts in Crochet and Embroidery

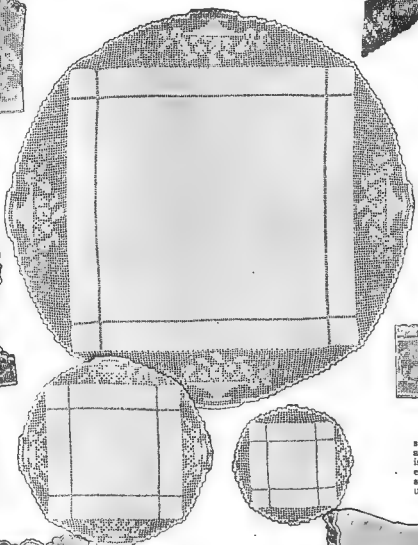
No. 165—Good-Looking Filet Crochet Yoke Design for Camisole

THE Pictorial Review Company's Filet Crochet Directions 165, 15 cents (9d). This morning glory design for a camisole yoke has a deep rounded neck-line and the neck and armholes are finished with beading and a narrow picot edge. This yoke requires four balls of No. 70 crochet cotton.



No. 81—Filet Crochet Yoke for Nightgown or Chemise

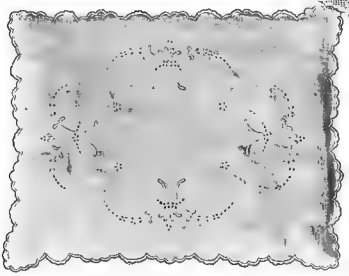
The Pictorial Review Company's Filet Crochet Directions 81, 15 cents (9d). This flower pattern is very attractive in a yoke for a nightgown or chemise. The yoke has a straight top and straps over the shoulders made in one with the yoke. A crochet edge and beading finish the neck-line and the armholes, the beading threaded with ribbon.



No. 205—Centerpiece, Plate and Tumbler Doilies in Linen and Filet Crochet

The Pictorial Review Company's Filet Crochet Directions 205, 20 cents (1/–). This filet design is crocheted onto hemstitched linen squares, in three sizes—the centerpiece, plate doily, and tumbler doily. A simple basket design is included in each section of the crochet.

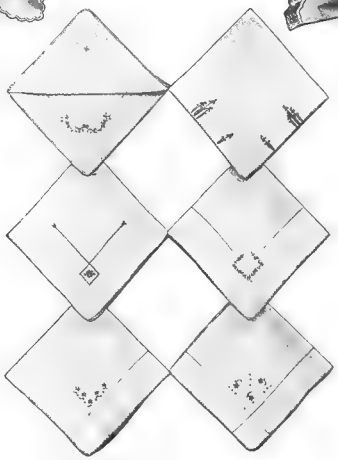
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12634, blue, 20 cents (1/–), supplies design 14 by 18 inches for a baby pillow or a tray-cloth. The edge is scalloped, the design worked in eyelets, raised satin, or stem stitches. For a tray cover it could be used without the scalloped edge if preferred.



No. 12634—A Dainty Design for a Pillow for Baby's Perambulator

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12603, yellow only, 20 cents (1/–), supplies the design for the front and back of bag which measures 7½ by 9¼ inches. Red, rose, pink, two shades of green, and steel beads make an exquisite combination and fashioned the original design. Dark blue faille silk and lining of soft blue silk with handles of faille silk completed this beautiful bag.

No. 12603—This Beaded Bag Would Make a Charming Gift

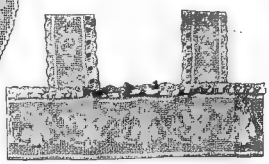


No. 12605—Designs for Christmas Handkerchiefs

No. 204—Filet Crochet Yoke for Camisole or Nightgown

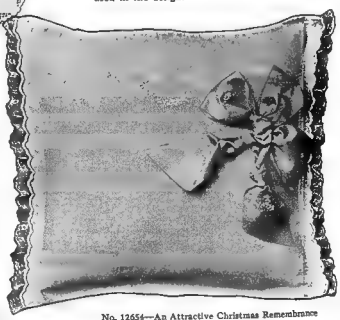
The Pictorial Review Company's Filet Crochet Directions 204, 15 cents (9d). The rose and bow-knot design in this filet yoke is very effective and simple. The yoke can be used for a nightgown or camisole.

The Pictorial Review Company's Filet Crochet Directions 166, 15 cents (9d). Wide insertion is used for the yoke section of the crochet and narrow insertion for the shoulder straps. The edge is finished with beading and a crocheted edge.



No. 166—Filet Crochet Insertion for Camisole or Nightgown Yoke

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12654, blue, 20 cents (1/–), supplies design and scallop for a pair of baby pillows. The scallop is worked through the front and back edges at each end and the sides are finished with a row of featherstitching. Raised satin, seed, and stem stitches are used in the design.



No. 12654—An Attractive Christmas Remembrance for Baby

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12605, blue, supplies designs for 12 different handkerchiefs with duplicates of each, 20 cents (1/–). Six of the 12 designs are illustrated on this page. Delicate colored cottons are used to embroider these designs in lazy daisy, French stemming, seeding, and raised satin stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12543, yellow, supplies shape and design, 20 cents (1/). This miser's purse requires two pieces of material 8½ inches wide by 24 inches long, and 6 bunches of beads. If beading is not desired, the peacock feathers may be embroidered in the natural colorings in silk using raised satin and stem stitches.

No. 12543—New Beading Design for Miser's Bag

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Haven't you a dress that is inseparably linked with memory's sweetest dreams? This is the story of a little green frock that stirred the wells of a girl's ambition and opened wide the door to happiness.

The Romance of a Little Green Gown

By Eleanor Robinson

IT all began one summer when I bought a gay little dress in town. I had to scrimp and scrape and economize in a hundred different ways before I could buy it, but when I surveyed myself in the mirror, I felt sure that it was worth the effort.

It was green, the color of sea-foam when it dashes against the rocks—and it certainly was the most becoming little frock I had ever owned.

I wore it the first time to the big picnic. Everyone was there, and all admired my new dress. No wonder I felt my cheeks glow with pride. No wonder my eyes reflected the keen pleasure I felt at being so admired. It made me feel confident, well-poised. Why, I actually *felt* pretty! I never dreamed that clothes could make such a wonderful difference.

And then I met Dick. I had left the picnic grounds to wander a bit by myself and dream. I was leaning over the rough little rustic bridge that crosses the stream, dropping little white pebbles into the cool depths below and watching the tiny ripples slowly spread and fade away. He stopped beside me, gazed for a moment into the rippling water below, and glanced up at me with a smile. "Just the same color," he said—and I knew that he meant my dress.

The Dawn of Happiness

We walked home together, in the silver twilight, and somehow the whole world seemed hushed and beautiful. We spoke of youth, and love, and beauty, and once we sat down together on a rock to watch the last dying glow of the sun fade slowly from the sky. For the first time in my life I was utterly, exquisitely happy!

Perhaps it was the hushed beauty of that twilight hour. Perhaps it was the silent dignity of the woods through which we were strolling. Down in my heart, I have always believed, even to this day, that my new green dress had something to do with it. At any rate, Dick pressed my hand gently in his, and told me softly again and again how pretty I looked and how anxious he was to continue our friendship.

I smiled in answer—smiled with the confidence that only pretty clothes can bring. And when at last Dick left me at my door, I was fully convinced that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for.

My Dream Is Shattered

Morning brought disillusion—as mornings sometimes do. Back again in a hateful, faded gingham dress I was no longer my eager, happy confident self. I was dull and drab, like my dress. When Dick came that evening, I had on my adorable little sea-green gown again and once more I thrilled with the sense of power it gave me. But I couldn't wear that becoming dress always—and I knew it would be a long, long time before I could afford to buy another one. So I began to wonder—and to hope.

Soon my fears came true. The little green frock began to look old and faded. I had nothing to wear save my old ginghams and calicoes. Dick was kind—he pretended not to notice. But how could I talk to him about the golden promise of youth when I was wearing a horrid blue-checked gingham dress that made me feel awkward and uncomfortable?

It wasn't fair, I told myself bitterly. Why did I have to wear ugly, unbecoming dresses when I really had good taste in clothes?

I began to refuse Dick when he came to call for me—and to tell him that I was tired, that I'd rather not walk—. And then....well, he soon stopped coming altogether.

But I saw him before long at the barn dance. He was dancing with Helen, and as I watched them from my secluded spot behind the palms—Dick so tall and straight; Helen like a twirling little fairy in her dainty net dress, all frilled and ruffled and tucked, I was conscious of a funny little pain inside me that I cannot describe.

I longed for the moment when, unnoticed, I could slip away from it all—away from the music and dancing and laughter—away from Dick—away from everyone!

No one knew that I cried myself to sleep that night. And perhaps if they had known, they would not have understood enough to have cared. For only I knew the bitter heartache of my shattered dreams, the remorse of my lost romance. Only I knew what pretty clothes would mean to me.

The next morning I lay in bed a long time thinking it over. I realized that if I didn't find some way to get pretty clothes for myself, I never would have them. And oh, how I longed for pretty things to wear! I had had a taste of romance, one little glimpse of the beauty of life and my very soul responded to it.

Suddenly there came to me a realization of the way to solve my problem. If I couldn't *buy* the things I wanted, I'd *make* them. I would have all the pretty clothes I wanted, I told myself grimly. I would have crisp little dresses of organdie and gowns of cool, clinging silk. I would have bright, fluffy frocks—in blues and greens and pinks and tans! I would have pretty clothes, youthful clothes, attractive clothes!

For the first time in my life I was utterly, exquisitely happy!

The Problem Is Solved

I began to search in all the newspapers and magazines for a course in clothes-making—a course that I, knowing nothing about dressmaking, could follow. There were several, but somehow none of them appealed to me. Some seemed too technical; others too complicated; still others seemed to require too much time and expense. It was only after days of search that I at last found a course that seemed to be exactly what I wanted.

It was a home-study course in clothes-making—not dressmaking alone, but the complete art of fashionable clothes-creation, revealed step by step, in easily understood lessons. It was a modern, up-to-the-minute course containing all the important principles of dressmaking that have been tested and found correct. Here were shortcuts gleaned from years of professional experience—time-saving methods never before revealed—all combined in this one complete course.

I read the announcement eagerly from beginning to end. Just what I had been looking for! But would this course really do what it promised? Would it really enable me to make pretty clothes for myself? I determined to write for more information at once—and to this day I am grateful for the impulse that led me to write.

I Enter a New World

Soon I had all the information and I immediately enrolled as a member of the School of Modern Dress. I was delighted. I felt somehow as though this school so many miles away, were a personal friend of mine. They seemed to know every one of my problems; seemed to understand so thoroughly just what the girl and the woman in the home requires.

I'll admit that I was just the least bit worried when the first two lessons of the course arrived. You must remember that I had never sewed before, and I didn't even know how to use a pattern correctly. But with my course I received full sewing equipment and thorough instructions regarding their use, so that I had no difficulty whatever in getting right to work.

I always had an hour or so each evening that was usually wasted—a spare hour which I was now determined should be devoted to the study of clothes-making. I became very much interested in the first lessons of the course, and step by step I proceeded until I knew thoroughly all the fundamental principles of clothes-making. It was all so clear and simple; nothing was omitted, nothing left to the imagination. I began to have visions of beautiful clothes, lots of them—visions of another sea-green dress—all made by myself.

My Romance Renewed

Days sped by quickly, and before I realized it, I knew just what colors to choose for best results in my case; just what styles were best fitted for my type of figure; how to cut out dresses; how to fit them; and how to finish them with a smart, distinctive touch that suggested the professional modiste. I never would have dreamed it was possible to master the art of making fashionable clothes with so little trouble. It meant study and practice, of course, but think of the beautiful clothes I now would have.

From the very first lesson I found the course very interesting. Step by step, everything was made so clear and easy that when I came to make a garment, it seemed almost like play. As new and more elaborate garments came along to be made, I found myself steadily gaining in confidence and when the course was completed I had no hesitancy in beginning an evening gown for myself.

I selected a pretty shade of pink and consulted my course for the correct color combinations. Then I chose a style which I knew from my course would be exactly adapted to my figure, and I cut out my dress. Oh, the thrill of that first fitting, when I draped the soft folds of the material over my form and created a style that I knew was meant for *me*. The making of this dress was quite simple, for didn't my course teach me how to ruffle, and tuck and shirr and plait on the sewing machine as well as by hand? This was modern dressmaking, I told myself proudly.

The dress was beautiful. I could tell by the way Dick greeted me when I wore it for the first time to Helen's party. He chided me with being extravagant and looked perfectly dumbfounded when I told him that I made it myself. It had cost me only what the material cost, and yet it looked like some of the higher priced frocks from the shop. That's what I like about the School of Modern Dress Sewing Course—it shows you the way to make clothes that are smart, perfect-fitting and individual.

So that's the story of how I solved the problem of having pretty clothes for myself. We're married now, Dick and I—and have our own dear little home. Dick always says that it is my saving on clothes that makes the home possible—and perhaps he is right. I know that I have saved a great deal of money since I began making my clothes at home. And I have had much prettier things—and had them when I wanted them. I will always be thankful for the impulse that led me to send for this course, for it has taught me something that will be of value to me throughout my life. It has shown me how to have twice as many clothes at half the cost—and how to find romance in clothes.

Have YOU All the Pretty Clothes You'd Like to Have?

Think of transforming silks and taffetas and linens and voiles into charming little frocks that are made for *just you!* Think of making dainty underthings, smart blouses, pretty things to wear for the children in the home. You can do it—any one can. This remarkable course of the School of Modern Dress makes it possible.

I could tell by the way Dick greeted me at Helen's party.

It costs you nothing to find out all about this wonderful new course in clothes-making. We will be glad to send you FREE valuable information. Just mail the coupon and without any obligation to you, we will send you at once full information, including a synopsis of the course and tell you how you can get a valuable dress-form, work-basket, sewing-outfit and clothes-making materials without cost with your course. **School of Modern Dress, Department 211-K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**

School of Modern Dress
Dept. 211-K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

You may send me complete information regarding your course in home clothes-making. This places me under n obligation.

Name .....
(PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY)

Address .....

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Long Straight Lines Are Emphasized in the New Suits and Coats

9705—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar if satin is cut crosswise. If cut lengthwise 1 yard will be required—⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

9377—Ladies' Box Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. No 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch moussyne—¾ yard krimmer banding—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. An attractive, decorative touch is given by embroidery on the jacket in design 12493, to be carried out in a combination of soutache braid and coarse embroidery silk. Running stitch may be used for the silk embroidery.

Jacket 9377
Skirt 9666
Embroidery 12493

Dress 9705

Coat 9669

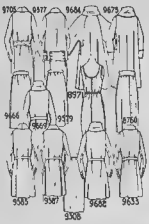
Jacket 9585
Skirt 9579
Embroidery 12596

Coat 9684

Coat 9675

9684—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 46 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch panvelaine—1 yard wide and 3½ yards narrow for banding—5¼ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



Jacket 9585
Skirt 8971
Embroidery 12624

Jacket 9633
Skirt 8760

Jacket 9587
Skirt 9308
Embroidery 12576

Jacket 9682
Skirt 9666
Embroidery 12493

Google

The One-Piece Dress Is Indispensable for the Winter Wardrobe

9696—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch kitten's ear crêpe—1 yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeve extensions—4¾ yards braid to trim—¾ yard lace for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The pointed double tunic sections at the sides of the skirt give the broken hem-line.

9698—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for sash—5½ yard fringe—21 yards braid. The long flowing sleeves are set into large square armholes. The neck-line is rounded and the dress opens at the side-front

Dress 9696

Dress 9698

Dress 9703

Blouse 9724
Skirt 8964

Dress 9732

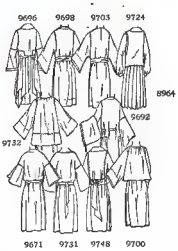
Dress 9692
Embroidery 12592

Dress 9671
Embroidery 12615

Dress 9731

Dress 9748

Dress 9700



9748—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅞ yard 44-inch flannel for collar and vestee—1 yard 36-inch satin for sleeves—5½ yards braid—1 yard 36-inch lining. The wide cuff sections of the sleeves are trimmed with blanket stitch in wool.

9700—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twilcord—1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for collar—8½ yards braid to trim.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

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Fashion Sponsors the Uneven Hem-Line and Low Waist

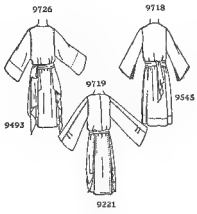
Blouse 9726
Skirt 9493
Beading 12601

Blouse 9719
Skirt 9221
Beading 12506

Blouse 9718
Skirt 9545

9726—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9493—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Most of the dresses for the Winter season show little that is radically different in line, but rely for newness on novelty in detail and trimming. The greatest novelty seems to be introduced in the sleeves, many of which are wide and flowing as in this model, with contrasting material and color frequently used for them. For example, a black Canton crêpe dress may have wide sleeves of brilliant jade green Georgette crêpe, while a dark blue tricotine or duvetyn dress shows wide flowing sleeves of flamingo red Georgette or chiffon. The dress illustrated here is designed for afternoon wear, and the bodice crosses surplice-wise over a blouse that may be of Georgette like the sleeves. The bodice is finished to be worn without a girdle. Graceful handkerchief drapings at the sides of the skirt descend below the hem in deep points giving the fashionable uneven hem-line. The sleeves and the skirt draperies are beaded in design 12601. Bugles or tiny glass, steel, or iridescent beads may be used, tho if beads are not desired, colored embroidery silk in darning stitch may carry out the design. The embroidery forms a border on the sleeves and large oval motifs on the skirt.

9719—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9221—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. In this charming afternoon gown the blouse is quite simple, the elaboration of the dress introduced in the wide Jenny sleeves and the draping of the skirt. Over the two-piece foundation skirt which closes at the left side seam a four-piece tunic is arranged, the front section draped at the side, while the other three sections form panels. The sole trimming on the frock consists of beaded motifs in triangular shaping which form a border effect finishing the round neck of the blouse, and applied to the top of the skirt in front. The design, 12506, may be carried out in steel or glass beads, or jet or steel nailheads. A new note in the embroidery this season is the use of chenille with a fine line of small beads outlining the design, which would work out effectively in this design.



9718—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9545—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. The costume in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Morocan crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The charm of simplicity is emphasized in this good-looking model which relies for its chic on the straight lines of the long-waisted bodice, the flowing sleeves, and the trimming of tiny jet pendent balls which are sewed on the skirt in regular rows. The blouse is of the slip-on variety and is slashed at the center-front below the round neck, and fine piping finishes the neck, the slashed front edges, and the armholes. Tiny buttons trim both sides of the slash on the front of the blouse while there are pendent jet balls to trim the slashed edges of the flowing sleeves. Instead of jet pendants crocheted ones may be substituted, and they may be sewed in rows on the skirt from the waist-line to the hem, or in rows around the skirt. Instead of this trimming three wide bands of self-material may be applied. The blouse is slashed crosswise in front from the armholes out toward the center-front, and the lower edge is gathered. Both edges are stitched together giving the effect of a small yoke. The girdle is cut in one with the blouse and is crushed around the waist-line. Separate sash ends of the material are looped over the girdle at the back.

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The Mode Widens and Lengthens Sleeves of Winter Gowns

Blouse 9724
Skirt 8964

Blouse 9713
Skirt 9551

Dress 9711
Embroidery 12612

9724—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8964—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅜ yards. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine for plaited skirt and overblouse—1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. Plaits continue in favor, not alone in skirts like the one shown in this model, which is combined with one of the new long-waisted sash bodices to form a good-looking street dress. The overblouse is arranged over a front-closing blouse that may be of pongee, crêpe de Chine, or washable satin. A round collar of Peter Pan type finishes the neck, and the long one-piece sleeves are gathered to straight band cuffs. The overblouse has large armholes and is cut down in U-shaping in front. It slips on over the head. At the underarm are attached sash ends which are brought around to the front and looped.

9713—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8551—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch velvet—1⅜ yard 36-inch Spanish lace for sleeves—4 yards squirrel banding. A Medieval touch is given to this charming afternoon frock of chiffon velvet by the style of the sleeves which hang straight and wide over the arm. They are slashed at the sides and are banded at the bottom with velvet. The front and back of the waist form a panel effect, the front panel gathered a little at the neck. Completing the frock is a graceful tunic skirt, the tunic falling in deep points at the sides over a two-piece foundation skirt closed at the left side seam. The tunic is gathered at the top, and the front and back may be seamed together, or the sides may be left open. The front of the tunic is banded at the bottom in squirrel. This banding may be bought by the yard. If fur cloth is preferred, this may be purchased in banding or in 54-inch width.

9711—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch Canton

crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The mode endorses crêpey fabrics for dressy frocks, and Canton crêpe in black, brown, the new reds, and purple is highly favored. Many smart frocks for dressy service are made of black Canton crêpe with wide Lanvin sleeves of contrasting color Georgette. The waist forms a panel effect front and back over a front-closing underbody. Onto the side sections the wide sleeves are stitched. The panels of the blouse fasten on the left shoulder. The modish uneven hem-line is achieved by gathered panels at the side that descend below the two-piece skirt. These panels as well as the panel of the blouse are embroidered in an allover effect in design 12612. This may be carried out in glass, steel, or jet beads, or silk soutache braid, flat embroidery braid, metallic threads or embroidery silk. The design is very effective and is easily worked. Chenille, too, would be effective, couched down with metal thread. Among the most interesting novelties the new season has brought out are the girdles. For these all sorts of gorgeous metal, bead, and galalith combinations are introduced, and the widths are as varied as the styles. One stunning gown of brown brocaded velvet just from Paris displayed a girdle about two inches wide formed of numerous strands of gold chain joined at intervals with large circular plaques of brown galalith overlaid with filigree gold medallions. Another girdle on an evening gown of black lace consisted of an inch-wide band of fuchsia velvet above which was a garland of pale mauve roses. A blue tricotine frock was girdled in black velvet ribbon covered solidly with steel nailheads.

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Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each two quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag.

Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers or porcelain or crockery molds.

Try this delicious sauce with meats—

Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups boiling water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the berries and cook, without stirring, until they are translucent.

This recipe makes an exceptional ice—

Cranberry Ice

One quart cranberries, one pint water, one pound sugar, juice of two lemons.

Cook the cranberries with the water until the berries are tender; then strain, add the sugar and cook until this is thoroughly dissolved. Cool; stir in the strained lemon juice, and freeze to the consistency of water ice. Serve as a dessert or in sherbet glasses as an accompaniment to roast turkey or any hot or cold meats. Enough for six persons.

For the most appetizing of pies, try this recipe—

Cranberry Pie

Have ready a partly baked pastry shell. Pour in sauce when cold, made by the above sauce recipe, put strips of pastry over the top, and finish baking in a moderate oven.

Always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined, enameled or aluminum vessels—never in tin.

A recipe folder, containing many ways to use and preserve cranberries, will be sent free on request.

American Cranberry Exchange,
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The Finishing Touch of Chic Is Given by Effective Embroidery

9725—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette for vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. The stunning embroidery motif in design 12623 is worked out in open-e beads of contrasting color. Bugle beads are very effective combined with the round beads in this design.

9719—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. In design 12560 a very simple but smart border is worked out in wooden beads. French knots in silk floss may be used if preferred.

9625—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards plaiting to trim.

9761—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for vest—¾ yard 54-inch fur cloth for bandings on sleeves and skirt—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9757—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine—10½ yrds braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9584—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch check wash silk—2¼ yards organdy plaiting to trim collar and cuffs—1 yard grosgrain ribbon for bow.

9681—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9449—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse—3½ yards 36-inch velvet for skirt. On the overblouse design 12576 makes a simple but good-looking trimming. The narrow border is worked out in flat satin stitch and the round motifs combine outline with satin stitch. Contrasting wools are used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

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New Evening Gowns May Be Draped or Straight of Line

9479—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sash—1¼ yard 10-inch lace banding—25 yards narrow ciré ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Straight and slim of line is this good-looking frock that is suitable for formal afternoon wear, for dinners, and the theater. It slips on over the head and is cut down in a V in front to show a deep band of Spanish lace that is sewed onto the underbody. Tho the gown is illustrated with tiny sleeves, it may, by the omission of these sleeves, serve for formal evening wear. About the waist is a wide sash of Georgette crêpe with picoted edges that ties in large loops and ends falling a little below the hem of the dress. For added trimming innumerable rows of narrow ciré ribbon are applied to the skirt and the sleeves.

9721—Ladies' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. The costume in medium size requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch velvet—2 yards 36-inch allover lace for blouse. The vogue of the sleeveless gown continues and it has been lifted from the realms of the simple utilitarian frock of linen or gingham to the dressy gown of velvet, satin, or Canton crêpe for elaborate evening wear. In this model it is developed most interestingly in a combination of velvet and margot lace. The velvet forms the dress which is made with large armholes and displays the modish side-front closing. Below the waist-line the dress is slashed and the lower slashed edge is gathered and sewn to the upper one. The sash ends are attached at the sides and tie at the side-back. The blouse closes at the back and displays the new wide flowing sleeves which are so fashionable this season. For street wear the blouse may be made with high neck and long sleeves and it may be fashioned of crêpe de Chine or Georgette crêpe.

9562—Ladies' One-piece Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—2¾ yards fringe for trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The vogue of all sorts of crêpey fabrics continues undiminished and Canton crêpe is particularly favored in black, white, gray, and the modish tomato and flamingo red. Its favor doubtless is due to the fact that this fabric lends itself so gracefully, not alone to the straight-line silhouette, but to the more bouffant lines of evening frocks as well. While this model is straight of line the looped panels at the side give a suggestion of bouffancy that is decidedly intriguing, and achieve the modish uneven hem-line by dropping below the skirt. Narrow fringe makes an effective finish for the armholes and also trims the front panel of the skirt. The touch of embroidery which is so fashionable is introduced in the form of beading in design 12574. These may be carried out with bugles or small chalk, crystal, steel, or jet beads. If beading is not desired embroidery silk in running stitch may be used.

Evening Dress 9485

Blouse 9197
Skirt 9190

9197—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9190—Ladies' Draped Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—⅝ yards beaded banding—¼ yard lace banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A snug fit is evidenced in the long-waisted bodice of this gown of crêpe meteor. The bodice closes in surplice fashion over lamé lace banding and is draped around the waist-line forming a girdle effect. Beaded banding makes a finish for the bottom of the bodice and the sleeves. Completing the costume is a gracefully draped skirt, the draped section, a one-piece tunic, closing at left side-back and mounted on a two-piece skirt. The front and back sections of the foundation skirt are joined at the side while for the closing the skirt is slashed at center-back. All sorts of metal bandings and laces are in vogue for trimming the new Autumn and Winter frocks both for afternoon and evening wear. Besides the metal laces and bandings there are ever so many varieties of beaded bandings in vogue, including jet, silver, steel, copper, and iridescent beads, bugles, and nailheads, the beads sewed on net, chiffon, and satin bands. Evening gowns are trimmed with glittering paillettes, crystal beads and bugles, very open silver and gold lace, jet beads and bugles, jet and silver nailheads, and rhinestones. Sometimes a band of beading forms the girdle almost invariably placed at low waist-line.

Dress 9479

Dress 9721
Blouse 9715

Evening Dress 9562
Beading 12574

9485—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The modish handkerchief draping is featured in this charming evening gown which is practically untrimmed save for the beaded girdle and the edge of tiny beads on the drapery. For this frock, because of its peculiar draping, only material that is alike on both sides can be used.

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These Gowns for Semiformal Wear Strike the Keynote of Simplicity

Dress 9558

Dress 9415
Beading 11143

9558—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3 yards ribbon for sash ends. The dress is made with long shoulders and no sleeves, and the armholes, neck-line, sash, and flounces are trimmed with rows of china beads. From the bunch of hand-made flowers at the waist-line drop streamers of ribbons. The front of the skirt is trimmed with gathered flounces, the back hangs straight from the shoulders, with the waist-line marked by the beaded band.

9415—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress would be almost severe in its simplicity of line were it not for the ropes of iridescent beads which form an apron tunic over the front of the skirt. They drop from the straight, narrow girdle, which is also beaded. The Grecian border in design 11143 extends across the front of the girdle only; the border is two inches wide.

9203—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9626—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch brocade—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The bodice has a V-neck outline and short sleeves. A fitted effect is given by the gathering along the side seams. The bodice fits down over the gathered top of the circular skirt, and the effect suggests the Spanish influence, now prevalent in the mode, especially in that of evening gowns. The low waist-line is universal.

9127—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch metal tissue—1⅝ yard 12-inch silver-lace banding for straight-top bodice—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for underdress. The overdress has a deep V-shaped neck-line in front and is straight across the back. The fulness at the waist-line is held in by plaits and a girdle of the metal tissue. The lower edge is gathered and caught under onto the foundation, giving the graceful uneven hem-line of the popular harem skirt.

9723—Ladies' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch crêpe-back satin. The fronts of the waist cross forming a deep V, and one end is extended to form a girdle at the sides and in back. The fulness of the skirt is concentrated at the sides, and the lower part is beaded in design 12468. Chalk beads are used to work out this design and are very effective against the dark background of the satin. Diamond-shaped motifs are combined with rows of plain border, consisting of lines set close together. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard lace to trim sleeves. The costume is one that fills many needs. It is so simple that it is perfectly appropriate for afternoon wear, and yet at the same time its charm makes it equally suitable for semi-formal evening wear, for dinners, theater parties, or similar occasions. Instead of chalk beads, steel, jet, or iridescent beads may be chosen for the embroidery on the skirt. Colored glass beads are very smart this season, too, and jet bugles, or jet beads combined with crystal beads would make an effective trimming. Very new are wooden beads dipped in steel. This gives the effect of steel beads without their weight.

Blouse 9203
Skirt 9626

Dress 9723
Blouse 9715
Beading 12468

Dress 9127

Brocades and metal tissues of every sort and variety are much in vogue this season for evening wear. The brocades are particularly appealing, especially the chiffon and velvet brocades and the metal brocades. Paillettes are still tremendously popular. Taffetas, except when brocaded in silver or gold, are on the wane. Chiffon is coming into prominence again, especially in vivid shades of flame, green, and gold. On the whole, the colors for evening are quite brilliant, tho black and orchid are also fashionable.

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Models Described on Page 79

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Models Described on Page 79

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These Models Offer Slenderizing Lines for Women of Full Figure

9708—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch satin meteor—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest—2 yards Irish crochet lace for collar and revers—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. A charming blouse for the stout woman's afternoon wear. It may be combined with a satin or serge skirt.

Blouse 9708

Blouse 9725
Embroidery 12600

Tunic Blouse 9725
Skirt 8924

Dress 9583

Dress 9424

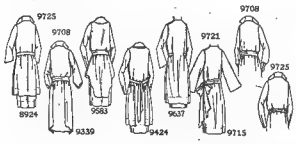
9725—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3 yards lace banding for trimming sleeves and tunic and for plastron ¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for underbody. No. 8924—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin. For afternoon and theater wear this makes a very attractive frock for the stout woman. The lines are distinctly slenderizing, and the style while not extreme is new. Black, purple, dark blue, or sphinx gray Georgette and satin would make up well.

Blouse 9708
Skirt 9339

Dress 9637

Dress 9721
Blouse 9715

9708—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 9339—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—2½ yards 36-inch Spanish allover lace—1¾ yard lace banding to trim tunic—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.



9721—Ladies' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine for dress and trimming-bands on sleeves—2 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for blouse.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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Round Neck-Lines of Varying Types Predominate in the New Modes

9511—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard plaiting to trim collar and cuffs. Rope silk is used in design 12625; the dashes are worked in running stitch, the motifs in raised satin stitch, or beaded if desired.

Blouse 9511
Embroidery 12625

Blouse 9445
Embroidery 12614

Dress 9721
Blouse 9715
Embroidery 12493

Dress 9694

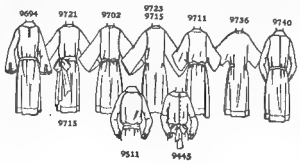
Dress 9723
Blouse 9715
Embroidery 12613

Dress 9702
Embroidery 12612

9445—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—⅝ yard white Georgette for collar and cuffs—1⅝ yard plaiting for collar. In design 12614 darning stitch in contrasting silk floss, chenille or wool is simple and very effective.

9736—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch tricotine—1¾ yard fur banding. Flat soutache braid in contrasting color in design 12615 works out effectively a scrolly motif on yoke and sleeves.

9711—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch satin—99 yards braid—⅛ yard 36-inch lining.



Dress 9711

Dress 9736
Braiding 12615

9740—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill. The dress is made without lining and closes at center-back.

Dress 9740

The V-shaped neck is finished with a collar and the long, close-fitting sleeves have turn-back cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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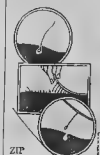

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6662—Ladies' and Misses' Camisole. Designed for 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine —1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps—1 yard filet lace for trimming. The camisole closes at the back and forms points on the shoulders.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Brassiere 8927
Nightgown 8127
Nightgown 6521
Nightgown 8848
Camisole 6662
Nightgown 8823
Camisole 7880
Combination 9385
Comb. 9404 Scallop 12567
Comb. 9556 Embroidery 11741
Comb. 7770
Negligée 9707
Combination 9380
Combination 8415
Negligée 9429

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

9076—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 47 inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch marvella cloth—¾ yard 54-inch seal plush for collar.

9060—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch duvet de laine.

9585—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 40 inches. No. 9079—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velvet—3¾ yards fur banding—3 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining jacket. Embroidery in design 12596 forms an effective trimming for the jacket. This is a particularly smart design, easy to work.

9585—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 40 inches. No. 8971—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. Design 12624 illustrates motifs that are very easy to work and form a very effective finish for tailored dresses, suits, and coats. Back stitch, chain-stitch, or simple running stitch may be employed.

9633 -Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8760—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5 yards 54-inch check velours —⅝ yard silynx banding.

9587—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8896—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch piquetine—2¾ yards fur banding. Large circular motifs of embroidery in design 12576 form a border on the jacket above the fur. The edges of the circles may be worked in outline stitch in silk floss, or beads may be used.

9688—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9066—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch velvet—1 yard fur banding. Vertical rows of chenille embroidery in design 12403 make a very effective trimming on the jacket forming a border. Sometimes leaf motifs are combined, worked in soutache braid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

9782—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch velvet—1¼ yard 36-inch satin—30⅝ yards braid.

9092—Ladies' Dress Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3¾ yards 36-inch velvet —1 yard 40-inch Georgette. A narrow border in design 12592 outlines the neck, the slashed front and skirt sections. Matching silk floss is used and flat satin stitch makes it very effective.

9763—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for sash —⅝ yard fringe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves—4¾ yards fur banding.

9784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8904—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yard 36-inch habutai for blouse—4⅞ yards 36-inch bengaline for overblouse and skirt.

9071—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust and 16 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe —2¾ yard fur banding. A very effective and yet simple design, 12613, covers the skirt and the lower part of the waist. It is worked in darning stitch.

9731—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch brocade.

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9718—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The round neck and the flowing sleeves are outlined in a narrow border in design 12623. A running stitch in wool of contrasting shade makes this very effective. The small triangles may be worked in solid satin stitch.

9708—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. In design 12574 wooden beads are very smart in working out the trimming motifs on the panels and are also used in outlining the panels and sleeves.

9567—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch Canton crêpe. A simple but very effective motif in design 12608 is worked out with the dots in small wooden beads and the dashes in darning stitch in silk floss. No. 8981—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch velvet.

9077 -Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—3⅝ yards plaiting. No. 9008—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch twillcord.

9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch Canton crêpe. The rounded neck and flowing sleeves are outlined with a border in design 12615 and the front of the blouse is embroidered in motifs from the same design. Darning stitch is used in the dashes, the flowers and leaves are in flat satin stitch.

9710—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Beading in design 12599 trims the flowing sleeves and the front of the blouse. Straight rows of beads mark the lines, and circles form the motifs. No. 9066—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet.

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9697—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch diagonal cheviot—⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The dress is embroidered in each side in flat satin stitch in design 12592 in contrasting color silk floss. Chenille, wool, or metal thread could be used.

9722—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. No. 8715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. The costume in size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch velvet—1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The bottom of the skirt is embroidered in design 12558. This may be carried out in simple running stitch, in rope silk or metal thread.

9730—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. The costume in size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch silk duvetyn—1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe.

9702—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1¾ yard 36-inch chiffon velvet. The attractive embroidery which outlines the neck and the bottom of the skirt is carried out in flat satin or darning stitch in design 12596.

9700—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine—1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe satin. Beading in design 12572 outlines the square sections. If beading is not preferred the circular motif could be outlined and the rest of the design carried out in running stitch.

9788—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge—1⅝ yards braid.

9743—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tricotine.

9747—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin. A simple border, quickly worked but very effective, is carried out at the bottom of the dress in design 12558, in rope silk.

9736—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe.

9732—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yards fur banding. An effective silver design, 12617, is illustrated on this dress to be carried out in embroidery, beading, or braiding.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 73

9695—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle.

9717—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe.

9698—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—15 yards fringe. Beading outlines the neck in design 12601. Bugle or seed beads may be used.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Posed by Irene Castle — Photo by Ira L. Hill

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

9585—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge of tunic 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch twilcord—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming on sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9484—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette and 1⅜ yard lace for collar. This dress in French blue crêpe de Chine would be just the thing for afternoon functions for the woman of plump figure. The lines are very graceful.

9725—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—7 yard Chantilly lace for trimming collar—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. Motifs of embroidery in design 12600 trim the long plastron of the blouse. These motifs may be carried out in darning, outline, flat or raised satin stitch in rope silk, chenille or wool. The embroidery may be in self or contrasting color.

9697—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for redingote—3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe satin for vest and sleeves—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

9702—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. A novelty girdle is worn with this dress. The lower part of the waist, the skirt, and the long, flowing sleeves are embroidered in design 12612 in chenille couched down with metal thread. Darning stitch in cord of contrasting shade might be substituted.

9723—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—1⅜ yard fur banding. A deep border in design 12613 is worked out in darning stitch with contrasting wool. Couching with rope silk and metal thread would be smart. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

9699—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch twilcord—⅝ yard 36-inch fur cloth for collar, narrow band on sleeves, and wider band on skirt—1⅝ yards braid to trim—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9721—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch checked velours. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The round neck and the flowing sleeves are embroidered in design 12493. This is very effective worked in single running stitch with the leaf motifs braided. Combinations of colors or matching shades may be used.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 76

9709—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch marvella cloth—1 yard wide and 4¾ yards narrow fur banding—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin lining.

9716—Girls' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch serge—⅝ yard 27-inch white linen for shield.

8967 Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yard 54-inch Bolivia cloth—2 yards fur banding—⅝ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

9402—Child's Cape. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires for cape 1¾ yard 54-inch homespun or serge—1¾ yard 36-inch sateen for lining top of cape.

9726—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch duvetyn—¼ yard fringe to trim sash ends. The body of the dress and the wide sleeves are smartly embroidered in design 12600. The motifs are very attractive and they may be carried out in silk, wool, or rope silk, worked in outline, flat satin, darning, or raised satin stitch. On this frock raised satin stitch is used.

9714—Child's Jumper Dress and Guimpe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch sateen for dress—1 yard 36-inch voile for guimpe.

9519—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The lower edge of the frock and tunic are finished with scallops for which design 12567 may be used as a guide in cutting. The scallops instead of being buttonholed are bound with bias strips of the dress material.

9647—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch veldyne—3 yards fur banding—3¾ yards 36-inch flannel for lining.

9688—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch duvet de laine—¾ yard 54-inch fur banding for trimming—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9741—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine—3⅜ yards braid for trimming.

9624—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Evora cloth—⅝ yard wide and ⅝ yard narrow fur banding—3 yards 36-inch silk serge for lining.

9716—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar—2 yards braid.

9700—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The sash of the Georgette is embellished with tiny motifs of embroidery in design 12571. There are three in front worked in contrasting color wool in a combination of long-and-short stitch and French knots.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 77

9188—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Bolivia—2 yards fur banding.

9622—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch marvella—1¼ yard fur banding.

9699—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette—¼ yard yards satin ribbon.

9713—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tricotine—1¼ yard 32-inch pongee for blouse. A spray of cherries in design 12623 is worked in wool on the dress. Mercerized cotton, silk, or beads could be used.

8975—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham.

9714—Child's Jumper Dress and Guimpe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—¼ yards braid—1⅛ yard 36-inch voile—3⅛ yards plaiting.

9752—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch serge—½ yard 40-inch linen for collar—4¾ yards braid. Tiny squares in raised satin stitch trim the dress in design 12623. Metal thread, silk, mercerized cotton, or chenille may be used to develop the design.

9741—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch Poiret twill. Embroidery in design 12461 is worked in simple running stitch on the slash pockets of the dress. Outline stitch could also be used.

9712—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste.

9709—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch duvet de laine—4 yards fur banding—⅝ yard fringe—3⅜ yards 36-inch lining.

9706—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch dotted organdy—⅞ yard 40-inch plain organdy for trimming—4 yards plaiting. Dainty sprays trim the collar and cuffs in design 12399. Satin, outline, and eyelet stitches in white mercerized cotton developed the motifs.

9704—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. As illustrated at center of page size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch plaid—8 yards braid—1 yard plaiting. At foot of page size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅞ yards plaiting to trim.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

8823—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for one size only. Requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste.

8127—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch nainsook—3 yard filet.

6521—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch flannelette.

8848—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch washable satin.

9404—Tiered Step-in Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch longcloth—3¼ yard lace banding—1⅜ yard ribbon for bow. As a guide for the scallops at the bottom of the combination design 12567 may be used. These scallops may be bound with self-material or in a contrasting color.

9556—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste. The bodice section which is cut in one with the front of the combination is embroidered in sprays and motifs in design 11741. These sprays and motifs are very effective in style and may be worked in French knots in pastel tones of pink and blue.

7770—Ladies' Bloomer Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch batiste.

9385—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste.

9707—Ladies' Slip-on Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch corduroy.

9380—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch nainsook.

8415—Ladies' Brassiere Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yards 36-inch batiste.

9429—Ladies' Long-waisted Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch taffeta—2½ yards plaiting.

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THE MAGIC MIRROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

sufficiently good vehicle for narrative. He wrote of life among the Indians, he described the adventures of a heroic pioneering among the Fijis, he saved many blond maidens in desperate plights. He continued to receive checks for ten dollars, and once a check for fifteen dollars.

He became more deeply absorbed in himself. He never thought of Stanley, nor of his mother, who lay awake far into each stormy night praying for her wanderer. He never attempted to analyze the thoughts which must have tormented the brain of his father as he looked upon his helpless body and realized that it was little Jesse upon whom he leaned. He observed least of all that Mamie had grown pale, that she started when spoken to suddenly, and that at night she tossed and moaned. It did not even seem strange to him that in the Autumn evenings, when he worked once more in his room, she sat on the other side of his table, as tho she were afraid to be alone.

Early in November he found a letter and a large express package and carried them excitedly to his room. Mrs. Lawson was sorry that his college course had been interrupted, but, valuable as a college education was, many persons had become writers without ever having been inside a college. She had found in his story constructive ability, but he must try to write about scenes and human beings with whom he was familiar. She was disposing of several duplicate sets of books, and she begged that he would accept those which she was sending him. This author found his material not merely in adventure and in the love between the sexes, which were the inevitable choice of the young writer, but in the love of friend for friend. In the devotion to honor of a ruined man, and in many other noble or ignoble motives to be observed every day and everywhere.

When at last he opened the package he believed that Mrs. Lawson had sent him books in a foreign tongue. "César Birotteau," "Treatie Mirobt," "Le Père Goriot"—no, he came to an English "The Country Doctor" and saw that all were translations.

Mamie looked over his shoulder.

"Where do they come from?"

Jesse related the history of his correspondence with Mrs. Lawson.

"And she sends you these things for nothing?"

"Yes."

"Will you read them all?"

"Of course!"

He took from a secret place under a pile of clothing on his closet shelf Mrs. Lawson's first letter, and from the leaves of his Bible her photograph.

"There's her picture."

"But she's a married woman!"

"Why not?"

"Would you like to see her?"

"Perhaps, when I have really done something."

"Haven't you done anything?" Mamie was awed by this self-depreciation.

Jesse said lightly, "Oh, a little!" He was in reality immensely satisfied with himself.

Mamie gave him another astonished glance. He like the Lion slowly, tasting each joy—how enviable, how strange! She went back to her room and lay down upon her bed.

Jesse's light burned until two o'clock. He glanced into all the books, then he began to read a letter from Mrs. Lawson. When two o'clock he put out his light, Mamie still by staring. But she need not have envied him—his friend, whether in carelessness, or in amusement, or with the kindly cruelty of the surgeon, had dealt him a deep wound.

MRS. HUMMER'S knowledge of certain phases of life was wider than that of her son, and the changes in Mamie's habits and appearance could not forever escape her. At first she attributed her staying at home to anxiety about her father, but a new and dreadful explanation forced itself upon her. Slowly accumulating impressions gave it verisimilitude, but realization came like lightning.

The day before New-year was Sunday, and in the afternoon, in spite of the heavy rain, Mrs. Klotz, the mother of Mamie's friend, Katie, came to inquire for Emmanuel. She deplored the fact that Mamie visited them no more.

"She hasn't been in our house three times since Spring."

Mrs. Hummer was startled.

"Ach, Pop was only helpless since Summer!"

"I don't believe it was more than once," insisted Mrs. Klotz.

"Well, you let Katie to come to see us," said Mrs. Hummer, covering her alarm

When her caller had gone, she did not return to Emmanuel's side, but mounted the stairs to her room and closed the door. She seemed to be looking out of the window, but she did not see the slanting rain or the bare trees, or the houses on the other side of the neighbor's garden; she saw the shadow under Mamie's eyes, the change in her figure. She knew nothing about Mamie's associates other than Katie Klotz. Where had she been in the long evenings when she was supposed to be with Katie?

After a long time she opened the door and climbed the steep steps to the third story. The odors of Mamie's perfumes met her, and she had anticipatory visions of her clothing untidily strewn about. Arrived at Mamie's door, she stood still. The heavy rain beat upon the roof; the air was close. She looked at the bureau with its untidy toilet articles, its cover soiled with powder. All seemed unreal and strange.

But on the bed was a figure, which was real. Mamie lay supine, breathing softly, with the tracks of tears upon her cheeks, and with the marks of change upon her body. Hearing Jesse come in, Mrs. Hummer stepped inside Mamie's room and closed the door.

The sound roused the sleeper, who sprang up with a light scream. When she saw her mother standing dim and gray in the darkening room, she sank down, quivering with fear and gathering her loose gown about her.

Mrs. Hummer moved no nearer to her daughter, but addressed her from the doorway like a judge.

"Mamie," she asked, slowly, "are you in trouble?"

The phrase had in this neighborhood but one meaning.

"No," answered Mamie quickly. She looked this way and that, down at her thin hands, across at the bureau, and out at the dismal sky. She looked at last back at her mother.

"Yes," she said defiantly. "I am."

HER defiance stiffened the sinews of Mrs. Hummer, whose soft cheeks flamed, whose hands tightened. Mamie felt defiance change to shame and then to unspeakable terror.

"Must I ask who is to blame for this?"

"I won't tell," said Mamie.

"When are you going to get married?" Mamie looked up.

"I'm not going to get married "

Mrs. Hummer crossed the room swiftly. She stood close to the little bed and looked down upon Mamie as she cowered lower and lower Mamie's gown had slipped from her shoulder, her mother laid her strong hand upon the soft pink flesh.

"You'll tell me who it is!"

Mamie looked at the door, even at the window, but the hand held her, vise-like.

"You must be married, even if we must send the constable for him. Who is he?"

"I won't do it," said Mamie.

answered Mamie. "He is married."

Mrs. Hummer did not mean to hurt, but her nails cut into the tender shoulder. Mamie screamed, believing that her mother meant to kill her in her rage. She called shrilly for her brother and Mrs. Hummer laid her other hand across her mouth.

"Have you no shame?"

But the cry had reached Jesse's ears, and he ran up-stairs and opened the door without knocking and came into a tableau of this extraordinary sight. He spoke irritably, as one who had for a long time been approaching the limit of endurance.

"What on earth is the matter?"

Mrs. Hummer was about to say, "Nothing," and to bid him depart.

"What is the matter?" demanded Jesse again.

In spite of herself, Mrs. Hummer blurted out in plain words the dreadful truth. She spoke in Pennsylvania German, which is specific

For a long time there was no sound.

Bright crimson dyed Jesse's cheeks; a deep disgust filled his whole being. Again and his lips paled, and he stood straight and silent against the door. He was completely disillusioned. Mamie, he realized that he might go away, not to relieve himself of the support of these people, but merely of the burden of their company.

"First Stanley and now her," said Mrs. Hummer hoarsely.

Jesse looked at his mother in strong distaste. He saw Mamie's partly covered, cowering, rapidly breathing figure; he saw her lay her head painfully upon the pillow touches where his mother's hand had hain.

"It's too late to go on about it now, Mother. I won't do you or Mamie any good to scold."

Mrs. Hummer looked at him, astonished. Stanley had never spoken to her in that tone, but Jesse never. Again Mamie sank lower and lower on the bed. From his prison in the filled Boor Emmanuel called and Mrs. Hummer answered, moving heavily and uncertainly, aghast at the structure of the world.

WHEN she had gone Jesse went to his room and sat down at his table, for there was no longer a chair before it, but at the window. He had done no writing for weeks; he need no chair or his table. The Winter dusk was now almost darkness; the rain slanted in wilder gusts against the pane. He was incapable of nothing, planned for nothing, tho he knew that plans of which he had had hitherto no experience must be made quickly. Inside the house there was no sound. After a long time the odor of coffee rose from the kitchen. He had walked far, and he was exhausted. He would go down and get food and after that try to meet life's demands once more.

He did not mean to look in at Mamie's door, but some unanalyzed impulse turned his head. She lay in the same position, her face hidden, and a shudder shook both her and the light bed upon which she lay. He took a step toward the door, then he entered slowly. His disgust was no less keen, but it would be monstrous to pass her by.

"Mamie," he said, in his thin, boyish voice. "Tell me about this."

Mamie turned toward him a contorted face. In her watching of him she had divined qualities unknown even to himself.

"If was Nicholas Reeder. I used to meet him in the country. I was bewitched-like. I was afraid of him, but I always went. Now he is married, and everything he wants, and I am—there. When I look back, I think this can't, can't be. If I could only die!"

The warm, perfumed air, his hunger and his indignation brought upon Jesse a sudden faintness. "I'll go down and bring you some coffee." Then he asked a frightened question. "Do you feel badly?"

"No worse than usual. Perhaps I will die, then it will be all settled."

Jesse went down-stairs, leaning heavily on the rail. His mother sat in the kitchen, her head on her arms, a table spread for her children, whom she had served all their lives, whom she would forever so serve always.

"I am going something for Mamie, Mother. After a while we'll talk this over. Don't tell Father yet."

While he ate Mrs. Hummer arranged a tray. "I didn't mean to hurt her," she said thickly.

Jesse climbed the stairs, holding his burden carefully. Mamie sat now on the edge of her bed, and Jesse set the tray on a chair before her and lit the lamp.

"Mother fixed this for you."

"I can't eat."

"Oh, I'd try to eat a little."

"Mother thinks I meant that he was married when he wasn't married. She is mistaken. I suppose I can't work any more for a while. I just dragged myself along this long time."

"You won't have to work."

"But your writing!" Mamie burst into tears. "First Stanley balked you and now I!"

Jesse halted and looked back. He was about to go into his room so that he might avoid the sight of her misshapen body and her anguished eyes.

"That's all over," he announced quietly. "You have nothing to do with stopping it. I was a fool, that's all. Why, Mamie, that stuff I wrote was horrible."

"But everybody praised it!"

"That didn't make it good! Those books I got showed me that writing is a miracle, and you can't create miracles unless you've got the gift. It's over and done with—forever."

When Mamie had eaten he persuaded her to go to his room and lie on his more lady bed. He opened her window and began to put her room in order. He beat the little straw-filled tick into smoothness, and spread the covers upon it. He knew that his self-control was weakening, that tears burned his eyelids, and he resisted savagely the impulse to cry. He turned out the light and leaned against the window-frame.

Then suddenly he surrendered helplessly. He let himself feel again poor Mamie's yielding body against his arm as he was one with her; he shared her anguish, her shame, even her terrified apprehensions. He was stretched for the first time on the rack of human misery; he opened his heart to affliction.

But this was not merely an emotional awakening. He heard a hollow roar in the deep valley, then he felt stinging rain upon his cheek. The wind changed—he heard in rapturous anticipation the church-bells ringing in the New-year. How wild their clangor in the north wind! Desire was not dead within him; he longed passionately to describe in sonorous words the deep reverberations.

HE LEANED out of the window to breathe the freshet air. He gave himself not alone to Mamie's need; he understood suddenly poor, weak Stanley. His father and mother—even simple goodness was theirs! He thought of Cousin Pona and Eugénie Grandet and old Goriot.

His hands tightened on the sill. His wide, gray eyes pierced the night. He saw in the valley dim housetops. The nearest covered the dwelling of the woman who had her sight restored to her at eighty—he knew what rapture was hers! He could see the gleam of a lamp set in a window for a wayward son. He thought of Rizpah. He saw dark shadows cast by a towering fence—a fence that blighted no one.

Now, at last, he perceived the material of his craft; he knew that it was to be discerned not by mind imagining, not in a dim past, not in vague lands far away, but in the reflections of the fortunes of humanity in the busy mirror of his own heart. There was elsewhere no alchemy. He was hungrily a blank page; his hand itched to hold a pen. The future, at the height of that fame which was to surpass all his dreams, he was to have no richer moment. He smiled at himself and trembled while he smiled.

Then he crossed the hall to his room and stood by his sister, trying to speak. But composure failed. Alas that his rapture should have sprung even indirectly from such misery as this! He could say only, "I'll stand by you!" but in the simple words were grief and pity and the grave assurance of a stedfast soul.

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A THANKSGIVING PARTY

BY CLAUDIA M. FITZGERALD

WHEN I found the slender tan envelop in my morning mail the week before Thanksgiving and recognized the handwriting, I knew that Evelyn Harris was giving one of those parties for which she has become famous in our little circle. Eagerly I unfolded the invitation, which was a single sheet of tan note-paper folded twice across. At the top in the center was a little silhouette of a crescent moon and an Indian wigwam cut from darker brown paper and pasted on. These could easily be drawn in with brown crayon or ink. The lettering was in brown, too, and read:

The moon of nuts is here at last,
And ripened nuts are falling fast.
Princess Chinquapin, so fair,
Bids you to her home repair.

There you'll be a hunter bold
Like the Indian braves of old,
And your fortune you will garner
From the witch-wife living near.

Bring a witty "nut" with you,
Not a "chestnut"—something new.
Friday eve at eight is right.
However dark may be the night.

BELOW were Evelyn's name and address.

I believe every one of the crowd was there—promptly at eight or soon after—for no one wanted to miss the fun. Princess Chinquapin was Evelyn, of course, dressed as an Indian girl. She was lucky enough to own a real Indian dress, but one could easily be made from brown cambric cut like a bungalow apron, and slashed around the bottom and sleeves to represent fringe, and trimmed with zigzag rows of red, blue, and yellow cambric fringe about four inches long. Strings of colored beads every one has, and a head-dress is made of a band about the head, with some long, straight feathers stuck through it. Evelyn wore her hair in two braids. House slippers were easily converted into moccasins by sewing colored cambric fringe around the tops.

If the hostess wishes to make it a fancy dress party, the guests may all wear Indian costumes. Those for the men could be made from tan overalls trimmed with the colored fringe.

The room was decorated with branches of pine and festoons of pine-cones. In one corner stood a wigwam constructed of four long poles covered with blankets. Pine-boughs stood about it, partly concealing the opening. A fire, smelling fragrantly of pine and cedar, burned on the hearth. Every one is not fortunate enough to have an open fireplace, but a handful of pine-needles or cedar-twigs burned in a room gives the fragrant "woodsy" odor.

When every one had come we took our cards with pencils attached. The cards were white ones covered on one side with paper which looks like birch-bark. On the other were written twenty conundrums. The answer to each was the name of a nut.

1. What nut is covered with sand?
2. Upon what grass grass grow?
3. What nut has a girl's name?
4. What nut is seldom laughed at?
5. What nut is dad's friend but the bad boy's enemy?
6. What nut is a large South-American country?
7. What nut makes good bacon?
8. What nut must be churned?
9. What nut is a big black bug?
10. What nut do you find four of in every room?
11. What nut follows a horse?
12. What nut grows on a palm-tree?

The answers were: 1. Beechnut. 2. Groundnut. 3. Hazelnut. 4. Chestnut. 5. Hickory-nut. 6. Brazil-nut. 7. Pignut. 8. Butternut. 9. Betel-nut. 10. Walnut. 11. Wagon-nut. 12. Coconut.

The boy and girl who guessed all of the answers correctly were given a box of salted almonds and a box of peanut-brittle.

Evelyn then told us gravely that we were about to start on a long journey to hunt wild turkeys, and she gave us each a small paper bag to hold the "game." The Indians considered this bird a great delicacy, and we would now have an opportunity to prove ourselves mighty hunters. She would be our leader in the hunt, and we must obey absolutely what she said or did. She placed herself at the head of the line, and we stood in single file behind her, boys and girls alternating, each placing his hands on the shoulders of the one in front. Then we were told to close our eyes and not to open them "on pain of death" until our leader gave the signal. She then began to trot rapidly, Indian fashion, and we all obediently trotted behind. She carried us round and round the room, serpent-wise, zigzagging around chairs, out into the hall, and back again. With our eyes closed we felt as tho we were covering miles of ground. Really we were retracing our steps again and again.

Then after every one had trotted and laughed until he was out of breath, Evelyn stopped. We opened our eyes and found ourselves exactly where we had started from. But in the nearest corner stood a small pine-tree firmly set up in a box. Perched about in its branches were six or eight large turkeys. These had been cut from crêpe paper, which is easy to get in a turkey design about Thanksgiving time. They were mounted on heavy cardboard, and wired to the branches of the tree securely enough not to fall off. We were allowed to draw from a basket darts with which to shoot the turkeys. A dart was made of an acorn with a pin stuck through, and a feather stuck in the opposite side from the point to make it go true to its mark. Each dart bore a tag with a number. Number one had the first shot, and so on, in turn. Each guest was allowed three shots, standing at a given distance from the tree and withdrawing his dart each time. If a turkey was hit on the first shot the marksman was given three chestnuts, for the second successful shot he received six chestnuts, and for the third successful one twelve nuts. These he was instructed to put in his game-bag, to be eaten when he returned from the hunt.

After every one had had his turn at shooting we returned the long, arduous journey home, this time taking first on one foot and then on the other, at our leader's bidding, emitting shrill war-cries as we skipped.

While we rested from the hunt we roasted our nuts about the open fire and told the jokes we had been warned to have ready. Who to the person who told a "chestnut." He was made to draw our hot nuts from the fire like the proverbial monkey of the fable. If the hostess doesn't have a fireplace an electric grill will roast chestnuts quite successfully, if not so picturesquely.

BY THE time we had finished our stories the witch-wife was waiting in her wigwam to tell our fortunes. These she told with nuts. Five walnuts had been prepared ahead of time. One was gilded to represent a rich husband or wife as the case demanded; a black one for a widow or widower, a white one for a "good" husband or wife, a red one for a "villain" or "vamp," and a plain one for a poor mate. The person whose fortune was to be told was blindfolded and allowed to draw a nut from a basket. The witch-wife, who was a clever girl in Indian blanket, with grotesquely painted face and hair streaming, then took the nut, said an incantation over it, unbound the eyes of the "victim," and told the fortune as the nut indicated.

Refreshments were served on wooden plates, and consisted of nutbread sandwiches filled with a mixture of nuts and dates put through the meat-chopper; white-bread sandwiches cut round and filled with a mixture of walnuts, cream cheese, and mayonnaise; nut cakes; nut candy; white-and-brown walnut sauce; small crescent-shaped cookies filled with chopped nuts, and coffee.

Then we were given small booklets and told that there had been hidden about the room nuts of different kinds which we were to hunt. Whenever we found a walnut we must stop hunting, whether we had found any other nuts or not. After every one had found a walnut we were told to crack them carefully. Inside we found a limerick with the last line missing. These we filled in and read them aloud. Every one had a different limerick, and the best last line won a prize of a booklet in which every guest copied his limerick and signed it.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

9787—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch duvetyn. The dress is beaded in design 12574. The dashes are embroidered with bugle beads and the motifs with seed beads.

9731—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3 yards fur banding. The beading, in design 12468 may be carried out in jet, chalk, bronze, wooden, or iridescent beads.

9761—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch French serge —⅝ yard 30-inch crêpe satin for sash. For the embroidery design 12607 was used and was worked in rope silk in flat satin stitch. Wool or chenille could be substituted.

9098—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower band about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards 36-inch allover filet lace.

9711—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe —4¾ yards monkey fur. Satin stitch in design 12607 trims blouse and side panels.

9708—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch velveteen.

9701—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch silk duvetyn—1¾ yards crêpe ribbon.

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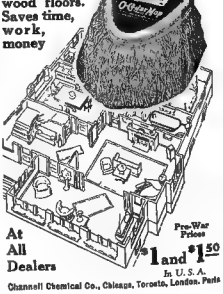

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

eyelashes hid her eyes, but Mimi saw her breast rise in a great sigh.

A moment later Fred Winship came out and carried Mimi away. Mrs. Lombard smiled down at them until they had descended the short flight and shut the street door. And even when they were gone she still stood staring absently down into the twilight of the hallway.

Allen liked to brush his hair and his teeth, and perhaps change to a fresh gown, for dinner. She went up to the sitting-room, where Bertha was clearing the tea-table, and wheeled the big, lightly balanced chair into his room.

IT HAD been a little break, this meeting with these cheerful and normal young people, the evening at their house, the afternoon at her own. But after it the lonely waters of her life closed over her head again. She had been young enough to hope that something might come of it.

But the days went on, and on, and on. December began to shine, even among the poor little shops near Kingsgreen Square, with red berries and green leaves. Allen Lombard requested that a wreath be hung in every window, and the girlish, obedient hands tied them there.

Winter mornings, frosted windows, and the rich color of holly and red berries—what pictures of joyous childhood, proud parenthood, and serene old age they conjured up before the eyes of the lonely woman in St. Thomas's rectory! Big tables surrounded with happy faces, fire-shine on the gifts of silver and glass, the back of books—

Ah, and best of all the hands and voices—the dear, loving voices of Christmas time! Here it was at last.

Bertha was one of seven devoted boys and girls—Bertha had a mother. And Hannah was going to have her little girl out of the "Home" for ten days, and go to her sister's house for her Christmas dinner. Sir Allen and Lady Lombard—she had liked to hear herself called that, once!—would dine alone.

And she had done it herself—she had done it herself!

Sometimes, on her solitary walks, her thoughts went back across the nine years. She and her mother were in southern France; the girl happy in the motionless village life, the woman restless, ambitious, fretful. Their income had been microscopic; the mother's nature had long ago made life in the old Baltimore home impossible to them; they had been wandering.

And the girl had been pretty——

Pretty enough to hold a visiting Scottish baronet day after day, and week after week, at the little inn, walking with her, laughing with her, hanging over her little daisied hat and muslin gown as if there were an enchantment about her.

There had not been any enchantment about him—ever. He had been forty-four, as lean and dry as he was now, as dull and as dictatorial. But the girl's eyes had not seen that, and the mother's eyes had seen her daughter's name with a title, printed in a Baltimore paper! And he had not been bad, as men count badness. He was a widower; he had some money, even tho he had wasted more; his was an old and honorable line. He had said that he loved her.

But she had known, on the dull day of their wedding in a London chapel, with his hawk-nosed mother and his pretty daughter behind her, that she did not love him. And almost immediately he had come to hate her mother; poor, pretty, ambitious mama, who had always loved her, whatever her faults! And mama had gone quite triumphantly back to Baltimore, to the companionship of interested aunts and cousins. But Sir Allen and Lady Lombard had gone up to the old place in Kilmarnock, and had lived with Sir Allen's mother, and his two sisters, and his daughter and her husband, Geoff, a clergyman.

It had been cold, and they had not been tolerant of her Americanisms; it had seemed fair sport to laugh at her, and ask her what she meant. But they had liked her, and she them. Moira and Daphne, the sisters, had gone to London in the season, and duly become engaged and married. But she and Allen and the Geoffs had stayed at home.

And then had come Allen's illness, and the long, enchanting sea-trip to South America, and the continued losing fight there for his health. Mama had died in a Baltimore hospital during this time.

"Very sorry, I'm sure," he had said as she read the cable dazedly in the streaming hot December sunshine of Rosarios. "I've no particular objection to America, now, by the way. We might try it!"

Nearly nine years of it. The best years of her life, little Mimi Warren had said.

FRED came twice to dine and play chess and cribbage. She did not talk to him much, because he was absorbed by Allen. One afternoon she came in from a snowy walk to learn that he and Stephen Winship and Mrs. Curran had called. It was too bad to miss them! She had so little—

Then a few days before Christmas eve came an adventure.

She was down-town, in a big department store, hesitating, in the Oriental department, over a cheerful work-basket that might presumably be suitable for Bertha, when she was surprised by a touch on her arm. She turned to smile at Mrs. Curran.

"You look as if you were going to have a merry Christmas!" said Mrs. Lombard.

"My dear," the other said, with a caressing touch, "I do believe I am!" And in an irresistible little rush of confidence she added, "I must tell you. Mimi—Miss Warren, you know, and my nephew are engaged to be married! They told us only a few days ago. We are all so happy about it! I don't believe anything in his life ever made the Judge so happy! We loved Mimi's mother, you know—she was a wonderful woman. And since she was eighteen months old she has been just like our own child!"

"Fred Winship!" asked Mrs. Lombard.

"Oh, no, Stephen. Fred is—well, he's a dear," said Fred's aunt, with a little deprecatory drop of her head as she mentioned him, "but Stephen—you've not met him! He is really a brilliant fellow—not so handsome as Fred, no. But—well, there's nobody like him! And they are so happy—Mimi has loved him all her life!"

"I must certainly send her a line of good wishes," said Mrs. Lombard, sympathetically interested. "Any plans as yet?"

"Oh, nothing yet. We're only telling a few people. We don't want hurry—she's only twenty-two—but, Mrs. Lombard," said Mimi's aunt, suddenly, unwilling to be interrupted in the new and fascinating subject, "why can't you come home and have luncheon with me? We keep open house all through the holidays, for our friends—and now I suppose it will be worse than ever! Would—would your husband expect you?"

"I told him I might have a cup of tea down-town to-day, and finish all my shopping at once—" Mrs. Lombard began hesitatingly. But she was not difficult to persuade. Ten minutes later she climbed into the Curran limousine, and was carried along on the kindly current of the first real family life she had known for years.

THE Judge gallantly welcomed his wife's guest; two pretty girls came in, furred and rosy and laughing, and the old people had to tell them what they could of the details of Mimi's great news. Fred joined the group by the fire at one o'clock; immediately afterward it was decided that there should be no more waiting for Mimi—she wasn't responsible for what she did nowadays, anyway—and every one went out to the big, bright dining-room, where a quiet, middle-aged maid was serving bouillon.

Five minutes later laughter was heard in the hall, and, shedding bundles and furs and gloves, and as radiant as the day itself, in she came, to a chorus of congratulations.

Stephen had just time to get open her door at the door, she told them, slipping into her place at last, and hungrily beginning her meal. Oh, they had had such fun! Meeting people in the shops, and pretending that nothing had happened! And what weather—wasn't it exhilarating!

"Mimi, you wicked thing, you never gave us a hint!" said Marjorie Rutger.

"Oh, Marjorie truly!" Mimi answered eagerly. "I hadn't the *faintest*—but I give you my word I hadn't! Day before yesterday was the big Christmas lunch at the club, you know, and Steve was at our table, and then Sue Jenkins and Tom and he and I played nine holes, and then we drove home——"

"And he asked you then!" said Marjorie.

"He did not! We went to the Penrhyns' dinner——"

"Ah, go on—tell us, Mimi!"

"Aunt Bessy, isn't she terrible? I'll tell you nothing!"

But Mimi, despite her protest and her crimson cheeks, liked it enormously, and she shone in this great hour like a star.

With the dessert, she came over to sit beside Mrs. Lombard, and paid the older woman the tribute of open admiration and confidence.

"Will you let me bring him to see you some day? He's awfully—isn't he, Marge?—he's just the dearest thing! Mimi said this morning that if he hadn't asked me by twelve o'clock on New-year's day, I was going to ask him!" Mimi said joyously. "No, thank you, Aunt Bessy—no more!"

"She's too excited to eat," said her aunt, fondly.

"Well," she laid a satin-smooth little hand upon Mrs. Lombard's and asked for indulgence with a happy, dewy smile, "well, it's the first time I've ever been married!"

"You don't say engaged, Mimi," suggested Grace Leonard, the other girl.

"Or engaged, or interested, or having an understanding," Mimi instantly amended, with a little touch of dignity.

"Bridesmaid!" said Marjorie. "You promised!"

"You and Grace, of course," Mimi agreed, her eyes shining. "And St. Gregory's, Aunt Bessy!"

"Your mother and your grandmother were both married at St. Thomas's old church," said Aunt Bessy.

"Oh, but Aunt Bessy—way down there!" Mimi was protesting, when Mrs. Lombard said quietly:

"The church is closed."

Something in her calm and final phrase, or in the tones of her unusual voice, made them all laugh suddenly. It was as if in the midst of a babble of eager children some

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

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adult had spoken kindly and finally. The strange fascination of this poised and charming woman seized Mimi afresh, and after luncheon, when the other girls had fluttered away to a bridge tea, she drove Mrs. Lombard home herself, through the sunshiny Winter streets. And at the door of the rectory they did not immediately part, but sat on in the car; Mimi squared about sidewise in the front seat, facing her companion, Mrs. Lombard reading the girl's eager face with searching eyes.

"It—it almost seems too much!" Mimi confessed, with a look half ashamed, half proud, in her eyes.

"You—you really like him so much!"

"He's wonderful," Mimi said slowly. "Steve has always seemed so much older to me. Always so busy and so grave. His father left debts, you know. And for years he was paying them off—he still is, for that matter. And then he and Fred started the firm—and Fred's never been any real help to him!"

"What is it with Fred?" the older woman asked thoughtfully.

"Oh, it's the people he *goes* with!" Mimi said, impatiently and unguardedly. "He is always meeting *strange* people!" A sudden sick realization that this was not the wisest remark in the world to make to this particular woman, she hastily she added, uncomfortably. "I don't mean that Fred hasn't charming friends, too—everybody *likes* him. But gambling, you know, and drinking—and Harry Harvey has a regular cellar full of wine—and wasting time!"

"I know what you mean," Mrs. Lombard said, nodding. "And he and his brother are business partners!" she asked.

"Winship & Winship. Of course Fred keeps it going while Stephen is in office. I bore you with our affairs!" Mimi broke off, apologetically, "but it's because I'm so happy!"

The other woman blinked shining lashes suddenly away.

"Always be happy, Mimi!" she said, musingly.

"I always have been," Mimi, thrilled by the little sign of deepening friendship, answered seriously. "I've been—do you know that I've never known what sorrow or sickness are?

Mrs. Lombard looked at her gravely, in silence. Her wonderful dark brown eyes were luminous with a sort of awe.

"Don't say it!" she whispered, half whimsical, half smiling. And with an immediate return to her usual sensible manner, as she got out of the car, she added, "You have done me good!"

Mimi, thrilled, happy and vaguely excited, waved a gloved hand; the car wheeled about and was gone.

BUT Mrs. Lombard did not immediately go up-stairs. She walked instead across Kingsgreen Square, under the bare, motionless branches of the Winter-blackened trees, toward the smoky, grimy factories near the river, Church Street, and then into River Street. Sunshine lay bright and cold upon stone steps, and glinted upon frost-rimed Colonial windows

And with her went a restless agony of young jealousy and longing. The sight of this younger girl's freshness, the happiness of all that her life held of love, beauty, friendship, travel, wealth, burned in her heart like acid.

"And she *is* lovely and friendly, Mimi," thought Mrs. Lombard. "But—wasn't *I*?"

She remembered her own engagement; her mother warning her that she must keep Sir Allen good-natured; the strange trip to England from France with these two older persons, Mr. London, the bewildered child, and Mrs. Bannister asking the girl to borrow a hundred pounds from the baronet for wedding-day trinkets. How she had managed to do it! How shameful it had seemed to kiss him, and smile up at him, in the dingy parlor, and explain that she was "dutiful"! A check she expected from home has not come—

He had brought the blood to her face with a shrewd, "Yes, I know all about that check!" even while he counted out the notes into her hand.

The church had been freezing cold: the strange clergyman had smoked at the mouth in the pulpit. And afterward there had been a few moments of confusion and laughter when they called her "Mrs. Allen" and then she and Allen had gone away to Brighton—

Mrs. Lombard stopped short in the street, her eyes blind. She saw a long, dingy room in a family hotel again; herself taking off the one new hat, trying to be interested in the gas log fire, while Allen composed himself afresh, and herself got what rest she could in an armchair. At three, perhaps at four or five o'clock, he might doze; but there was cold and excited herself then, and would creep up-stairs, aching and wide-awake, to be perhaps roused from her first deep sleep an hour later.

The days grew dreadful to her with heaviness and headache; the nights were horror to them both. Doctor Gedney, trim, shaven, with his neat little mustache silver-gray against his fresh pink skin, would advise patience.

"I think the bad nights won't last long," Doctor Gedney said, one dark wintry day, in a sort of soothing sing-song. "That's the main trouble. I think I would try not to think about them—suppose we take the gruel and the morphin a little later? Midnight, eh? Suppose we try that, Mrs. Lombard?"

"He wants *two* powders," she said, frowning distressedly, with a glance at the scowling invalid. But Doctor Gedney became instantly animated.

"Oh, no, no. That's out of the question!" he exclaimed, putting his gold-rimmed glasses deliberately into their case, and rising. "Why, come," he said to his patient, "you've nothing to do but sit here and be waited on all day—some of us other fellows would be glad enough to change places with you for a while!"

And with a quick, bird-like glance from one face to another, the doctor went off upon his rounds.

ONE evening Fred Winship came out, to play chess, cribbage, anything, until one o'clock. He begged his hostess, who looked utterly worn, almost dazed with weariness and discouragement, to get some sleep while she might.

"I'll show you where the aspirin is," she answered, and led him to the little shelf in the pantry where her medicines were stored. "At nine and eleven," she said, her eyelids falling with sleep as she spoke.

"And what about this one?" Fred opened another box, where folded papers were also neatly piled.

"Oh, no— that's the morphin; that's the last thing, Fred," she blundered against him, laughing at her own heaviness. "You are an angel to do this!"

She stumbled up-stairs to bed, and, in keen sympathy, he watched her go. It was brutal to call her at midnight, but Mr. Lombard would wait no longer. She must come down, or he must take the gruel and arrange the bedroom; she thanked Fred for his care, with heavy eyes.

And at four o'clock she was up again, Allen in a frenzy of rebellion. The next night, and the next and the next, there was not an hour's unbroken rest for either of them.

Despite the fires and the hot drinks, the bitter Winter chill was upon the house; outside were the locked icy blackness and the throbbing stars. Lamps made dim pits of twilight in the gloom, clocks struck strange hours. Patiently she fired the stoves, struck matches, hurried about on blinking stupor.

She would pause, surprized. Bells? The angelus, from the little Catholic church behind St. Thomas's, of course! But how black the Winter mornings were!

The invalid might fall asleep; there was no sleep now for her. She dared not try a hot bath; the bathroom was next to his room; the noise of running water would waken him. She would sit drowning before the fire, curled uncomfortably in her Chinese silk coat of jade-blue.

It would seem good to her to creep to the window, to see sunshine breaking gladly over the snow, and the little bookseller yawning over his first sale. Day again—the blessed, heartening day!

Early in February Doctor Gedney was angrily dismissed, and the night came when Allen Lombard had his double dose of narcotics, and slept for a wonderful, restoring ten hours. His wife, sleeping almost as heavily as he did, rose rested and refreshed, and life resumed almost its normal tone. But Doctor Gedney could not come back, and fear—fear of another such hideous time—haunted them both.

Sometimes Mimi came out, to sit murmuring quietly beside the fire. One day she somewhat timidly suggested bringing Stephen, but Mrs Lombard shook her head in a quick decision.

"Not while Allen is so ill!" she said, positively, with a warning glance toward him. He had fallen asleep in his chair; his florid face looked angry even in unconsciousness, his wiry, grizzled hair was in disorder.

"Then let me again you up to the club for lunch to-morrow?"

Again the fearful glance.

"Impossible, Mimi, thank you!"

"But you don't get any fresh air at all!" protested Mimi.

Mrs. Lombard looked steadily at her tea-cup, set it carefully on the table: Mimi saw the even suffusion of color under the warm, creamy skin, saw the tears that brimmed her eyes, and that she made no motion to wipe them away.

She laid an affectionate hand over the other woman's hand, and after a few seconds Mrs. Lombard looked up with her usual composed glance, and touched a handkerchief to her wet lashes. And as always, her least slight gesture, and her every quiet look, deepened the fascination every quiet look, deepened the fascination she had always possessed for the eager girl beside her. A certain reflected gravity and dignity shone on the young face of her few poise had come to Mimi, even in those few weeks of suffering with the more developed woman; she told Stephen wistfully that she wished she were more like Mrs. Lombard!

"You are more like us you are, Mimi," Stephen said, with his kindly, shrewd smile.

"I *am* nice, in my way!" Mimi conceded somberly. "But I have so much. And Lucretia is wonderful—without *anything*. Tied to that hateful old *villain*——"

"You assume that she doesn't love him?" She has said so?"

"Said so! She's not that kind—she never complains. But wait until you meet her, Steve, and see him!"

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

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"Your geese, and Fred's, are all swans," Stephen remarked indulgently. She was on the arm of his chair, and he had anchored her fast with one of his own strong arms about her. The girlish, thoughtful face was resting against the sleek crest of his hair.

It was one of their rare, happy hours alone. Stephen had brought her home from a dinner he could not attend himself, and altho he was tired and silent, and Mimi knew it, he pleased her with a plea for another five minutes, and then another, before the fire. So they would linger, as man and wife, before their own fire, before another wet and windy March came in, thought Mimi, her heart filled with solemn and wonderful content. Her husband—this splendid, dignified, devoted Stephen.

Sometimes she had thoughtful moments of wondering whether she had roused in him a love at all measurable by her own. Their natures were different, Mimi reflected. Perhaps a man never felt as much as a woman. Devoted, tender, thoughtful of her happiness he had always been; he was only more devoted, more tender, more thoughtful now. There was no fire in the pleased, quiet fashion he had of putting his arm about her; and kissing her when they met. There was no fear—no jealousy—no ecstasy—in Stephen. It was all deep and grateful content; she knew he anticipated their life together as one of unchanging happiness and safety.

Perhaps that was the man's way, the girl thought. After all, if it were not so, why were so many girls anxious and uncertain as to their admirers' feelings, month after month? Stephen had caused Mimi real unhappiness, in the past year, with this kindly aloofness. Sometimes she looked at her ring now, the diamond ring of his mother, reset for her, and wondered if it was all a dream—that December night when she had been tired and blue, when she had cried for no reason at all, and when Stephen had somehow gotten his arm about her, and had asked her half-shyly what people would think if her guardian walked off with her and with her fortune?

She remembered that just before this remark she had said, tearfully,

"Yes, you do whatever and you do like me, but I want some one to *love* me!"

And when she thought of this speech Mimi's face burned, and she wished that she had died before she uttered it! Of course it hadn't influenced him, probably he had not even clearly heard it, yet his answer had been to put that dear and comforting arm about her, and ask her that whimsical question.

Still, it was hardly possible that he could ask more in a wife than the youth, beauty, wealth, and devotion that Mimi poured out at his feet; she would have been stupid indeed not to know that all Sanbridge could not produce another Mrs. Lombard. And she was wise enough to know that, with a man of his type, marriage would bring a steadily deepening and ripening love, that his home and his children would cement it, and that ten years from now the devoted husband of Mimi Winship would be pointed out in the town as its most happily married man.

So they were engaged, and except for this faint cloud, Mimi's days were radiant. She loved every minute of these happy days, and tasted their bliss quite consciously. In the bitter March mornings she rose late, breakfasted in her room, wandering about leisurely from telephone to dressing-table, scattering a thread of them with each step. Grace might come in; there was endless food for talk.

THE trousseau increased steadily, in the biggest spare room; the old walnut bed was covered with dainty, frail, embroidered linen; the big walnut wardrobe held wraps and little silk morning-gowns, and the enchanting tweed, and the peacock-blue hat. Wonderful garments—always to have their special place in the wife's heart, as long as a feather or a thread of them was left to remind her of the tremulous, radiant hours in which her girl's hands gathered them together!

The question of their establishment was troublesome. Mimi had a large house in quiet, dignified West Maryland Street, only three blocks away from Mrs. Curran, and in quite the nicest block of the old town. But, to her amusement, Stephen was not quite ready to dislodge the present tenant, a prosperous boarding-house keeper, and take possession.

"I'd rather buy you a house some day," he said, slowly.

"Oh, Stevie, aren't you absurd! I don't need the rent," Mimi protested. "And we could fix it over! But it's really too big, of course, and I'm fair crazy delightful as the new houses out Kinnicut road," she added, diverted— "Steve, could we buy one of those houses? Cream brick, and four bathrooms, and French windows—oh, they are wonderful! Colonial halls, you know, gray and white—six windows in the one Marjorie and I went through!"

"We might rent one, dear."

"But Steve, why couldn't we buy it outright?"

"Well, we might, some day, when I get the last of my father's troubles straightened out." His manner warned her, but she could not quite subside.

"Steve," she said gravely, "you *are* going to be sensible about my having—having money?"

The look in the gray eyes was not encouraging.

"I hope so!" he said, briefly. Mimi, rather frightened, dismissed the unfortunate topic at once. Her dream of spindle-backed chairs and four-poster beds in the colonial rooms suffered no diminution, however, and the very next day she bought at an auction a pier-glass table and a mahogany chest that would become no setting so well as a gray-and-white colonial hall.

MRS. LOMBARD asked Fred for some of the details, on a certain evening in late March, when Fred had generously given a whole evening to amusing the invalid. She was sewing, in her basket chair, the men had finished a long, hard game of chess. Fred told her of various dinners and luncheons, of the blue hat and the chest of silver, and that Mimi had set her heart upon a colonial house in the Kinnicut road, which Stephen couldn't buy, and the builder wouldn't rent.

"So they may take an apartment downtown," Fred said. "But there's no hurry. Steve's having my mother's pearls set for her—they're small, but real. I don't know when my grandfather ever had the price of them, myself!"

"You had no interest in them?" Mrs. Lombard smiled in her friendly fashion.

"I had some emeralds and a diamond—I sold them while I was in college," Fred confessed. "They were no good to me! The pearls are Steve's, and of course Mimi is crazy about them!"

"Everything is for Mimi now," Mrs. Lombard mused, smiling still.

"Show Fred *your* necklace!" her husband commanded.

She hesitated, rose obediently. They heard her going up-stairs. When she came down, a shabby blue-velvet case in her fingers, it was not into Fred's hands the most perfect chain of rosy pearls that he had ever seen. Each globe, firm, shining, faintly tinted, had still a soft luster. The center dozen were as large as the tip of a woman's little finger, the others graded to smaller ones, and to the diamond clasp.

The warm, soft, young hand that held this age-old miracle of beauty touched Fred's hand, and woman and jewels thrilled him suddenly, together. He glanced up, and her exquisite, serious face, with the firm, sweet mouth the only line of color in the golden cones of skin and eyes and hair, suddenly seemed to him as incongruous a treasure, down here in dingy Kingsgreen Square, as were the noiseless pearls in this stuffy, overcrowded room.

Such a woman, as a woman, had small appeal to Fred. He was too silent, too reticent, too much aloof. He admired her, he was sorry for her, but she was not much "fun." But now, for the first time a sense of genuine pity and loyalty toward her stirred in his heart. Imprisoned here—

"You can see how often we have use for them," Allen Lombard said dryly, reading his thought.

"Great Heavens—they are gorgeous!" Fred stammered.

"They belonged to the Dundonalds," said Mrs. Lombard, and the invalid harshly.

"In this old frock?" But, as always, she obeyed him, lifting rounded young arms, bare to-night, and turning innocent, wise eyes to Fred, for his approval. The perfect jewels lay upon the perfect skin, and their glow seemed to add a certain shining light to the amber eyes, under the somewhat tumbled masses of amber-colored hair.

"By George—you look beautiful!" Fred said, with a sort of awkward boyish earnestness. Mrs. Lombard smiled as she laid the necklace once more in its case.

"I haven't worn them for more than a year," she said simply.

Fred walked away from the house, an hour later, with his mind full of her, and her tragedy.

"She ought to divorce him, the old grouch," said Fred to himself, adding instantly, "She can't, I suppose. But she's got a girl life ahead of her for the next twenty years!"

HE STOPPED at a drug-store. The narcotic powders and the salicylate prescription were almost gone, and he had told Mrs. Lombard that he would have no trouble in filling the prescriptions again for her.

"Put up about fifty of each of those, Kelly," he said to the clerk. "And deliver them at the District Attorney's office some time to-morrow, will you?"

The chemist, once expression had been dubious, brightened.

"That's all right, if it's for Steve Winship," he returned amiably. "I thought I might have to telephone Gedney, do you see? But I guess it's all right. Just sign here, will you, Fred? Here, under March twenty-sixth."

"Thanks, Kelly," Fred sauntered out. "I could've sent 'em straight to her," he reflected, "but this gives me an excuse to run out and see them to-morrow or Saturday!"

After several days of half-frightened,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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Lunch.....	651	509	15%
Dinner....	996	734	10%
Waffles....	190	130	5.5%
Scrambled Eggs...	140	85	19%
String Beans	75	35	8.5%
Mashed Potatoes.	110	55	5%
Strawberry Shortcake	125	60	8%
Fruit Punch	68	48	15%
Biscuits...	176	151	13%

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

half-daring thought, after business consultations with Uncle Sam and the real estate agent, and after she and Marjorie had inspected the cream-brick colonial house from its fascinating gabled attic to its roomy cement basement, from its sidewalk row of young maples to its airy, big garage, Mimi decided to go ahead upon her own responsibility in the matter of the house, and trust to her deepening influence upon Stephen to reconcile him to its beauty and comfort when the right moment for revelation came. It was a very simple matter to make a first payment, and swear Uncle Sam and the agent to secrecy. Mimi began to watch for an opportunity for confession—no man in the world could be so proud as to resist the joy of these brick fireplaces and tapestried walls!

JUST a week after Fred's evening with the Lombards, when he had been shown the pearls, she came home weary from a day of great adventures, to have tea, to dress for a dinner at the Rutgers', and to meet Stephen down-stairs at seven o'clock.

She must come home early to-night, she reminded herself. The next day she and Marjorie and Ted had planned to drive up to the little cabin on Pine Mountain, seventy miles away, to see what the Spring was doing to Mimi's beloved hemlocks and pines, and how old Matea had survived the Winter. Mimi's father had had lumber interests there years ago, but the place had no real commercial value now. However, the girl loved to spend eight or ten weeks there every Summer, and often the young people of Sanbridge went up for happy week-end visits in the Spring and Fall, to cook, tramp, ride horseback, and glory in the mountain freedom. Matea, an old Italian woman, sometimes with visiting sons and daughters, more often alone, lived there all the year long.

"Steve," said Mimi to-night, with the fragrant kiss of greeting she gave him in the dim hallway, "*can* you go with us to-morrow?"

"I think so—I'm to telephone at eight, and if everything's serene, of course I'll go!" he answered, appreciative, fond eyes upon the slender, dark-eyed girl in her filmy gauze.

"You—are—a—*darling!*" And he had another kiss, and laughed with a little pleasant embarrassment as his aunt panted toward them from the drawing-room. "I saw dear old Cousin Mary Dwillyer to-day," Mimi recounted happily, between them in the closed motor-car, "and there was a sale of white-enameled saucepans at Grant's, and I bought—oh, forty! And Steve, a ducky white-painted table and four chairs for the servants' little dining-room—"

"What if we have seven servants?" Stephen asked, in great spirits. "But seriously, Mimi," he added, "we may not have a servants' dining-room, much less the four—"

"I just said to the clerk to set it aside!" Mimi amended hurriedly. This dangerous topic was close to her wonderful secret. She pressed Mrs. Curran's foot with an agitated silver slipper, and the judge gave a tremendous "Ah'm!"

But Stephen was blessedly unsuspecting, and merely said good-naturedly.

"Go ahead and buy up the city, Mimi. We'll have an auction sale on the sidewalk of what won't go into the apartment!"

"He won't be cross one second!" Mimi assured herself, gladly. She had experienced narrow little trepidation, with her delight, in the thought of presenting this independent young District Attorney with the identical house that he had said he would not permit her to buy.

But to-night he was wonderful—so much the sweetest, and cleverest, and finest man among them all! Everybody listened to him, and deferred to him, moving about with such dignity and charm; the sleek, dark head bending so interestedly over the some old Grandma Rutger's chair, the finely built, square figure always at its best in evening dress!

He brought her home at about eleven o'clock, and she knew—and was thrilled to know—that he was beginning to look forward to their little late talks over the drawing-room fire. She tossed her wraps off in the hall, and led the way to the waiting chairs, and loved him for quite deliberately moving his own close to hers, so that his big hand could hold her fingers while they talked. There was something infinitely exciting, to the watching girl, in his quiet manner, his quiet glance, the obvious pleasure with which he sank into his chair, and the smile he gave her without words.

"Mimi, this is nice!" he said simply. And then suddenly, "What's that?"

For there was the slam of the street door and the sound of quick feet in the hall.

It was Fred who was in the doorway, excited, pale, and in haste. As Mimi and Stephen got to their feet in amazement, he came toward his brother.

"What is it, old boy?" Mimi did not miss the ready affection and solicitude in Stephen's tone. Fred, somewhat out of breath, put a detaining hand upon Stephen's shoulder.

"Say, Steve, I'm awfully sorry to bother you. But you can help me out of a bad hole!" he said.

Stephen did not answer in words, but in the gray eyes, narrowed to their pleasant smile, there was a mingled look of loyalty, amusement, even a certain satisfaction that this beloved younger man should turn to him in his need.

"You were driving Harry Harvey's car, positively not more than fifteen miles an hour—" Mimi prompted, one bare arm slipped through Stephen's, her bright face resting lightly against his shoulder.

"Oh, my Lord, no—nothing like that!" Fred, heartened by sympathy, caught his brother's hand and looked with a grin at Mimi. "You're a prince, Steve!" he said gratefully. "But this isn't me. It's friends of mine—the Lombards. They're—she's—in serious trouble!"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Mimi exclaimed, swallowing down the first bitter little pang of jealousy she had ever known. How Stephen loved Fred—how Stephen loved Fred! Fred, who with the charm and the affection had given him so much care and worry!

"What is it, Fred?" she made herself say.

"It's Mr. Lombard—" Fred turned from her to his brother. "He's been an invalid for years, Steve. Well—you see—he's dead!"

"Dead!" Mimi whispered. Stephen looked grave.

"He was kind of dopey this afternoon," Fred explained. "I stopped in at about five o'clock, and Mrs. Lombard told me that he had gone to sleep in his chair—the first time it ever happened, and she was going to try to get some sleep; they were both worn out with bad nights. And that was all I knew, until half an hour ago, when she called me up at the club, and said that she had been trying to get Gedney—but he's out of town—and she was all broken up—"

"What doctor was there?" Stephen asked.

"Well, that was it. They didn't have one! They'd dismissed Gedney, do you see? Steve, you'll come there with me, won't you?" Fred interrupted himself imploringly. "I said you would. She doesn't know what to do!"

But Mimi, this minute, Fred. This looks like a case for the coroner; did you tell her that? No doctor, you know. It's perfectly simple—"

"No, but that's just it! We don't want Reilly messing around there. Poor girl, she's sick with bad nights and worry and everything else—"

"Poor girl? Is she young?"

"She's a lot younger than he is!"

"She's lovely," said Mimi, trying not to feel slighted and hurt. "I wish I could go!"

Stephen gave her his big-brotherly, lenient smile, but did not take her seriously enough to answer her. Instead he turned his troubled eyes to his brother.

"I don't see what I could do there, Fred."

"But Steve, will you just come? That's all. Just to let me tell you the whole thing—truly, truly, I need you!"

His brother looked at him keenly; then his face lightened.

"Why, of course I'll come!" he answered simply. "If Mimi will excuse me. I'll get my hat and coat right away."

"You must go, of course!" Mimi said bravely. He hardly thanked her, hardly acknowledged the wistful little smile she gave him. He and Fred were hurriedly assuming coats and hats; she heard a murmur from Fred concerning a taxi; Stephen's answer that his car was at the door. She looked after them, a film of hurt tears over her bright eyes. Of course it was terrible about poor Mrs. Lombard, of course Mimi would want everything possible done for her. But—why need Steve be involved? He had never even seen her. Yet at Fred's request—and when did Fred not have a request of some sort?—he had dashed away from her—

"He doesn't love me as I love him!" faltered Mimi. A weak impulse toward tears shook her; she fought it off bravely. "Never mind," she promised herself, between shut teeth, "the time is coming when he *will!*"

NOW tell me about all this, Fred," Stephen said, taking his place at the wheel, settling his eye-glasses, and glancing at his brother.

The car moved rapidly through the deserted streets; the April night was soft and warm; there was a smell of earth and new grass in the stirred air.

Fred sketched the little household in the rectory.

"Here's the trouble, Steve," he finished, anxiously. "She's afraid she overdosed him, do you see?"

"*Afraid* she overdosed him?" Stephen echoed grimly. "Doesn't she know?"

"Well, now listen. He's been taking this narcotic powder for months—it's Gedney's prescription," Fred explained. "He had a fight with Gedney last February, and dismissed him. And since then things have been awfully hard for her—for them both. He hasn't been sleeping—I know she gave him two powders instead of one once last month, because she told me so herself, and so did he. He was almost crazy!"

"Did it on her own responsibility, did she?"

"It was his."

"But no doctor?"

"Nope. He wouldn't have one!"

"Go on." Stephen turned the car westward, toward Kingsgreen Square. Fred looked at his face hopefully.

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"Well, last night I was there, and he was raising the deuce. He was always getting ugly, like that! She—" Fred's voice thickened. "He made her cry," he said, with a dry throat. "I never saw her do that before!"

"You're there a good deal, Fred?" his brother questioned.

"I—like her," Fred answered slowly.

"Nothing like that!" he added quickly, as a flicker of a smile crossed Stephen's face.

"Go on," Stephen encouraged.

"She has some pearls—he gave them to her," Fred continued, "and last night he was talking about sending them to his daughter in Scotland, since they hadn't a child of their own—" He stopped short.

"This was before you, eh?"

"Oh, sure. That was it! She came out to the stairs with me, and she said that they were both half mad for sleep—she'd been begging him to let her get in a nurse, but he wouldn't. Said he hated nurses. Standing out there in the hall, she was leaning her head against the wall—with weariness—poor woman! Well, anyway, when I went in this afternoon, she ran down to the door, and she said that he had fallen asleep at last, and she was going to try to move him into bed, and that then she would get some rest herself. And that was all I knew until she telephoned to the club, about ten o'clock, that he was failing, and of course I hurried over—and by George, if the old boy wasn't gone! The maids were standing around like ghosts, and she was kneeling beside the bed, calling to him—"

"And how does she account for this sleepiness, this sudden going off?" Stephen, who had been listening attentively, asked sharply.

"That's it, Steve. She's afraid—this is the house, next to the church!—she's afraid she gave him the wrong powder."

THE car stopped at the rectory. Fred got out. Stephen dubiously followed him across the sidewalk to the doorway. About them the old square was silent in the April night. The trees, above the shabby railing of the park, were unfurling new damp leaves, in the living darkness; the sky was thick with stars.

"That's our old place, over there, Steve, with the light in the basement, do you remember?"

"Sure enough." Stephen smiled, but his face immediately grew grave. "I don't like this business much, Fred," he said, looking up at the rectory.

"Just come—talk to her!" Fred implored.

"One minute, Fred. Where did she get this sleeping-stuff?"

"I got it for her—the last time. At Kelly's."

"I see. It looks to me like a case for Reilly, Fred. If it's all plain sailing, he simply fills out a certificate of natural death, or accidental dosage. Unless there's something wrong, he wouldn't have to let the thing go to a jury—probably won't want even an autopsy. There's no reason why she should dread——"

"But will you just come in and talk to her, Steve!"

Stephen looked at his brother, in the dark doorway.

"Go ahead!" he nodded.

Fred immediately opened the front street door, and Stephen, in the hallway, at the foot of the short flight of stairs.

up the gas, and they quietly mounted to the door above. The small door at the top admitted them to the familiar, crowded sitting-room.

It was empty, unlighted except by the dying fire and one dim gas-lamp. Glints of firelight touched the bowls and picture-frames and the backs of books; there was a sweet, haunting odor of lilac-blossoms in the darkness. The windows were open to the warm Spring air, and white curtains moved fitfully over the sills.

The wheel-chair was gone and the bedroom door closed. There was nobody in the room.

But immediately the frightened red-cheeked maid, who came quietly from the direction of the kitchen.

"YES, sir, he's gone—the poor man," she said, in answer to their look of inquiry. "She's in there, with him. It was only an hour or two ago that she began to think he looked queer," added Hannah, with a rising inflection of terror.

"There's necessity for a scene!" Stephen reproved her.

"No, sir, I won't!" she said, whimpering and subsiding.

"Did a doctor get here?"

"No sir. Mrs. Lombard was asleep until almost ten o'clock. She'd give him the medicine at eight, and then she dropped off. And when she finally got the hospital on the phone, the doctor said——"

"That's what it is!" he said. In a low tone, with a nod. "You might stay—if it would be the slightest comfort to her, but you can see, of course——"

"Sh-sh!" Fred glanced at the bedroom door. "I think she is coming."

The door opened while they watched it, and Mrs. Lombard came out. She evidently had not heard them, for her eyes were upon the candle she carried in an old-fashioned brass stick, and one spread hand guarded the flame. Fred spoke, and it was with this rosy light upon her serious face that she looked at them.

A rich braid of fair hair fell over the plain Chinese undercoat of greenish blue that she was wearing; silky little tendrils framed her close-set ears, and touched the warm, brown column of her throat. In the very candle-light her strange eyes blazed like topazes; she looked taller to Fred than he had thought her; her mouth was crimson in the colorless creamy brown of her face.

SHE came quietly to the center-table, and put down her light, giving Stephen an earnest and anxious, almost a frowning look, as he was introduced.

"You are very good to come," she said, without emotion. The echoes of her astonishing voice seemed to come back from the walls of the quiet room like the echo of a bell. She had taken Stephen's hands in both hers, and she still held them as she glanced uneasily at a chair. "Sit down," she added, quietly, nodding at Fred, and sitting down herself.

The maid went out. Mrs. Lombard's eyes moved quietly from one brother to another; she seemed in no hurry to speak. Stephen, somehow, felt utterly unprepared to what he had anticipated, entirely unable to classify her, eyed her with a serious and critical scrutiny.

"I want to tell you about this," she said presently. "Did you give your brother an idea——?"

"I would like to hear it from you," Stephen said, directly.

"Yes," she said, in a suddenly hurried manner. "Yes. I'll tell you. I am afraid —in fact I know, that I have given my husband three morphin powders since two o'clock. I confused them with the powder —the salicylate powder, that he has always had, every two years, for his arthritis."

"How did that—how *could* that happen, Mrs. Lombard?" Stephen asked gravely, with his keen eyes upon her face.

"He had the rheumatism powder at twelve—just as usual," she answered quickly. "I always poured it into his mouth, and he had a glass of water."

"And the morphin powder, when did he take that?"

"Oh, the very last thing at night, in hot milk!"

"So, to-day—" Stephen prompted.

"To-day," she took it up, "he had another powder at two. And he complained then that it tasted sweetish—so that I touched the paper to my own tongue. But we had had the morphin powder, and I thought that perhaps they might have made it taste so—as they do water. An hour later I was persuading him to go out, when he said that he felt curiously sleepy. It was such a strange—such a wonderful feeling, for him! I could tell by the tone and until it was time for the four o'clock powder, and then we helped him in to bed—we have had such splendid help, lately, and I was simply overtired, as I was! Then—that was just before you came, Fred, I walked about the Square, and had a cup of tea, and wrote a letter—and still he slept. I went into his room at six; he was still drowsy—just as he had been after his noon-dream!—and I persuaded him to take another powder, and drink just a cup of tea. And then I went up-stairs, and threw myself down in a wrapper, and went to sleep—I went to sleep—"

AN AGONY of anxiety and a tinge of excitement had begun to sound in her voice; neither man moved or spoke.

"I slept until ten!" she said, pitifully. "Bertha waked me—she wanted to know if nobody—nothing was wrong. She came down-stairs; I felt almost sick with sleep—my first sleep in so long!—and I said I would have some soup. But first I went into Allen's room, and the minute I saw him —the minute I saw him!—"

Her voice deepened upon a note of terror; she was still.

"He was gone?" Stephen said, sympathy in his eyes.

"No, not quite—not quite." She took up the story bravely. "He was breathing, but his hands were cold. I called Hannah—he had never been like that! We got hot water—we couldn't make him drink it—*nothing*—we could get nothing! Then I telephoned for Doctor Gedney—he couldn't come. So then we called the Emergency Hospital—Hannah suggested that—and I thought we might move him there. But it was too late! While we were talking, it was all over. It just—just—died away from us! That was all. He has always said—always hoped—it would be like that—poor Allen! Poor Allen!"

"At the hospital," she added, after a moment, "they told me that it was a case for the coroner. The *coroner*!" she echoed, troubled eyes upon Stephen. "Mr. Winship, why did they say that they would send the coroner?"

Stephen, feeling a secret relief that Reilly had been notified, explained quietly the nature of the coroner's office, but this did not alter the doubtful, almost antagonistic look in her eyes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds! How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Thousands lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

AN amazing new discovery takes off flesh almost like magic, without medicine, starving or strenuous exercise, and without the slightest discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away. A people begin to lose weight right away. A great many see results in 48 hours. All who have used it have reached their ideal weight through this simple new secret.

Yet they have not starved themselves. They have not punished themselves with strenuous exercises, with bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked and did fully as much as they pleased, following only the one simple little natural law that has recently been discovered. And their superfluous weight disappeared, melted away—by a rapid, natural, safe process.

"I am glad I tried your way of reducing weight," writes one delighted woman from Montana. "I lost fifty pounds and feel so much better." Still another writes, "I have taken off twenty pounds of my surplus flesh. I find that I am able to reduce just as fast or as slow as I desire." And one man in Connecticut says that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says, "I have reduced my weight 25 pounds without discomfort."

Scientists have been searching for this very secret of weight control for years. It is not a fad or a theory. It is not an expensive "treatment" or a series of self-sacrifices and denials. It's just a simple little natural law that any one can follow with ease.

Everyone Can Now Have the Attractive Grace of a Slender Figure Through the New Discovery of Science.

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you wish. You can so regulate this remarkable new law that has been discovered, that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time. You can take off as much or as little fat as you please—and whenever you please. When you reach your normal, perfect weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another ounce.

Some people report that they have reduced at the rate of ten pounds a week. Others arrange to take off a pound or five a day. Some apply this new method so that they reach their ideal weight in a month's time—others like to go more gradually. For instance, one man who lives in Hickory, N. C., writes: "I have arranged to lose three pounds per week, and by the end of the year I weighed just what I wanted to—175 pounds." Only a short while before he had weighed 205 pounds.

The Secret Explained

Everyone knows that food causes fat. But why do some people eat much and others remain thin? Why may thin people eat whatever they please without seeming to gain an ounce, while fat people who deny themselves the food they would like to eat, continue to put on the pounds? Scientists found that there must be some vital, natural law of nutrition which makes the whole secret of weight control is based.

It was to discover this secret that Eugene Christian, the world's foremost physical culturist, began his remarkable experiments. For a long time his efforts seemed fruitless, because of its very simplicity. But now that Christian has made his important discovery, it seems even his greatest hopes. He discovered that always fat people, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain food combinations cause fat; others *consume* fat. If you eat certain kinds of foods at the same meal, they are converted into fat in the body. But if you eat very same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, and the fat you already have is used up in energy!

Eat Of Flesh by New Method

And now people are actually eating off weight! Men who were formerly so stout that they puffed when they walked quickly, men who had to deny themselves many pleasures because of their burdensome flesh, report that, since they learned this secret, and youthful energy was amazingly rapid. Stout women who always had trouble in clothes, who had to deny themselves the colorful, fluffy clothes they would like to wear, marvel that this one simple little rule should enable them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they eaten down to normal, but they enjoy many times more strength than ever before, they feel refreshed, brightened and invigorated.

A delighted woman writes: "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid, and every one says how well I look!"

Remember, you don't have to starve yourself, or follow a rigid diet, or punish yourself in any discomfort through this new method of flesh reduction. You eat off the fat you don't want to lose; eat it off as quickly or as slowly as you wish. You regulate your weight just as you control your speech or the pace at which you walk.

Weight Control the Basis of Health

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable food revelations in 12 simple lessons which he calls "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." And to enable everyone, everywhere, to profit by his valuable discovery, he offers to send his complete course on trial to anyone sending for it.

You have always wanted to reduce weight, to attain the ideal weight for your height. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you can do it, and without discomfort, without denials or sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to take off just as much flesh as you wish and yet eat delicious meals, many of which you may now be denying yourself. And if need not cost you one cent to make the test.

Read What Others Say:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep. But I go to bed now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from right to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months.

Mrs. ——, New York City

Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost forty pounds."

Mrs. ——, Glens Falls, N. Y.

20 Pounds Lighter

"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would do. I reduced twenty pounds. I need no advice more, and with the directions the Course gives me that I can lose or gain as I desire. I am thanks for your interest and the Course."

Mr. ——, Detroit, Mich.

Note: The letters are in most cases from people we know. The others are entirely genuine.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon below. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where $1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property, with the understanding that if it doesn't do all we claim or you are not fully satisfied in every way, you may return the course within five days and your money will be instantly refunded.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the principles and directions regarding weight, food and health. Now make up your mind as to how much weight you want to lose the first week, and each week following. Then put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the very next day or so and notice the marked result. Still, you've taken no medicines, put on harmful diets or deprivations, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily do, yet you'll be pleasantly surprised as are the thousands of others who are quickly regaining normal, beautiful figures in this new scientific way.

Mail the coupon NOW.

No money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it may be impossible to send your order at once. Some will but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Eugene Christian's wonderful discovery. The Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-8811, 43 West 16th Street, New York City.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-8811, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me Eugene Christian's complete course. "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of returning the course after a 5 day trial and have my money refunded if I am not entirely satisfied.

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(Please write plainly)

Street Address .....

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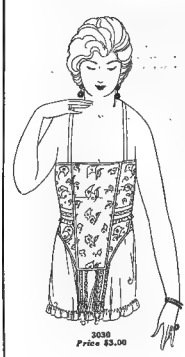

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Price $3.00

How often have you wished for something to keep your figure trim and flat when you do not wear your corset? Warner's Corselette will do it.

For all-around year-around Wear

The bandeau top supports the bust firmly; the front gives a straight line to the figure all the way down—and you have perfect freedom and comfort. Made in a variety of pink materials, plain or fancy, and all easily washable. Strong hose supporters front and back or front and side. Ideal for growing girls.

Note prices and descriptions. If you have difficulty in buying a Warner's Corselette, send your order to

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3070 Light-weight figured material. Panel front and supporters front and side. Sizes 30 to 42.

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3018
Price $2.00

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Your Morning Toilet Incomplete Without Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay

IT invisibly protects the skin from the natural enemies of the day—smoke, dust, wind and sun which by robbing the skin of its natural oils, take away its youthful bloom. More and more women are learning that soap and water need an aid to complete the toilet.

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Sempre Giovine—Meaning "Always Young"

Before applying powder, gently rub the dainty cake of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay over your face. Remove with a soft cloth, and the skin will be left clear, glowing with health. Your powder and rouge will adhere better, and your skin will have that smooth, satiny appearance all day long.

We cordially invite you to try the Sem-pray Way for seven days at our expense. A sufficient supply of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay and Sem-pray Powder will be sent you free as soon as we receive your name and address. You can, of course, obtain a full-size cake at any toilet counter without waiting.

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The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co.,
Dept. 2138 Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

"But I don't like the idea of a coroner coming here!" she said simply. "Will you explain to him exactly how it happened, and get rid of him as quickly as you can?"

Stephen glanced at Fred, said nothing. But she had turned from him to take two of the small boxes from Kelly's pharmacy from the table.

"These are the boxes—identical," she said. "The covers are interchangeable—do you see? The powders *look* the same. They were on the shelf together."

"Mrs. Lombard," said Stephen gravely, "to keep them so was surely a great mistake!"

"Oh, it was—it was!" she agreed. "I don't know why I never *thought* of that!"

Her simplicity somewhat disarmed him, but he gave no sign of softening.

"You had no doctor?"

"Not since February!"

"Could Mr. Lombard possibly have changed those covers, himself?"

"Not without excruciating pain," she answered, shaking her head.

"Did the maids ever touch the medicine?" Stephen pursued.

"Oh, never!" He liked the quick, uncalculating way in which she answered with the truth.

"Mr. Lombard was entirely helpless?"

"No-o, not quite. He could just drag himself a little—you know, I told you, Fred," said Mrs. Lombard, turning her deep, dark eyes upon the younger man, "that he *did* get his revolver two weeks ago—how, we have no idea. I had to take it away, and this time I sold it, rather than have it about!"

"He was depressed, then?" Stephen continued, almost gently.

"Oh, very. He was terrible—to Bertha and Hannah. In fact"—she paused, searching obviously for an exact word—"in fact, this week has been *exceptionally* bad," she finished quietly. "There are the boxes, if you want them," she added, rising. "I think I will go up-stairs and dress. But I will be ready before the coroner comes—just in case he wants to see me, too."

AND with no other word, and without noise or stir of any description, she went from the room, and left the brothers standing together by the fire.

Stephen moved irresolutely, looked at the closed door, and then, with an odd look, resumed his chair, and settled himself quietly. Fred, after a somewhat puzzled stare at him, followed his example.

Except for the fire, and the clocks striking midnight, there was a long silence in the room. Stephen turned the page of a book he had picked up idly, glanced about at the homelike clutter of handsome and cheap furnishings, the photographs and the flowers. There was no sound in the house, none in the old Square.

When Kelly, the coroner, rang, Fred admitted him, and the three men murmured in low tones together.

"It looks to me like a clear case of overdosing, Frank," Stephen presently told the alert-faced, rosy little man, tranquilly. "We know that Mr. Lombard was depressed almost to melancholia—poor fellow, it was incurable, you know."

"Can you blame him?" the coroner said sympathetically, with a glance toward the closed door that concealed, as he had instantly known, the chamber of death.

"He had a strong medicine—Cudney's prescription, altho he had dismissed Cudney," Stephen explained, "and we don't know—we don't *know* that he didn't exchange to change these box-covers—see here!"

"I see," the coroner said, with a faint, significant stress upon the first word, as he studied the labeled cardboard. "Sure, why wouldn't he?" he added, confidentially. "Old man, wasn't he? How does the wife take it? No need to give anything out to the press boys," finished Mr. Reilly, heavily; "bad enough for her without that! Heart-failure—hey? My wife's mother went off with rheumatism—just like that! Suppose we step there, Steve?"

"Sorry the Emergency got you up," Stephen said.

"Oh, the boys and I were sitting in an all-night poker session anyway," admitted Mr. Reilly, with a grin. "You know these people, don't you, Steve? She's a friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Oh, certainly!" Stephen said, assuredly. "My aunt's extremely fond of her, and so is Miss Warren."

"All O. K.," the coroner murmured, satisfied, noiselessly opening the bedroom door.

HE AND Stephen were gone for only a few minutes, but Mrs. Lombard, quietly dressed in unrelieved black, was standing with Fred by the mantel when they came back. She looked at Stephen and the coroner with an expression of sober expectation, but without fear. Stephen saw—a trace of real anxiety or fear.

Reilly returned her look with frank curiosity and sympathy.

"This is too bad," he said somewhat clumsily. "Mr. Winship here has been telling me about the case—nervous, depressed, suffering a good deal, and all that. It looks to me like heart-failure; maybe the medicine he took helped it along a little, and maybe it didn't. Anyway, you must try to look on it like it was a relief to him, and you are the one that has to have the real sympathy—it's them that's left; isn't that right? Every time—that's what my wife says."

"Thank you!" The strange eyes were looking straight up at him, and were brimming with slow tears.

"So I'll be going along," said Reilly, shaking her hand heartily, after a moment's somewhat confused pause.

"And I will too," Stephen added. And to Mrs. Lombard he said, with an air of friendliness and intimacy, "Fred will look out for everything for you, and Mimi and Aunt Bessy will probably be here in the morning! And of course don't hesitate to call me if there is anything in the world that I can do!"

"Thank you!" she said simply again. "Give Mimi my love!"

And before he left the room, she had turned away and was murmuring to Fred about some grim detail of the immediate need. The usual dreadful questions were to be settled. Stephen and the coroner were free to let themselves out into the sweet, warm night together.

A soft, high breeze was moving steadily in the dark; heavy with the breath of growing things, fresh earth and new grass and quickening boughs. The maples in Kingsgreen Square were unfolding little, damp, light leaves; branches were clicking against each other softly and mysteriously; even in the blackness there was a knowledge abroad of tulips and lilacs, a new softness and freedom everywhere. Girls' voices laughed out from some invisible park and beach, some of the doorways of the old brick houses were open, silhouetted figures moved against lighted, shabby hallways, and shadowy forms upon shadowy steps bore testimony to the coming of Spring.

Stephen declined Reilly's offer of a lift; he would leave his car for Fred—there might be need of it before morning. He wanted to walk—to breathe in the balmy, fresh air, and to think.

Suddenly he laughed, half aloud. He had certainly taken a good deal for granted regarding this cool, imperious, troubled woman! He really knew nothing about her, despite his quick assumption of friendliness, before Reilly.

"For all I know—or Fred knows—" he mused. She was the adventuress type, of course; glittering eyes, glittering hair, red mouth. The titled husband—the reputedly famous beautiful pearls—the mixed medicine-boxes— "However, she is a lady; that's perfectly clear," Stephen decided, quickening the steps that had halted for a few seconds, while he doubted and wondered.

Yet he had not quite liked her ready acceptance of his little deception of Reilly; her "love to Mimi" offended him vaguely. Her whole manner was almost too easy and quiet, the extraordinary circumstances considered. She had been strangely familiar with expediency in this sudden catastrophe.

"Mr. Winship, why did they say that they would send the coroner?"

Her tones came back to him so clearly that he almost felt as if they had sounded upon the silence of the deserted streets. He remembered her distressed, almost resentful tone, the wide-open amber eyes.

It was a wonderful night, humming and throbbing with Spring. Stephen felt his pulses racing like a boy's—it seemed good to him to be able to help a gentlewoman like Mrs. Lombard over this difficult bit of road. He meditated over another call upon her to-morrow. She had shown no extreme gratitude or warmth to-night, to be sure, but even in that there was not another proof of her clean conscience in the whole affair? No fawning, no policy, nothing but the simple, untouched truth.

"I don't know what to think of her!" he said to himself, reluctantly mounting his own steps. The night seemed too warm, too fragrant, too palpitating with beauty and promise, to leave.

LATE the next afternoon he drove Mimi to the rectory, and they made a correctly brief and sympathetic call. Fred was already there; everything seemed serene and smoothly ordered.

Mrs. Lombard's face was colorless, except for the young crimson of her mouth. Her extraordinary voice was poised and steady, and the amber eyes had strange glints and sparkles in them as she stood, a slender figure in fresh, simple black, beside the mantel, looking straight up into Stephen's face.

Suddenly he had a mad desire to interest her, in some way, to experiment with the cadences of that rich voice, and the expressions of those young, yet infinitely wise, eyes.

"But look here," he said, in the kindly authoritative and detached tone he used with Mimi, "how about yourself? Have you had anything to eat?"

There was something like a weary smile in the amber-brown deeps of the eyes, almost a glimmer under the brown lashes.

"Oh, thank you! But I don't seem to feel—"

"That's nonsense! The surest way to make yourself ill!" he said, at home in his familiar rôle. "You must have something at once, of course! Bertha," he added, with his pleasant, gray-eyed smile for the maid, "you must bring Mrs. Lombard—"

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

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"Hannah was asking didn't she want any soup?" the maid said, submissively.

"Truly, Steve is right!" Mimi pleaded, slipping a slender hand through his big coat-sleeve, and smiling encouragement at the older woman.

"I think it must be a characteristic of his," Lucretia Lombard said, in her slow, deep tones. "I will! Truly I will!" she promised them. "But you must have no concern for me," she told Stephen, "for what I *really* dreaded—what might have been *really* hard and unspeakably painful for me—you spared me last night!"

The emotion in her voice, the look she gave him, as she quite simply laid both her hands upon his own, stirred them all. Here in this cluttered room, with Winter twilight struggling at the windows, and only the fitful light of the sinking coal-fire indoors to combat it, they were all conscious of romance, of a beauty and an atmosphere unfamiliar to their wholesome and normal lives.

"Steve, you were so wonderful!" Mimi said affectionately, driving home a little later with a comfortable sense of neighborly duty rendered—the sort of thing she and Steve would always be doing for the less fortunate, she told herself.

"Extraordinary," he said, under his breath, and Mimi laughed.

"No, I didn't say *she* was—I said *you* were!"

"Oh—!" He dismissed it with a half-shamed, half-amused smile and a jerk of his head over his shoulder. His eyes did not leave the street; Stephen was a careful driver.

"But *do* you think she is extraordinary?" Mimi pursued, curiously, after thought.

He did not hear her; was thinking of a case, she decided. And Mimi snuggled herself into her furs, on the front seat beside him, and fell into pleasant anticipations of the visit to the cabin on Red Pine Mountain, planned for the following week-end. She had considerately postponed it, because of Mrs. Lombard's need for Fred, and she glowed with the knowledge that her life must be affected, from now on, by what concerned Stephen and his brother.

They were getting out of the car, at the side entrance of the Curran house, ten minutes later, when Stephen absently and vaguely answered her,

"Yes. Of course I do. She is quite—amazing."

Mimi laughed again, fled into the house, dismissed the matter from her mind. But Stephen lingered inexplicably, only half conscious of what he did, in the garage, loitered up-stairs, mused over his dressing.

"I—don't believe," he said to himself, standing with his black evening tie in his hand, and looking at the Stephen in the mirror as if he had never beheld himself before, "I don't believe I have ever seen such a woman! She is not like any one I ever met!" And with a smile playing over his firm mouth, he murmured, "I think it must be a characteristic of his! You spared me last night!"

With what a superb directness she had said these things; no stammering or flushing! And with what poise she had agreed to have some soup! There was a refreshing absence of the inconsolable and dramatic attitude.

Golden eyes—golden hair—creamy-gold skin, and a voice of pure gold!

He wondered if it would give her the slightest comfort to have him attend the quiet, little funeral service next day. Fred would be there, of course, and possibly the British consul and his wife, from New York: no one else. Suddenly Stephen felt that he must be there, too. And at the thought of her, veiled and robed in black, sustaining the dismal demand of this dark hour with her own wonderful gravity and dignity, his heart stirred strangely.

The second instalment of "The Love of Lucretia Lombard" will be published in the issue on sale November 15. If you don't like to read a story by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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THE INHERITORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

It was his own attitude and that of Mrs. Meldrum that puzzled Stephen.

Nora Meldrum was sitting forward a little in her chair, her lips parted, her blue eyes—dark-blue eyes with dark lashes—absorbed as she listened to her husband. One slim hand and forearm lay along the table. Stephen, relieved temporarily from conversation, found himself staring at the hand and forearm. A moment of sudden, unexpected tenderness took possession of him. He felt the warmth of it run through his veins. It was as if he had opened a door into an unforeseen garden, when his business was the careful inventory of a house. How appealing a woman's arm was; delicate; ivory-tinted! He caught himself up, alarmed as he had been after that odd moment of stillness which had fallen upon him when Nora Meldrum had entered the drawing-room half an hour back. What had happened to him since Meldrum's arrival? These inexplicable obtrusions into the friendly calm of his visits! What was Meldrum saying?

MELDRUM was saying a great deal. He touched upon statecraft. "He is insane!" he announced with a rare touch of violence; a violence, however, that one felt was very near the well-taken-care-of surface. "He is an international charlatan—an intellectual vulpiculist!" He told a story or two that were undoubtedly true since they had been told to him by the fifth or sixth -or tenth; what did it matter?—person in direct descent from the original observer—or hearer. Good Lord! So this was the mind that had been able to accumulate an untold fortune! Stephen's own mind was ignorant concerning American politics, but he realized that disconnected abuse inevitably leads to canonization.

Meldrum directed a single eye upon social matters. "He is a social exhibition. Of course! "All intelligent business men are!" He emptied his fourth glass of claret. "It makes for efficiency."

The ghost of Russia thrust its tousled head above the cloth like a farm laborer who has gone to sleep sitting beneath the table. Meldrum was for extermination. As he put it, it seemed a ridiculously easy thing to do. Stephen had a vision of a handful of Boy Scouts armed with .22 rifles.

The infatuated man! The world he lived in was as simple as a child's toy! And all the while, Stephen reflected, there was that little wind from the night carrying its mystery and lonely, and, well—his mind came back to it—the mute loveliness of a woman's arm. All about you—! Everything! Terror and beauty and uncertainty! It was a relief when dessert was finished and he followed the others back to the long room with its soft lamps and its bowls of roses. Here, at least, there would be not quite so much chance for Meldrum to occupy a hierophantic position as at the head of a table.

He was presented with one of Meldrum's "especial" cigarets. Everything about Meldrum was especial. And he told you so. You realized it, however, the moment you saw his shirts. What in the world had men died for, from the Man on Calvary to the last recruit a moment before the guns stopped firing! To give Meldrum "especial" cigarets? Well, that was all right. There was no objection to Meldrum having especial cigarets, or any one else, for that matter. Delusions concerning the humorless delusion of socialism were hard to retain. The objections were not to Meldrum's possessions, but to Meldrum's attitude toward them. Only the man who has received no gifts from fate has a right to be proud. Self-congratulation is excusable, perhaps, when one has survived deadly all disadvantage. But as for the successful—with each accession they should be more humble.

Stephen reviewed his past life with amusement. He had followed a dozen dreams as far as norms permit of following; he had been guided by an illogical and certainly uncomfortable system of ethics—if one could give a scientific name to that to a bundle of prejudices and intuitions—and what had come of it? A bullet wound in the shoulder, a touch of fever, enough to live on fairly comfortably, a couple of books no one read, the respect, possibly, of a few men out in South Africa, of a few learned societies. Surely not much, and in the meanwhile look at Meldrum! He had won everything for which a man's heart could wish: green lawns, gracious houses, power, the woman he had desired. Yes, especially the last! It seemed to Stephen peculiarly sardonic that at this point in his meditations Mrs. Meldrum should have come up to him, carrying two tumblers.

She leaned over the wing of the big chair in which he was sitting, closer to him than she had been for many years. Her warmth and sweetness enveloped him.

"Let's go out on the terrace," she suggested. "Summer is twice as good as winter indoors." She turned to the others in the room. "Will any one join us?"

"No!" said Meldrum with finality. "Beetles!"

STEPHEN felt a sudden elation at the answer. He told himself it was because of the chance of recapturing for an hour or so at least the quiet tenderness of the last three nights. Perhaps the last chance. He had rather in mind the determination to make hurried excuses and leave the following morning. Meldrum's presence produced contrasts too painful. Stephen went over to where Mrs. Meldrum was waiting for him.

As the two of them went out through one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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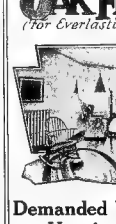

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THE INHERITORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

of the long windows, they heard Meldrum demanding music—not enthusiastically, but as if there was nothing else to be done. He had discovered that neither Roget nor Stephen played cards, and his voice betrayed that at best he looked forward to a dull evening.

Stephen imagined the painful flush with which Roget would meet this request. The crisp young voice reached him. "Oh, but I can't!"

"Nonsense! I heard you the other night."

"I know—that sort of business! But to really play!"

There was a touch of impatience in Meldrum's words. "Who asked you to play? I can go to a concert any time I want, can't I? Just amuse us—that's a good fellow!"

"Good God!" said Stephen, involuntarily, "he oughtn't to do that!" Mrs. Meldrum, at his side, looked up quickly and then turned her head away.

THE night was unusually warm even for August; tropic, portentous. One stepped from movement and intimacy into a brooding largeness. The window through which Mrs. Meldrum and Stephen had made their exit shone behind them like the flame of a giant candle, burning upright in the quiet air. Its swath of light came almost to their feet as they paused beside the stone balustrade that hung above the heavy sweetness of the garden. Beyond the garden, serrating into a starlit sky, were dark masses of Lombardy poplars, and, beyond these again, the shadowy outline of the New Hampshire hills.

"This is night as it should be," said Stephen—"obliterating!"

He looked back into the room he had just left. Held in the soft medium of lamplight and distance was the figure of Roget sitting down to the piano, and, sunk back in a chints-covered chair, the radiance of a lamp on the center-table focusing about him, the blond bulk of Meldrum, sleepily attentive. The sparseness of the immaculate hair on top of his head was more noticeable than he would have liked had he realized the revelation; the ends of his spiked mustache caught a refulgence so that they resembled tiny points of brass. In some unseen corner Miss Whiting lurked somnolently.

"Not altogether obliterating!" said Stephen. He lit a fresh cigaret and, turning back toward the night, leaned both elbows on the warm stone before him. Presently Roget began to play, and the music drifted into the outer air, rose and fell, as if some melodious wind had taken the place of the Summer winds that were absent. Stephen was aware that his companion, so close that he caught the faint perfume of her scarf, was leaning in the direction his eyes had sought, her chin cupped in the hollow of her hand. She stirred and spoke.

"You have never learned to take things easily, have you, my poor Stephen?" she said.

"Just what do you mean?" he asked disinterestedly. But at the back of his mind a smoldering ember seemed suddenly to be creeping into flame. This was the first time since he had seen her again that Nora Meldrum had spoken with such entire liberality, as if she realized that his memories and his loneliness would find it a too-sweet, too-heady solace if she did it very often.

Her answer was level, a little amused, a little regretful. "I have been watching you all evening, you see. When one has known a person as well as I once knew you—You are still a perfectionist, aren't you? You refuse to make terms with life. Have you found life very amenable to your wishes, Stephen?"

"Good Lord, no!" he retorted bitterly. "Neither have I, but, unlike you, I have tried to adjust myself to what I can not bend. Haven't you rather lost interest in trying to bend anything, Nora? I have—" She paused. "At least, I think I have—thought I had. One is never very certain about anything, tho, is one?"

STEPHEN felt himself released abruptly from the tonelessness of embarrassment that had been holding him aloof ever since he had stepped out on to the terrace. Nora Meldrum had touched some well-springs of recently achieved, difficult thought. "No!" he said eagerly. "In most ways, you are very fundamental things, very certainly not! I am still a perfectionist, if you choose to call it that, but no longer does what now seem the relatively unimportant matters that used to bother me. I have lost most of my old convictions—have let them up; thrown them out. And in their place I've taken on some new ones, and these I hold, I think, with an added fierceness. If they go—well, I'm afraid that's all off. I think every one is that way nowadays, don't you? The War stripped things rather to the bone, and we'll never get over it, no matter how much at present we're fooling ourselves."

"What are your new dreams?" asked Mrs. Meldrum without turning her head. "They are not dreams," said Stephen; "they are possibilities. Within the reach of all—only a little courage is needed; the desire to stretch out the hand." He raised

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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THE INHERITORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

his arm and let it fall again on the balustrade. "If they aren't possibilities," he added, "then there's no sense in talking much interest in a silly world."

"It *is* a silly world," said Mrs. Meldrum softly.

Stephen turned his head and looked at her curiously. "And you say that," he remarked, "who have got everything you set out to get! Then it's because the things you set out to get were silly things, and you've just found it out, and have neither the curiosity nor hardihood to discover anything else."

"What else is there?"

"Well—" Stephen straightened up; "as the bottom of it, as a proof of it, there are certain very definite glimpses of pure beauty that every one gets—suddenly, without warning—but with a frequency that makes them common. Dawns, sunsets, a street after rain. Ordinary things made more perfect; subjected to loving care; food, decent living, conversation, above all, personal relationships, attempted clarity and truth between yourself and the few people in the world who really count to you. You can't brush those things aside by saying that it's a silly world. They exist, waiting only to be cultivated. The trouble with all of us until the War came was that we walked with our eyes on the clouds but with feet that stumbled. Now we ought to know better. Do I make myself clear?"

Her voice was puzzled. "Yes, but why—I mean, what particularly has all this got to do with me? Even if as a child—when you knew me—I cut through things ruthlessly, as most children do, I've long ago learned better. I'm not a bad friend, Stephen; I take a great deal of pains with my friendships; I take perhaps too much pains with the other things you spoke of—decent living, beauty—I don't think I quite understand."

"I don't think you ever will," said Stephen. "Because I can no more make myself clear than I could fifteen years ago." He hesitated. "I'm trying to ask you," he said, with an effort, "if you will write to me. I've always wanted you to write to me, but I was never sure until now that I wasn't adding a new weakness—whether my pride justified it. Now I know it is no favor, but an equal gift."

In the silence that followed, he felt his hand holding the cigaret tremble. He wondered if he had affronted her with his clumsiness. But when she spoke it was with entire calmness.

"Why do you think it is an equal gift?" she asked

"Because"—he drew back from the balustrade and spoke with rapid precision—"you are just as lonely as I am." He put out his hand and touched her shoulder uncertainly. "My dear, you need me just as much as I need you. I'll be going back in a week or two."

He waited for her answer, looking down at the slim arc of her figure, graceful and still immature. The slender dignity of her neck where it met the crisp gold of her hair stirred him as it so often had in the past. There was the same life to the head—life, one might almost call it—the extraordinary, winning, boyish clearness of outline.

SHE remained motionless for what seemed an interminable length of time before she drew herself up quickly and faced about, her back to the balustrade. "Of course I will" she said briskly. "Why shouldn't I?" There was a hint of laughter in her voice. She sighed. "You are still ponderously serious, aren't you, Stephen? Writing's a simple matter. Come! Let's go back!"

He remembered how in the past she had so often broken moods in just this way when they threatened to become intrinsic; opposing pretended lack of comprehension to his increasing earnestness. But he was older than he had been in those bewildered days. He stepped forward and took her by the shoulders, hesitation banished by the momentary anger that flared up in him.

"No!" he said with a sober violence. "You know what I mean! I'm not asking you merely to write me: I'm asking you for something far deeper and more important. I don't want your letters unless they are letters of a certain kind. No! Don't do that! For God's sake don't tell me to let you go, or that I have no right to talk to you this way! Don't be stupid! I'm not making love to you! I'm not asking you to run away with me! I'm asking you only to give me a little of your confidence, to open your heart a little to me, so that I can do what I have wanted to do all my life, be of some help to you. It's my future salvation and yours as well. Otherwise we'll drift, both of us, and blow away, like dandelions in a wind. I wouldn't ask you if I weren't to be so many miles away; I wouldn't think of asking you if I weren't quite sure—so very sure that there isn't any one else to whom you open your heart even as little as you have to me to-night." His voice grew pleading. "Oh, my dear, can't you see, I'm offering you a chance of release? The release a man or a woman must have to live. Some one person to whom you can talk—utterly —without fear. Do you think when you've seen death as much as I have, that the little reticences of life count any more? Time is too short. We're too near the isolation of the end. Body and mind and soul, if you're lucky enough to get them; a closeness closer than the breath to the throat; but if you can not get them complete, then as much as you can. We're such little creatures standing together in the darkness. Here's something you've never had. It's worth while. I've been lonely enough to know that."

He paused breathless; astonished at his own vehemence, altogether different from the calm exposition he had planned. He wasn't quite sure whether he wasn't a little ashamed of himself. His hands relinquished her shoulders slowly, and then, looking at her, he was aware that with complete innocence he had evoked a moment the proximity of which had made him apprehensive since first they had come out on to the terrace.

She was staring up at him, her head drawn a trifle back, her eyes wide beneath their long lashes.

"Do you think I am very unhappy?" she asked in a curious, childish, coaxing voice.

Stephen felt the fever of his words die out of him utterly. The night grew cold, holding him and the woman before him in a circle of silence. A new sharpness of scent came up from the garden hidden below the wall. How incredibly lovely and pathetic her mouth was!

"Do you think I am very unhappy?" The murmured words reached him as if on a plane that touched neither earth nor air.

HE WAITED, trembling. He had not meant this! He was sorry! All the careful fences of his past were against it. Perhaps—after a while—if she would make her own life again. . . . In this house! It would spoil the lucidity of the dreams the last few minutes had given him. Yet he would go through with it—a moment of blinding beauty and destruction whirled in his brain.

He stretched out his arms, and her hands, stretching toward him, touched his like hovering moths. For an instant, it seemed to him they stood poised upon the brink of a precipice whose upper reaches swam in light above the nebulous darkness below. Then she stepped back suddenly beyond his reach. The light shivered into atoms and vanished.

"Well?" he asked dryly.

She had fled back to the balustrade. "Come here!" she said. He went over to her reluctantly. She fingered the sleeve of his coat. "My friend," she said with a slow tremulousness, "—my very dear Stephen, you've asked of me the one thing I can not give—the very one thing, and still exist. I could give you, perhaps, everything else, but not that."

"How do you mean?" he asked with a touch of impatience

She laughed uncertainly. "Letters," she said, "seem so simple—but not the kind you want. Don't you understand?" She pulled at his sleeve. "Once a week—once a month you're asking me to tear to pieces the screen I've put between myself and reality. Do you think I could live and do that?"

"Then you know it's unreality?" he said. "*Know!*" She released his sleeve and flung out her hands. "Know! Do you suppose my values are the same as they were fifteen years ago? When a woman reaches thirty-five, Stephen, she realizes that there are two things all women have a right to: a man to love, children. I haven't either of those. I try to delude myself about the first." She folded her hands quietly in her lap. "I'm blaming no one but myself."

Stephen stood up and thrust his hands into his pockets. "Very well, then," he began, "if you know all this, why don't you set out to right it? Thirty-five is not—why do you cower this screen you're talking about? Every one——"

She interrupted him. "And so," she said, "you still think, for the simple disaster that people like you think it—and never find it! Oh, my dear, what a child you are! Suppose all my days and all my heart and part of my brain are yours—as I found out when you came back again; as I found out when you threw down the screen behind which I had been hiding—what of the other part of my brain? The part that for almost fifteen years has been so laboriously putting up this screen? What of the rut I've made for myself? Do you think there's nothing in habit?" She stretched out a hand. "This house? My friends? Quiet security? A certain sort of freedom for which I pay a price? Don't you see, I can only pay that price as long as the screen is between me—your letters, my letters to you, would destroy the screen more than any other one thing. I could not live with my thoughts divided. If I were with you, they would be divided; if I stay here, habit will help me build again what your coming has destroyed. Oh, my dear, the truth is so much more destructive than any physical thing. I could give you my body perhaps, and for a little while live on it, be loved, and then forget; but not the truth as it goes on from day to day. I could give you my body utterly, now or as you saw fit—" She paused and looked falteringly into his eyes. "Would you take me at that?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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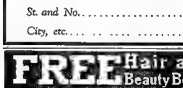

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THE EYES OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

down the rungs of the ladder, your friends frequently feel that way. It is the cowardice of a real affection they have for you.

Marie answered the bell. Yes, Mrs. Cutmore was at home, she said.

"Oh, Sarah, is that you?" Betty called out from the parlor.

Sarah said it was.

"Come in here; I can't move!" Betty called again.

Sarah was about to enter when she caught sight of what was going on, and stood for a moment in the doorway.

Betty was seated before the blazing hearth, surrounded by green boughs of holly, a half-finished wreath of it on her knees. She wore a little white crêpe frock, square neck, long sleeves, very plain, like a child's dress. But her hair was piled skittishly on top of her head like a woman's. Fire-roses burned in her cheeks; red berries glistened among the green leaves in her lap.

She laid aside the wreath, caught up the front of her skirt, holding the masses of sprays, and showing the pretty stems of her being as she tried to step over the boughs of holly on the rug to greet her guest. She embraced her with one arm; she kissed her on the cheek with smiling lips.

"It is so good of you to come this cold day. You must sit close to the fire," she said, pushing a chair nearer. Then she irisked back to the door, still holding the holly, her skirt drawn tightly above her petticoat.

"Marie!" she called, "bring some tea!"

SHE came back, balancing herself prettily as she stepped over the holly to the stool upon which she had been sitting.

"How are you, dear?" Sarah asked, having recovered sufficiently to say something.

"Oh, well, of course, and I am having such a good time!" she exclaimed, beginning again on the wreath.

Sarah was relieved to find her in tears, but she certainly did not understand this merry mood. The facts failed to justify it. She wondered if she was still in ignorance of what had happened between Puckle and Catmore, in that case this joyful Betty was tragic.

"I am so glad Mr. Crombie has found his car," she said, presently.

"Yes, he left this morning for Savannah. He wants to make sure it is his car before having it shipped," Sarah answered.

"And they really have caught the man who stole it this time," Betty went on.

"The sheriff thinks so. He went with father to bring him back," Sarah answered.

"Windy insisted from the first that that poor boy from the mountains, 'Babe,' he called him, was innocent," Betty said as if there was nothing tragic for her connected with his innocence.

"Yes," Sarah replied, "and we are all so sorry that he had a breach between Mr. Puckle and Windy."

Betty stared at her. Pride and love are the very graces of deceit in a devoted woman.

"But Sarah," she exclaimed, "there is no breach between Windy and Mr. Puckle!"

"But I understood he had resigned as Mr. Puckle's partner," Sarah insisted.

"Well, that can't be so, because Mr. Puckle is coming here to dine as usual tonight. Windy telephoned a while before you came," she announced.

"That is why I am hurrying to finish these wreaths. I shall hang them on the dining-room walls to-night. They are prettier there than hung before the windows," she explained.

Sarah was mystified. And she was thankful that things had been mended somehow between Cutmore and Puckle. She was thinking about this, not really listening to Betty, who had gone on talking about Puckle.

"He likes these little homey touches," she was saying, referring to the wreaths. "He notices everything like that, even more than Windy does. Imagine a man never having a real home of his own, I suppose."

"He is such a dear man, Sarah, I wish you would marry him!" she exclaimed.

"Betty!" Sarah cried, coming to attention at the expression of this wild wish.

"I once heard you say he is the most eligible man in Millidge," Betty reminded her. "And somebody ought to marry him!"

"Well, I'm obliged you, or risk Mr. Puckle's happiness in such an adventure now," Sarah began after a little silence.

Betty looked up, caught her eyes with that curious persistence which women have of other women's knells and bells.

"I am engaged," she said.

"To Mr. Towne?" Betty returned. It was not a question, but an affirmative.

"How could you have known, when it is only since last night!" Sarah exclaimed.

"We have been expecting it for a long time. I told Windy before our marriage that some day it would be Mr. Towne for you."

She had risen from her stool, allowing the holly to fall as she stepped across the rug, laid her palms upon Sarah's cheeks, lifted her face and kissed her.

"My dear, I am so glad; if you are as happy as I am it will be wonderful!" she said tenderly.

Sarah's lips trembled; she put out a hand and drew Betty to her.

"But," she quavered, "can one be happy with Charlie Towne?"

"Off and on, yes," the young wife answered judiciously. "Now to-day I am very happy, but yesterday—well, yesterday I was not. It runs that way when you are married, which is better, because no one could endure happiness all the time. You only *love* all the time."

"But surely, Betty, one need not care so much. One could be married with less love than that," Sarah objected, regarding her with a half smile.

"It is done, but I should not risk it," Betty answered seriously.

"It seems to me love should be given in proportion to the happiness you receive," Sarah argued.

"No, that is discounting love. You can love your husband according to his best qualities easily and without much strength of devotion, because you become accustomed to it like the sense of security. But you *must* love him according to his needs, his faults, and weaknesses. That is an active, diligent devotion which keeps love alive, the only kind that does, I believe."

"Well, in that case I should be obliged to care more than—than he deserves for Charlie," she countered in the tone of one who does not like this bargain.

"We all do if you look at it that way," Betty answered gravely. "Men are queer, Sarah," she began again. "They must be watched and tended. I suppose that is why God created the first woman, not because Adam was lonesome, with all he had to do, but the Lord perceived that he needed somebody to look after him, give him a push out and up in the world, so He gave him a wife."

"Oh, Betty, you are such a dear!" Sarah cried, looking up at her and letting out a peal of keen hysterical laughter.

"So, we have been that gift of God to men ever since," conceding only the gravity of a smile to Sarah's mirth.

"We have the care of them. If they do not make good, it is, I believe, always some woman's fault."

"You make us responsible for the whole world!" Sarah cried.

"No, they are responsible for that, the big things achieved, civilization, but *we* are responsible for them. It is our business to love and cherish them, and never to forsake them from the day they are born until death us do part."

"You make the date of marriage very early!"

"One must be married to be the mother of one of them," Betty returned. "That is why I believe in real citizenship for women. So, we shall be married to them and close enough to look after them all the way through," she concluded.

"What does Windy think of your views?" Sarah asked lightly.

"He doesn't know them. He only knows that I love him, but not how much," she answered, looking at the holly as green boughs spread like a wreath about her feet. "I didn't know at first myself. I thought it would be just happiness—you see. You learn it. Love teaches you —love!" she said.

"And Windy?" Sarah ventured.

"Oh, he doesn't know it, but he is learning very fast," she answered, smiling, changing into the witty feminine at her man's expense.

Some woman with Betty's wisdom should write a book on this subject and call it "Our Children." If she did, we should know more about men than we do. They may be the sons of God, but they are the children of women forever.

THIS Winter of 1919 was not altogether a bad season, except for Millidge, for the poor who suffered for fuel on account of the coal strike, and for the industrial workers who were thrown out of employment in the factories and mills half the time, due again to lack of fuel to conduct these businesses. The city authorities had their hands full. The charity workers did a great deal of profitless business, feeding these poisoned poor, and clothing these willful people, who surfeit at any job, and starved from perverted principle. They sickened and died on the town and had to be buried at the city's expense, victims to the last of their agitators and leaders. But over and above this reeking mass of maudlin poverty, and hunger, there remained sanity. The real people kept up, went about their affairs and pleasures. The strike ended. There was finally coal for the furnaces and factories. The workers returned to their work. The first shock of this wave of unrest had passed, when men trembled for their businesses, and good people with catastrophic imaginations feured the worst. After all, you know, the worst never happens, because whatever is bad can be so much worse.

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Sarah Crombie was now confessedly engaged to Charlie Towne. She was having her last fling as the brilliant spinster of her set. She entertained a great deal and went everywhere, always with Towne in tow. And to the amusement of those who knew her best, she was making it a real fling. She had become the radiant woman, coquettish;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Twice Daily

Teeth need these five effects

In ten days, if you make this test, you will see great changes in your teeth. Some will appear at once.

They come from five effects, which are considered essential. See and feel them—watch your teeth improve. Then you will always want your teeth kept in that new condition.

Watch them whiten

You will see prettier teeth, for one thing. That is due to film removal—the film that makes teeth dingy.

Now you feel on your teeth a viscous coat called film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So well-brushed teeth, as millions know, discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped some trouble caused by film.

How film destroys

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

Dental science, after diligent research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists, half the world over, advise their daily use.

Pepsodent embodies those two methods. That is one great reason for its good effects.

Three other results

But modern diet, rich in starch, makes other things essential. Without them, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

So Pepsodent also stimulates the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Thus every application brings five unique effects. And modern authorities, after convincing tests, urge all of them twice daily. To millions of people they have brought a new conception of clean teeth.

The night attacks

Now you go to sleep with film on your teeth or between them. Or with starch deposits which may ferment and form acid. And all night long those factors may attack the teeth.

See and feel the difference when Pepsodent is used. The results will surprise and delight you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the effects on starch deposits and acids.

The test will prove a revelation. In ten days, judge this new-day method by what you see and feel and know. Decide for yourself what is best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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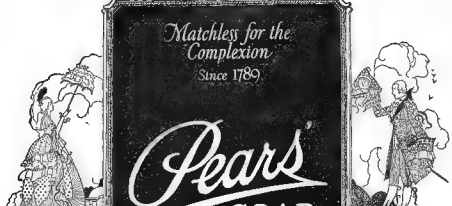

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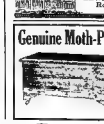

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THE EYES OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

herself to finish, "like you, who are able, kind, and wise, and not mad; like me, who am not gifted, but can love enough—It is our duty to see that Windy gets his chance!"

He was about to consider this proposition when he discovered that there would be no time to consider it. He saw that Betty was trembling; he saw her lift one hand prayerfully to her breast for the briefest instant, then drop it, hiding this prayer. He realized suddenly what this visit had cost her in anguish and courage. He felt his eyes smart.

"You are right, Betty," he exclaimed hastily, "and I am glad you came up here to tell me. But now what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to take Windy back," she said.

"I will, my dear. I've missed him. I'll be glad to have him back, mighty glad," he assured her.

The stare came out in Betty's face.

"And keep him here for better or for worse," she cried with a sobbing laugh.

She was laughing. God bless her! He laughed too. He threw his head back and roared. Immediately he could have cracked his heels together at the sight of her relief, knowing that he had given it to her.

"All right," he said. "you send Windy up here and we'll fix things."

"Oh, no!" she cried in alarm, "I couldn't do that. He must never know that I have been to see you. Promise me."

He promised.

"I understand," he replied, "but how then will it be arranged?"

"You must send for him," she said.

"Ah, I see!" he said, seeing more than she knew she meant, that she was determined to spare her husband at his expense. "Now where shall I find him?" he wanted to know.

She was not sure, but she thought he might be in Mr. Torey's office.

Well, he would locate him. She was to dismiss the whole matter, go home, and be happy.

She gave him her hand, which was warm now. Then she stopped suddenly at the door as if she had just thought of something very important. "This is Wednesday," she said, looking up at him with all her stars shining.

He admitted that it was Wednesday; so it was, but what about it?

"You are coming as usual to dine with us," she informed him, the faintest shadow of anxiety in her eyes.

Of course he was coming, he assured her, tho he was far from being certain about keeping this engagement. He had not seen Cutmore yet. He did not know what would be the outcome of this business.

WEDNESDAY afternoon Sarah Cromlie sat at her desk, where she had been writing some letters, the kind that burn the bridges behind you. She was unhappy, intelligently so—she had a reason. She had at last promised to marry Charlie Towne. She did not love him, but she was tired of being single. She wanted to change the scenes. Many another woman has married for the same reason. She was sure that Towne was not in love with her, at least no more than he had been with a dozen other women. She understood him perfectly, she believed; had studied for years that he meant to marry her. He had carried on a sort of inverted spite courtship during all this time. She heard his step, stalking her often when he was apparently deeply engaged in another affair. The only compliment involved was one characteristic of him. He considered her the most suitable woman in Milldige for him to marry. He wanted that kind of wife, good-looking, good brains, a reputation, position, and money. Well, these were her attributes. So, he had chosen her. Why, she wondered, had not some real man fallen in love with her. This is a question splendid spinsters frequently ask themselves, and one that no man of whatever qualities has ever put.

Sarah sighed, laid her letters idly one above another. Then she went to the window and stared at the snow, which covered everything, lined the limbs of every tree, capped every object in sight with white. The air was keen, like a Christmas card, with those gray bunting clouds stretched low across the horizon, the glow of a clear cold Winter sunset edging them with green and saffron brightness.

She could just see the steep, red gables of the Cutmore residence through the naked branches of the trees. This reminded her of Betty. The poor child was in trouble. She must go over there.

Half an hour later she started out, wrapped and muffled, bending her slender figure against the wind as she whipped along through the snow. She decided this visit. She expected to find Betty depressed. But it was only recent she should go, let her know that she loved her and still hoped for the best. She supposed they would leave Milldige—go to Calloden probably. That would be the wise thing to do. Betty would at least be with her own people. Windy could practise law with Colonel Marshall. She did hope they would leave Milldige. If Windy was going to drag Betty according to his moods she wished he would do it somewhere else.

When they think you are about to topple

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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THE EYES OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

down the rungs of the ladder, your friends frequently feel that way. It is the cowardice of a real affection they have for you.

Marie answered the bell. Yes, Mrs. Cutmore was at home, she said.

"Oh, Sarah, is that you?" Betty called out from the parlor.

Sarah said it was.

"Come in here; I can't move!" Betty called again.

Sarah was about to enter when she caught sight of what was going on, and stood for a moment in the doorway.

Betty was seated before the blazing hearth, surrounded by green boughs of holly, a half-finished wreath of it on her knees. She wore a little white crêpe frock, square neck, long sleeves, very plain, like a child's dress. But her hair was piled skittishly on top of her head like a woman's. Fire-roses burned in her cheeks; red berries glistened among the green leaves in her lap.

She laid aside the wreath, caught up the front of her skirt, holding the masses of sprays, and showing the pretty atoms of her being as she tried to step over the boughs of holly on the rug to greet her guest. She embraced her with one arm; she kissed her on the cheek with smiling lips.

"It is so good of you to come this cold day. You must sit close to the fire," she said, pushing a chair nearer. Then she frisked back to the door, still holding the holly, her skirt drawn tightly above her petticoat.

"Marie!" she called, "bring some tea!"

SHE came back, balancing herself prettily as she stepped over the holly to the stool upon which she had been sitting.

"How are you, my dear?" Sarah asked, having recovered sufficiently to say something.

"Oh, well, of course, and I am having such a good time!" she exclaimed, beginning again on the wreath.

Sarah was relieved not to find her in tears, but she certainly did not understand this merry mood. The facts failed to justify it. She wondered if Betty was still in ignorance of what had happened between Puckle and Cutmore, in that case this joyful Betty was tragic.

"I am so glad Mr. Crombie has found his car," she said, presently.

"Yes, he left this morning for Savannah. He wants to make sure it is his car before having it shipped," Sarah answered.

"And they really have caught the man who stole it this time," Betty went on.

"The sheriff thinks so. He went with father to bring him back," Sarah answered.

"Windy insisted from the first that that poor boy from the mountains, 'Babe,' he called him, was innocent," Betty said as if there was nothing tragic for her connected with his innocence.

"Yes," Sarah replied, "and we are all so sorry that led to a breach between Mr. Puckle and Windy."

Betty stared at her. Pride and love are the very graces of deceit in a devoted woman.

"But Sarah," she exclaimed, "there is no breach between Windy and Mr. Puckle!"

"But I understood he had resigned as Mr. Puckle's partner," Sarah insisted.

"Well, that can't be so, because Mr. Puckle is coming here to dine as usual tonight. Windy telephoned a while before you came," Betty announced.

"That is why I am hurrying to finish these wreaths. I shall hang them on the dining-room walls to-night. They are prettier there than hung before the windows," she explained.

Sarah was mystified. And she was thankful that things had been mended somehow between Cutmore and Puckle. She was thinking about this, not really listening to Betty, who had gone on talking about Puckle.

"He likes these little homey touches," she was saying, "and he is very sensitive. He notices everything like that, even more than Windy does. Comes from never having a real home of his own, I suppose."

"He is such a dear man, Sarah, I wish you would marry him!" she exclaimed.

"Betty!" Sarah cried, coming to attention at the expression of this wild wish.

"I once heard you say he is the most eligible man in Millidge," Betty reminded her. "And somebody ought to marry him!"

"Well, I can't oblige you, or risk Mr. Puckle's happiness in such an adventure now," Sarah began after a little silence.

Betty looked up, caught her eyes with that curious intensity which women have of other women's knells and bells.

"I am engaged," she said.

"To Mr. Towne!" Betty returned. It was not a question, but an affirmative.

"How could you have known, when it is only since last night!" Sarah exclaimed.

"We have been expecting it for a long time. I told Windy before our marriage that some day it would be Mr. Towne for you."

She had risen from her stool, allowing the holly to fall as she stepped across the rug, laid her palms upon Sarah's cheeks, lifted her face and kissed her.

"My dear, I am so glad; if you are as happy as I am it will be wonderful!" she said tenderly.

Sarah's lips trembled; she put out a hand and drew Betty to her.

"But," she quavered, "can one be—happy with Charlie Towne?"

"Off and on, yes," the young wife answered judiciously. "Now to-day I am very happy, but yesterday—well, yesterday I was not. It runs that way when you are married, which is better, because no one could endure happiness all the time. You only *love* all the time."

"But surely, Betty, one need not care so much. One could be married with less love than that," Sarah objected, regarding her with a half smile.

"It is done, but I should not risk it," Betty answered seriously.

"It seems to me love should be given in proportion to the happiness you receive," Sarah argued.

"No, that is discounting love. You can love your husband according to his best qualities easily and without much strength of devotion, because you become accustomed to it like the sense of security. But you *must* love him according to his needs, his faults, and weaknesses. That is an active, diligent devotion which keeps love alive, the only kind that does, I believe."

"Well, in that case I should be obliged to care more than—than he deserves for Charlie," she countered in the tone of one who does not like this bargain.

"We all do if you look at it that way," Betty answered gravely. "Men are queer, Sarah," she began again. "They must be watched and tended. I suppose that is why God created the first woman, not because Adam was lonesome, with all he had to do, but the Lord perceived that he needed somebody to look after him, give him a push out and up in the world, so He gave him a wife."

"Oh, Betty, you are such a dear!" Sarah cried, looking up at her and letting out a peal of keen feminine laughter.

"So, we have been that gift of God to men ever since," conceding only the gravity of a smile to Sarah's mirth.

"We have the faults of them. If they do not make good, it is, I believe, always some woman's fault."

"You make us responsible for the whole world!" Sarah cried.

"No, they are responsible for that, the big things achieved, civilization, but we are responsible for them. It is our business to love and cherish them, and never to forsake them from the day they are born until death us do part."

"You make the date of marriage very early!"

"One must be married to be the mother of one of them," Betty retorted. "That is why I believe in real citizenship for women. So, we shall be married to them and close enough to look after them all the way through," she concluded.

"What does Windy think of your views?" Sarah asked lightly.

"He doesn't know them. He only knows that I love him, but not how much," she answered, looking down at the green boughs spread like a wreath about her feet. "I didn't know at first myself. I thought it would be—just happiness—you see. You learn it. Love teaches you—it," she said.

"And Windy?" Sarah ventured.

"Oh, he doesn't know it, but he is learning very fast," she answered, smiling, changing into the witty feminine at her man's expense.

Some woman with Betty's wisdom should write a book on this subject and call it "Our Children." If she did, we should know more about than we do. They may be the sons of God, but they are the children of women forever.

THIS Winter of 1919 was not altogether a hard season in Millidge, except for the poor who suffered for lack of coal at the coal strike, and for the industrial workers who were thrown out of employment in the factories and mills half the time, due again to lack of fuel to conduct these businesses. The city authorities had their hands full. The charity workers had a great deal of profitless business, feeding these poisoned poor, and clothing these willfully naked, who surfeited at any job, and starved from perverted principle. They sickened and died on the town and the county at the city's expense, victims to the last of their agitators and leaders. But over and above this receding wave of madness, poverty, and hunger, there remained sanity. The real people kept up, went about their affairs and pleasures. The strike ended. There was finally coal for the furnaces and factories. The workers returned to their work. The first shock of this wave of unrest had passed; when men trembled for their businesses, and good people with catastrophic imaginations feared the worst. After all, you know, the worst never happens, because whatever is bad can be so much worse.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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Now you feel on your teeth a viscous coat called film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So well-brushed teeth, as millions know, discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped some trouble caused by film.

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THE EYES OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

she flirted indiscriminately and with considerable success.

Charlie Towne looked on with amazement and some misgivings at Sarah's performances. Having engaged herself to him, she dismissed him and effaced him on all those occasions when he might have shown as the affianced husband of this regal beauty. He was more than peeved; he was diminished. His office as the official lover in Millidge social circles had been declared vacant. Every woman now regarded him with that sort of indifference. He had become negligible when he had expected to be of a distinction and added importance.

"What has come over Sarah Crombie?" Cutmore asked his wife one evening after they had returned from a ball at the Golf and Country Club.

"She was perfectly lovely to-night," Betty answered, not catching the drift of his question.

"And she flirted openly with half a dozen men," he added.

"Yes, she's attending to Charlie Towne, paying him off for the affairs he affronted her with for years before he asked her to marry him," she answered.

"He's confoundedly resigned!" with a laugh as short as a sneer.

"I shouldn't wonder if Sarah kept it up indefinitely. She is very angry with him. She has been for years," she added.

"What is she marrying him for then?" he wanted to know.

"It is a way she has of putting her indignant foot on his neck. Some women are like that," she explained.

He said, drawing her closer, that he was certainly glad she was not like that.

"No, it wouldn't work in your case," she answered in a tone which implied that she had considered this plan and rejected it as not practical.

BETTY was passing through a period of peace and enchantment at this time. She was contented about her husband. Windy's soul of honor seemed to be resting quietly in the order of things. He was absorbed in his practice. He had ceased to be critical of Puckle. Indeed, that he had at last resigned himself to accept Puckle as a partner. There was no doubt about this being his point of view. In his own mind he always occupied the vantage-ground of being in the position to accept or refuse what was offered, or to get what was not offered but was essential to his happiness. He had never been affected or disciplined by his experience. He had a spirit that could not be bent, and that would not regret. He never reviewed his own past. His way of getting rid of it was to vault out of it and remember it against himself as monotony forever.

He left his deeds behind him, good and bad, as nature sheds the profits and losses of her seasons. This was a highly spiritual performance, but not moral By this means he was invariably free to commit his next aggression against the future. He had the qualities of a great nature, you may say, which is by no means to be confounded with a great character. His conscience had never really awakened, that thing in a man which fears and retreats and frequently saves him from errors and even crimes. He had only one ideal of honor, which never takes the place of conscience. The conditions of this secular world have crossed too many wires between every man and his ideal. Down here in the dust of the road, it is not so much your ideal as it is a question of the other fellow's rights. Cutmore recognized only his right to act according to his own honor; if that preserved the other fellow, so much the better; if it did not, his obligation ceased. In olden days you became a knight without fear and without reproach, or a bandit, still without fear and without reproach. But in more recent times men have died in prison or on the gallows for one adventure too many along this line.

Betty had a way of trailing her husband through these high mountain-passes where he kept his personal views of life. She followed him across perilous heights when she shuddered at the abyss below at which he was never aware. She suspected him of being an outlaw on these spiritual altitudes. But she kept up with him, wearing her wingtracks in the very air he breathed, determined to be his salvation any moment he needed salvation, waiting and praying morning and evening that God would take a hand in this business, fearing that the child she bore might be a son, doubting the wisdom of Windy's second not the father of a son under these circumstances.

During the early Spring months Martin Puckle continued to come in and out of this house. His manner was that of a man in a place where divine services are going on, subdued, delicately reverent, easily confused.

Betty was not talking much these days. She would sit folded in a blue-and-gold scarf Sang while Martin and Windy and Puckle talked. They were more companionable now. And while Windy frequently forgot her presence in the heat of an argument, as a man may forget his own heart, being sure it beats true to him, Puckle was always conscious of her. From time to time he consulted her with a glance, as if to say, "Are we going too fast for you?

And she would give him a smile, meaning, "No, you are not up with me yet."

Sometimes in these debates that raked

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THE EYES OF LOVE

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the world Puckle would get Cutmore on the defensive. Then Betty leaned forward in her chair with a look of confidence, a challenge, which, if Puckle caught the glint of it in her eye, confused him and made him stumble over the point which would undoubtedly have defeated his antagonist in this tournament of wit. But Puckle sometimes because the younger man with his swifter wit brought him to bay, would stand up on the hind legs of his mind like a particularly ugly, massive old bear and paw the air in deliberately helpless confusion.

This always brought the response he sought from Betty—a laugh sweet and high. She would lean back in her chair, smack her hands together, and fill that room with the triumphant trills of her merriment. Whereupon Cutmore would glance over his shoulder at her for the briefest instant and then return to the attack, hammer and tongs, always sure that Betty's bells would ring only to celebrate his victory, not Puckle's.

One evening they had started such a debate during dinner, on some obscure principle of the law, in that deep and secret place where it touches the mere instincts of life which have never been legalized, altho most laws are made to keep them within bounds.

They continued this discussion after they returned to the parlor. Puckle always took his coffee sitting, Cutmore took his standing. Betty invariably fortified herself behind the tray on a small table which had been placed before her. They were so arranged on this evening. Cutmore stood like the graceful sword of himself facing Puckle, his back turned to Betty. He was holding his cup and saucer in one hand, the other raised for a gesture, eyes bent on Puckle waiting for a chance to sweep all this wisdom of words aside with the simple statement of a man.

Puckle glanced at Betty. She was not smiling, and she would not return his glance. Her head was bent. Something in her manner, a sort of toilsome air of love that fears made him go on talking. He kept it up in the face of Cutmore's impatience to speak, as some statesman stops the settlement of dangerous issues in Congress with a wind of words that blows until the close of that session. He delivered himself and continued to do so. It was a dull harangue on what the law had done in the way of disciplining these elemental instincts of men. He illustrated. He made citations.

CUTMORE canceled his arraignments for that gesture, leaned with his elbow on the mantel, grimly determined to make his point, but willing to remain polite about it if Puckle did not push him too far.

"It is the subjugating of these instincts that makes society possible," the latter was saying. "You can not preserve any relation in life upon your own emotions, resentments, desires. You must recognize principles that do not recognize you, but the order of things which they preserve and protect. Then can not be any such thing as government or civilization without law, which merely counts you as a digit of the whole, not as an individual. You are compelled to submit your rights even to arbitration. We yield the privilege of settling our own differences, even in matters involving the most sacred honor, because if every man exercised it, the order would be disrupted. We should have groups and packs, but no unity of society, no common purpose, no wide security. The destinies——"

"Do you know what the 'unwritten law' is?" Cutmore interrupted.

"There should not be such a term recognized among enlightened peoples," Puckle answered shortly.

"It will exist, tho, as long as men do, because it is the one law that is written in us, not in any statute. It has outlasted all legislation, every form of government, because it is the strongest!" Cutmore exclaimed.

"It is the weakest place in us and in our order," Puckle retorted, glancing again at Betty, who seemed to have retreated and who was regarding him in a faint appeal.

"I grant you that we need a constitution and by-laws for the organizations in which we live and for the institutions we create, but there may come moments when a man's personal rights have been violated, and even if the courts avenged him, he is not quite a man if he waits for the law. Then it is a sort of divine inspiration to avenge his own wrong. Would I call a sheriff to protect Betty?"

"Oh, that is conceded," Puckle said impatiently.

"Suppose I am not called upon to defend my own life; suppose under circumstances which have arisen many times, especially during this War, as you know, an officer betrays some man under him, practically ruins that man's life, shall he sneak snivelingto a military court?"

Puckle made a sound. He was about to interrupt, but Cutmore would not be interrupted. He had forgotten every consideration save his own outraged honor.

"He would be a fool and a craven to do so. The War is over. We are man to man once more. If he crosses my sight now, such a man——" his glance flamed. He was about to betray himself before Betty. He had forgotten her. He had changed natures.

Betty was bending forward, lips parted, eyes wide with terror, fixed upon this Windy whom she had never seen before.

Then she had seen Puckle check him with some rumbled word of command.

Cutmore did not finish the sentence. He came to himself under Puckle's merciless stare. He turned, looked down at Betty. She perceived that this was not the man who had just flared into a rage.

"Hello, Betty," as if she were a pleasant surprise.

"Hello, Windy!" smiling faintly.

"All this prancing bothering you, Betty?"

"Oh, no!"

"It was just prancing," Puckle assured her.

"Yes," she said in a tone which implied that she had strength to speak only the shortest word, and preferred "yes."

AFTER that evening Puckle "irised out." He did not come as usual to dine with the Cutmores. But Mrs. Marshall was constantly there. Cutmore himself was side-tracked in his own house. Betty became the becalmed center of many delicate activities. She was "not going out" now. She was sunning herself most of the day in the warm June sunshine, by no means so conscious of herself as every one else was conscious of her. If she had a cross she wore it like a rose in her hair. She could be very, very when Sarah came in. Sarah was about to be married now. And she needed cheerful companionship.

It was about this time one evening that Windy came in with the grin of news on his face.

"I saw Tovey to-day," he announced. "He came into my office, stayed an hour. Wants moral support. In a perfect funk," he laughed.

"What is the matter with Mr. Tovey?" Betty asked, but not if you observed it, in the tone of curiosity.

"He's engaged to Margaret at last. When he told me, he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration off his face. Then he dried his fingers. He said he had been expecting it for a long time, but that it had happened quite suddenly."

"Margaret was in this afternoon; she told me," Betty answered, looking amused.

"It happened last night at the rehearsal they had for Sarah's wedding. Margaret says she was oppressed by the heat and went out on the veranda, alone. Presently Mr. Tovey came, looking for her.

"They sat down out there. He explained that Sarah had sent him. Margaret says she said that if Sarah had not sent him some one else would have noticed that they were not together and driven him forth to find her, and wasn't it awful! He agreed that it was. Then Mr. Tovey began to grumble. He said that they might really have liked each other, but that they had never had the chance to choose. She agreed that they had not been free agents. Not for one moment! he said, bitterly. Then they sat there and talked about us, Sarah and me, and the rest, the times we had made them get together, the various occasions when they would have liked to show their independence and act naturally. Margaret said it had been much harder on her, since she was the girl, and no doubt everybody thought one was trying to catch him, when many times she had tried to avoid him. Mr. Tovey said yes, and he had tried to help her avoid him, but it was no use. They were the victims of a conspiracy."

"And what did you say to that, Betty?" Cutmore interrupted, accusingly.

"Wait, I am coming to the climax," she exclaimed. "Margaret says that after they had roundly abused us all Tovey said complainingly, 'If we had only been left alone, we should no doubt have fallen in love, and now we don't know whether we are or not. And you don't know whether you want to marry me or not, do you, Margaret?' She says she admitted to him that she had been forced to think about this, and that it had been very embarrassing because he was the one person who never mentioned it to her. She says he seemed to be horribly cut up and that he had immediately taken both her hands in his and gone on. They were her very words. She left the rest to be inferred," Betty ended, laughing.

"You see, she really meant to get him!" Cutmore said.

"Oh, yes, she has always been in love with him. And I think Mr. Tovey was attracted to her. But he is timid. We had to give him a shove," she admitted.

"Not one, but many. The idea of Tovey's being timid!" he snorted.

"Well, somebody had to marry Margaret!"

"Why?"

"Because she wanted to love and be loved. Every woman does!"

"Even you?" teasingly.

"I am," she answered prettily.

By some unconscious association of ideas this reminded her to ask him about Puckle.

"Oh, Puckle is all right," he assured her. "But he's letting down. He is slumping. He is growing so fat he wheezes when he walks. He never plays golf now. Sometimes he works furiously. Sometimes he is so gentle he almost reminds you of a beatitude, then just as we begin to believe in his piety, he raises an infernal rumpus. He quarrels all day long at Smalley and Miss Smith, and I have to see any client that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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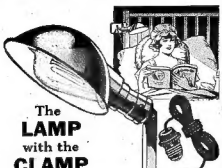

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THE EYES OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

comes because he'd take a piece out of him if we let him in there. I doubt if he is in good health."

"I do hope he won't die yet, Windy! He is such a dear man. And you are not quite on your feet for a big job like that yet!" she exclaimed anxiously.

Love is the most unscrupulous and acquisitive thing for love in this world. We do not know how many grasping millionaires got the habit first of grasping to feed and comfort and exalt some one beloved.

LATE in June the *Millidge Ledger* announced the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Windham Cutmore.

But the brief statement conveyed little idea of the commotion this event occasioned.

Cutmore was confounded. He had been taken completely by surprise, not by the advent of the baby, he had been expecting that, but by his own sensations. He told Puckle that Betty had a girl baby. Then he stood before him, running his hands through his hair as if this hair was giving him great pain. And he was so bemused that Puckle repeated his solicitous inquiry about Betty.

"Oh, Betty? She is all right."

His manner implied that Betty had not changed nor lost any grace since he saw her last. He was absorbed in something else, not even the baby, but in the astounding change in his sensations.

He went to Tovey's office and told him that he had "become a father." In reply to Tovey's congratulations, he said that he was "all shot to pieces." He said that no doubt it came natural for Betty to be a mother. Women were like that. They were born mothers. But he doubted if there had ever been a born father. It came as a shock to him. For more or because this infant could add him to a total stranger, altho it showed a marked preference for its mother.

This reminded him to warn Tovey if he ever became the father of a female infant, not to refer to it as "it" in the presence of "its" mother. Tovey said he showed the first signs of animation when he had gone in there and asked to see "it." She had looked up reproachfully and reminded him that the baby was as much entitled to her gender as if she had been a boy, and she had noticed that no one ever called a male infant "it."

"Now what do you think, Tovey, is she right about that?" he asked this senseless question.

Tovey was vague, but he had the impression that a boy came into his hepronoun at once.

"Yes, but why do we call the others 'it'? We do, instinctively. Is it delicacy, a desire to—er—conceal this sacred gender or—what?"

Tovey was not prepared to commit himself. The thing that astounded him was that Cutmore had gone off on this irrelevant tangent. He concluded that Cutmore was a bit off—nervous condition. He produced into the drawer of his desk and pulled out a flask.

"Here, you need a bracer," he said.

Cutmore stared at it. He never drank and he despised whisky, but that made no difference. He helped himself generously.

"Just leave it there. I may take some more presently," he said when Tovey made a motion to retrieve what remained of the precious stuff.

HE BECAME calm at once, talked rationally about matters in general, making only fleeting references to his own affairs until after the third drink when he became deadly calm. Then he told Tovey that he had an affair of honor to settle. He had had the choice before his marriage. He regretted that a foolish indiscretion had kept him from taking advantage of the opportunity. Now with a wife and child on his hands it made this harder to do. He dreaded the risks for them. But his purpose was fixed. He thought if he ever got this matter settled to his satisfaction he would himself be different. There were times when he doubted his sanity—he had thought so constantly of this one thing. Altho he had never mentioned it. He would not do so now, but in case anything happened to him he wanted Tovey to look after Betty and the baby. Puckle was all right, but he didn't care to leave them in his charge. Couldn't say why, no reason, just a feeling. And so on and so forth, speaking with studied distinctness.

Then he stood up and walked with studied steadiness from Tovey's astounded presence.

That day Mrs. Marshall told her husband that she hoped poor Betty would not find out the condition her husband was in. It would be bad for her.

"What condition is he in?" the Colonel asked mildly.

"He is perfectly drunk, lying on the sofa in the parlor!"

"Bless my soul!" the Colonel exclaimed. "Maybe it is because the baby is a girl."

"No, he said he was glad she is a girl. It is because he is what he is! There is no telling what Betty has suffered with a drunkard for a husband!" she moaned.

The charm of this baby grew on Cutmore, especially after Betty was up and around and could, you may say, demonstrate the infant. Puckle came at last to see it, and saw it a long time in silence. He had been coached in the use of acceptable pronouns by Cutmore.

"She is pretty, very pretty, and like her father," he said gravely.

Betty screamed with delight. He had conceded her sex, which was a dear and beautiful sex. And he had seen how much like Windy she was.

"You are the first one to mention the resemblance, Mr. Puckle!" she cried in tones of high praise. "I noticed it the moment I laid eyes upon her."

He wagged his head sententiously as if this was to be expected. He had in fact seen no likeness between this offspring and its father, but if ever a sycophant lived for the crums of a woman's favor, that sycophant was Puckle. His rule was to figure out what Betty wanted him to say, and to say it, regardless of any little toad of truth that might quat in the way of his mendacity.

BETTY made a visit to her parents in Culloden during August. When she came home a week later Sarah and Charlie Towne had returned from their wedding-journey. And they were preparing to get away again for the remainder of the Summer, after the military tournament. The various posts of the American Legion were to meet in Millidge during the last week in August, for the purpose of solidifying this organization and to advertise its numerical strength, which would in turn indicate the influence the Legion could exert on conditions in the State, whether industrial, political, or moral.

Millidge was vastly upheaved and animated preparing for this occasion. The business section was veiled in bunting of red, white, and blue. Cables stretched across the streets were hung with banners. There was a rooster comb of flags on top of the buildings. The avenues in the residence section were gay with patriotic emblems.

One evening Towne came home with a suppressed air of news. He waited until he was alone with Sarah after dinner to tell it.

"Hayden was in town to-day," he announced.

"What is he doing here?"

"Arranging for the entertainment of his men. He is one of the officers of the Legion at the post in Columbus; I had lunch with him."

"Not at the club!"

"No, we went to the Dingly Dell Tea-room!"

"Prudent!"

Towne squared himself before his wife. He regarded her with a hectoring, manly stare.

"See here, Sarah, Hayden is all right!" he said.

He has recovered from his injuries, then. But not from the fright Windy gave him." Coolly.

"You don't understand!" he protested.

"No, but that is why you must never bring him here. I will not receive him."

Towne came and seated himself argumentatively by her side.

"I brought that affair up with Hayden to-day," he began in spite of the gathering scorn in Sarah's eyes.

"He was perfectly frank about it. He said he was never more surprised than when Cutmore assaulted him. He could have thrashed him with one hand tied behind him, he said. And I don't doubt it. He is a very strong man. But he realized at once that Cutmore was insane, that he was not responsible. There had never been a difficulty between them. He scarcely knew Cutmore by sight. Does not remember ever having spoken to him. He had no idea of what was in Cutmore's crazed brain when he followed him out of the club that night. But when he saw that the man was irresponsible, mad as a hatter, he could not afford to beat him up."

Sarah listened imperviously.

"I think it is to his credit, and his silence afterward. He could have ruined Cutmore, but he held his peace."

"And left town!" Sarah added.

"Yes, he says that he expected every day to hear that Cutmore had done something else that proved his condition. He is certain that he is a dangerous lunatic, as I have thought for more than a year, I told Puckle so."

"What does Mr. Puckle think?"

"Nobody ever knows that. But he is hopelessly in love with Betty. That's why he keeps Cutmore as a partner. The way he has of holding things together for Betty. But it will come yet. You mark my prediction! Tovey says he was crazy drunk the day after Betty's baby came."

"Absurd! Windy doesn't drink; he never did," indignantly.

"No, he never did. But now he does. He is going to pieces. I tell you. First thing you know he will blow up like a rocket."

"Well, I wish Hayden would stay away from here! There is Betty and the baby to think of now," she said anxiously.

"Oh, he is coming with his post next week. Compelled to be on hand. But I imagine he will take some precaution to protect himself, and, of course, he will avoid Cutmore."

ON MONDAY the young veterans of the Great War began to pour into Millidge. They came on all trains, and special trains. They arrived on trucks, massed and whooping as they had crossed France to the front line trenches, and they marched in columns from the nearer towns.

Betty was out on the veranda with the baby in her carriage watching the splendid sight of thousands of soldiers in uniform swinging along the avenue.

She had been grievously disappointed because Windy would not wear his uniform, with its wound stripes and its gold stripes, nor join in the celebration on this splendid occasion. She thought that probably it was because Little Betty was a girl, and he felt that it was no use to "carry on" just for a girl. He had gone to the office as usual, giving the excuse that he was compelled to prepare for an important railway damage suit which would come up at the September term of the court. However, as the hours passed and the air throbbed with the boom of cannon, and shivered with the shouts of soldiers, her spirits rose. She hoped Windy would meet some of his old comrades, and that he would bring them home with him for dinner. She spent the afternoon preparing for this emergency. She expected him to call over the phone and tell her how many and who were coming with him. He usually did, but as the hours passed and he did not call her, she decided to call the office.

Mr. Cutmore had not been in that day, Smalley informed her. Windy had changed his mind. After all he was out having a good time. She was glad.

When dinner was ready to serve he had not come in. She did not expect her husband to keep hours on a day like this. He was usually punctual. Let him be unpunctual if he was enjoying himself. She went up and put the baby to bed. She was already dressed for the evening, but she went back to her mirror and enhanced herself with a touch here and there. Then she came down-stairs and waited. The noise of the day was dying down. It was dark now, and nearly nine o'clock.

She was seated at the piano playing a military air she had heard from a band passing that morning, when the telephone bell tinkled. She flew to answer. Windy, at last!

It was not Windy. Sarah was calling. She said she just wanted to know how Betty had enjoyed the day. Yes, it had been splendid. Was the baby well? That was all right. Asleep? Good. Had Windy come in yet? No. Well, all the men were out with the boys to-night. If Betty was lonesome she could come over. Charlie was out too. Good-by.

Betty went to the kitchen door and told Marie that she was not to wait for dinner. There was no telling when Mr. Cutmore would get in. They would just change the dinner into a cold supper when he did come. Then the phone rang again. Surely it was Windy this time. But it was Mr. Puckle.

"Hello! That you, Betty?" his voice sounded gay. "Has Windy come in yet?" No, she was expecting him every minute. Was he coming out? She would be glad to have him."

"No; may come later. Tell Windy to call me when he comes in. I'll be at the office!"

Well, she would, she said, and hung up the receiver, wondering as she did so why Mr. Puckle was staying in the office so late. She was coming up the hall from the phone when the door-bell rang. She flew to the door. Windy must have forgotten his latch-key!

"How are you, Betty; all right?" Crombie's voice came in, and then Mr. Crombie himself stepped across the doorsill, stood looking down at Betty like a white-face liar, smiling but not pompous as he usually was.

"Yes, I am all right. Why?" she asked, feeling a strange, sinking sensation about her heart.

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"Oh, I was just passing; thought I'd drop by. Windy in yet?"

"No. I'm expecting him every minute," she answered in a voice that shook the least bit.

"Well, half the fellows are out that should be in. Town's in an uproar. Great time. I'll send Sarah over to keep you company until Windy gets in. Baby might get sick or something!" he said.

"Oh, no, you needn't do that. The baby is perfectly well, and I'm expecting Windy any minute now," she answered.

She went back into the parlor and sat where the light made shadows. She was strangely faint. Her hands trembled as she laid them upon her breast. What was the matter with her? Why did her hands tremble, and why was she holding them to her breast? Windy would be here any minute now. And of course she was weak. It was past nine o'clock and she had not had her dinner! That was not fair to the baby. She would go and have something at once.

But she did not go. She remained seated like the pale ghost of herself, listening, listening with her very heart for Windy's step. The baby began to cry. She could hear the fretful wail up-stairs. She must go up and nurse the baby. But she did not go. She did not have time, she was listening so intently for Windy. She forgot the baby; presently she remembered and realized that it had stopped crying. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was five minutes past eleven.

SOME one came hurriedly upon the veranda. She was at the door. She flung it open. This was Tovey standing in the dark outside.

"Mr. Tovey!" she cried. "Where is Windy? What has happened? So many people have been here, calling on the phone, asking for him. And I don't know where he is!" she wailed.

"Hush, Betty; don't talk so loud. The street is full of people," he whispered.

"I'll find Windy. You go in and keep quiet; don't answer the phone any more to-night, and don't come to the door if the bell rings, unless I call you," he said hurriedly as he came up the steps.

Betty closed the door. She stood trembling, a prey to every fear. She turned her head, looking for something on the wall. She reached out a hand and touched the black button on the electric switch. The light paled and died in the globes above her head. She began to move about like a burglar in her house, pressing these buttons. She had the feeling suddenly that these lights might attract curious eyes. She needed this darkness to protect her. Then she came back and sat on the lowest step of the stairs. If the baby cried again she would go in. If not, she would wait here until Windy came.

The night was warm, but she shivered. Her teeth chattered. She had no idea what time it was now. Some one was whistling far down the street. She stiffened to attention. Some one was coming up from the pavement to the house, still whistling that familiar tune. She tried to rise when she heard the rattle of a key in the door. She saw him enter by the light in the street outside, and close the door. She heard him fumble for the switch on the wall.

The next instant the hall was flooded with light, and she saw Windy standing before her.

That was the last of him. He faded into a swift darkness. She knew nothing until she returned to consciousness on the sofa in the parlor with Windy's arms about her.

"You poor darling," he exclaimed, smiling as he kissed her. "Why didn't you go to bed?"

She did not return this smile. She was still staring at him, searching him with agonized eyes.

"I should have called you. I did try; couldn't get you. All the telephone girls out on a lark, or at the windows watching the crowds, I suspect. But I expected to get back long before night."

She glanced at his shoes, caked with mud and dust, like the shoes of one who has made a hard journey.

"Where have you been, Windy?" she whispered through dry lips.

He was about to laugh, but her look forbade it.

"Out of town, all day," he answered.

"Why?"

"Didn't want to be here; that's why. Expected to come in late, lost my way, wandered around for hours. Thought I'd never get back! Awful sorry you've been stirred up; couldn't help it."

"You walked?"

"Back, yes. Didn't take the car down this morning. Such a crowd; no place to park it. Had a chance to go, and I went."

"Windy, something has happened to you. What is it?" she asked, beginning to shiver.

Nothing has happened to me," he protested, and was about to go on speaking when the look in Betty's eyes stopped him.

"You didn't come," she began slowly. "I expected you every minute, but you didn't come. Then Sarah called up to ask if you had come, and if the baby was asleep, and if I was all right. Before I could think how strange it was that she should be asking such questions, Mr. Puckle called and asked if you were here. This was after nine o'clock. Somebody rang the door-bell. I thought it was you. It was Mr. Crombie. He wanted to know if you had come in. And *he* asked if I was all right. He said he would send Sarah to keep me company. I told him no; I was expecting you any minute. Oh, I told them all that! Hours passed and the bell rang again. This time it was Tovey. He was frightened. His face was white as a sheet. He caught my hands and held them tight, and I felt his trembling. He asked for you too. Then he said he would go and find you. He told me not to answer the telephone any more to-night, and not to come to the door. So I turned out the lights and sat down there on the stairs to wait for you. What does it mean, all those people trying to find you, and Tovey telling me not to answer the bells?" she concluded with a dry sob.

"I haven't the least idea," he answered vaguely. "Unless they had something on for the evening," he added.

"No, Tovey was frightened, and they all lied to me. I could feel their lies like chills creeping over me!"

At this moment the phone rang. He started up.

"No, I'll answer it," she said.

He followed.

"Yes, this is Betty, Sarah," she said. "Of course I'm all right—" her voice lifted to lightness. "Windy? Yes, he is here—He's been out of town all day; just in. No, indeed, I have not been frightened. Thank you. Good night."

She moved to give place to him at the phone.

"Mr. Puckle left a message for you to call him when you came in. He said he would be in the office," she informed him.

"Well, he's probably in bed, where you should have been hours ago. It is after twelve," he said, "and I am hungry as a bear."

She was not convinced, but she was reassured by this nonchalance. With a little cry she flung herself upon his breast; she clung to him.

"Oh, Windy," she sobbed; "I love you so! I love you!"

"Of course you do," he laughed.

They crossed the hall to the dining-room. They sat down to the table. But before Cutmore could help Betty's place, a hoarse, monotonous cry sounded far down the avenue.

Betty looked at her husband. "What is it? What are they calling?" she breathed, all the terror of the night returning to oppress her.

He did not answer. He was listening. Betty saw him whiten. The blood leave his lips, his eyes widen and darken, not with fear, but what was it? This look that she had never seen before on his face? Triumph! Horrible triumph!

"Windy!" she screamed.

"Wait, Betty," he cried, thrusting back his chair. "I will be back in a minute." And passed swiftly into the hall.

She heard him working impatiently at the front door, too eager to remember the latch. And she could hear distinctly now what the news-hawks were crying as they drew nearer.

"Extra! Extra! All about the Hayden murder!"

"All about the Hayden murder! Extra!"

She came slowly into the hall. She climbed the stairs, as these stairs had been a steep mountain. She remembered the name. How many times these months past she had repeated Hayden's name to herself, wondering what this man had to do with her husband. What it was between them that no one would mention. Something dreadful, Mrs. Patten had said. And now Hayden was dead, murdered. And Windy had been away all day. No one knew where. And oh! she wanted her precious, innocent baby!

"A man has been murdered," Cutmore announced grimly when he came up-stairs, to find Betty with her baby asleep in her arms.

THEN he saw it in her eyes that till this moment had always meant love, a speechless terror of him. He came and stood before her.

"What are you thinking, Betty?" he demanded.

She was silent. She dropped her eyes as if this sight of him was another murder in her heart.

"That I killed him?"

No answer.

"Listen, Betty, it was for you, because you love me the way you do, that I didn't kill him. That is why I left town to-day. Lest I should see him and do it. You must believe me!"

"I want to believe, Windy!" she moaned.

He seized a chair, thrust it roughly in front of her, and sat down. Still she did not lift her eyes. It was as if she could not.

"I will tell you all about it; I've meant to for a long time, as soon as you were strong enough to bear it," he began with a sob.

For the next hour Betty listened to the story of Cutmore's tragedy. He began with what had happened in France. He told everything, his intolerable sufferings, his humiliation, finally his uncontrollable fury at the sight of Hayden that evening at the club.

"I would have killed him then, but he

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Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

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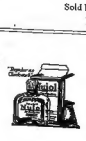

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begged for his life when I had my hands on his throat. He promised to leave and never to show his face in this town again. Last week, Saturday it was, I heard that he had been here, that he would come with his post to the Legion celebration this week.

"This morning I started to the office," he went on speaking. "I had a horror of this, of this day, of what it might bring forth. Down here at the next corner I saw that old covered wagon creeping into town. Babe was driving. He had ten gallons of liquor hidden in his fodder and bedclothes. I knew what would happen to him if he undertook to sell it. And I was afraid of what would happen to—to you, Betty, if I stayed in town, knowing that Hayden had defied me. So, I got into the wagon with Babe and made him turn his team back toward the country."

Betty's eyes had risen upon him again. But his own were lowered now. His face worked. He made an effort to speak and sobbed instead. At last he went on speaking gently as of some case he had.

"It was a pleasant day, like no day I have had in years, not since I lived on Crow's Mountain. I began to feel the old gay peace I have not known even in your love, Betty, not since those weeks of horror in France. We talked of the plainest things, no thinking, just the things you know and feel without thinking. But for you and the baby, I should have gone on with Babe to the mountain. The best law practise in this town could not have held me."

"Don't say another word, Windy!" Betty cried. "I understand and I believe. I understand everything now, the whole of you, dear!"

She laid the baby in its crib and took this elder child to her breast. He went on talking about this day, the release he had felt from the fury of thinking about Hayden. He had left Babe early in the afternoon. The trails through the woods confused him and he had lost the way. It was after eleven o'clock before he came in sight of the lights of the town.

But he did not tell her that the house was being watched at this moment. He had seen these men in the shadows on the opposite side of the street when he came in. Later when he went out to buy the "Extra" they were still there, he remembered now, and understood.

THE next morning Cutmore was himself to Betty's eyes. She embraced him tenderly at the door when he started for the office. She ventured to wave to him after he had stepped into his car. She smiled when he answered with a quick flirt of his hand. Another car came up behind and obstructed her view. She went back in the house, tho she had meant to watch Windy out of sight.

Cutmore went immediately to Puckle's office.

Puckle was sitting there as usual behind his desk. He stared when Cutmore entered as if he saw a ghost.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning, Windy!"

"I have seen the papers; got in last night just before the extra came out," he began at once.

"Where were you before that?" Puckle asked, regarding him steadily.

Cutmore told him the story of his day in Babe Thompson's wagon, of why he had gone.

"Be difficult to prove an alibi on that fellow's testimony; meet anybody, speak to anybody on the road?"

"Not a soul, except Thompson."

Puckle was silent. Cutmore perceived that he did not believe this story.

"How's Betty?" he asked gruffly.

"She is all right."

The door opened and an officer appeared, with Miss Smith and Smalley showing for a moment like terrified specters behind him. He had a warrant for the arrest of Windham Cutmore, he said. Was this Mr. Cutmore? approaching him. It was. He held out the ugly paper.

"That's all right, Officer. You go ahead. We will come down presently and fix this up!" Puckle said coolly.

The officer hesitated. Then, "Very well, Mr. Puckle, I'll just drift around outside," he said with another look, curious, half admiring, at Cutmore as he went out.

"We may as well go now and see this through," Puckle rumbled, rising and putting on his hat.

They went out together. They walked together through the crowded street with a hundred curious eyes fixed upon them; not a word was exchanged between them. Cutmore wondered vaguely why he was doing this, going with Puckle, allowing Puckle's name and influence to weigh for him in this crisis when he was sure Puckle believed in his guilt. But not for a moment since he had entered his house last night and saw Betty lying like a broken lily on the bottom step of the stairs, had that vision been out of his mind. He supposed this was why he was accompanying Puckle. For the first time in his life he did not think of himself at all, neither his honor nor his life. He was thinking of Betty.

When he came home that evening he did not tell her of the preliminary trial before the Coroner, nor that he was out on bond, charged with the murder of Randolph Hayden, nor that Puckle believed he was guilty, altho, through his, Puckle's influence, an immediate hearing had been secured and also an order admitting him to bail, awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. Puckle had said he would keep it out of the papers. Therefore she need not know—yet. He told her simply that he was very tired. She could understand that. She ministered to him, and did not talk nor tell him that her father had been there during the day. Only one question she asked him.

"Windy, haven't you any idea who did it?"

He shook his head.

She went up-stairs to the baby. After a while he followed. It was an effort, he noticed, climbing the stairs. He felt like a man whose fever had left him.

HIS weakness was so great the next day that he only managed to conceal it until he reached the office, where he sat all day not working. No one came in, neither Puckle nor the clerks. He understood.

That evening Betty asked him the name of the other man who had survived that terrible night in France.

"Harpeth, John Harpeth," he answered after a pause.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"Have you seen him since?"

"Once."

"Where?"

There was a perceptible pause this time before he answered.

"In my office, last October, while you were in Culloden. I told you last night what a wreck he was, half crazed. I have no idea what became of him."

"Did he know about Hayden? The wrong order he had given that sent you to—to so many deaths?"

"Yes, he knew. He talked about Hayden. He was very bitter, of course."

The next morning Puckle received a letter, among many others. He read it. Then he read it a second time. Then he stared at it and murmured, "Poor child; poor little Betty!"

Puckle was out of his office the whole of that morning. When he came back after lunch he went in to see Cutmore. He found him stretched on an old leather couch with his arms over his head, staring at the ceiling.

"Don't get up," he said quickly, when Cutmore made an effort to rise.

"I think you told me you were the only man who survived that night Hayden sent the seven of you out when you were caught in the German advance," he began.

"Yes, that is what I said," Cutmore answered.

"But you were not!" Puckle announced.

"I thought so then."

"What about Harpeth?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Probably dead, was nearly, the last time I saw him."

"He was here with the Legion last week. Name's on the roster. Saw it myself today. Registered queer. Don't see how they let it pass. 'John Harpeth, for Captain Hayden,'" he repeated.

"Poor devil!" Cutmore murmured.

Puckle got up from his chair, came and bent over Cutmore, who regarded him with a gray smile on his dry lips.

"Young man, you go home, and don't come back here until I send for you!" he commanded roughly.

Cutmore did not move. He continued to smile that emaciated grin into Puckle's face.

"Can you get up?" Puckle demanded suspiciously.

"No, I don't think I can," Cutmore answered indifferently.

PUCKLE went out and saw Smalley. Smalley seized his hat and disappeared. Puckle came back and looked at Cutmore, whose eyes were closed. This would never do! He rumbled it without saying it.

Cutmore lifted his lids heavily and regarded the red face above him still with that weary smile.

"So now you believe I am innocent!" he said.

"Of course you are. Plain as a nose on a dog's face! You are always innocent, darn it!"

Cutmore lay in a strange peace, with Betty beside his bed. He had dismissed the baby. He dismissed the doctor every day; over and over he told the nurse to go out; he wished to be alone with Betty. And when he was alone with her he explained to her that he must get back to Crow's Mountain, where they could love each other in peace. There was a house on the ridge above the falls. It was a good one. He had lived in it for a year. They would go back to this house, yes. And Betty would be happy, perfectly, because there was no world in this place and their nearest neighbor would be the blue sky. There was a little old gray church in the cove below. He used to attend services there every Lord's Day. Did she know that? They would go there together. The old codger couldn't preach a lick, which was so much the better, he smiled enigmatically at her. Never once had he asked about the tragedy that had laid him low. And no one had dared to bring it to mind by telling him that Puckle had discovered John Harpeth confined in the ward of a Base Hospital, from which he had escaped twice already, only to be found and brought back. He was insane. He readily admitted having followed Hayden to his room in the Madison Hotel at eight o'clock on the evening of August the 25th, where he had shot him. It was at this same hour, he said, that Hayden sent the seven of them to their death two years before in No Man's Land.

Puckle came out one evening. Betty met him down-stairs in the parlor. She was very pale and prayerfully sweet.

"The doctor tells me that Windy is better," he said cheerfully.

"Yes, we hope so."

"But it's been a tight squeeze. He thinks this collapse is due to a long strain, not a recent condition at all."

"Mr. Puckle, will he ever be well again?" she asked, as if this was a petition she desired of him.

"He will. I promise you that," he answered in his firmest tones.

Had he ever denied Betty anything? Not so long as he could do or give or lie to comfort her. He was not telling her now therefore what the doctor had really said, that Cutmore might live six months or a year, but that he was bound to go, burned out, nothing but the wick of a remarkable vitality left.

Presently they went up-stairs together. The sight of Puckle seemed to remind Cutmore of something. He wished to be alone with Puckle. Betty and the nurse went out.

He began to grin his gray grin.

"I made it, Sir!" he said, using the title he conferred on Puckle only when he was in the mood of the highest respect toward his senior partner.

"Yes, you have made it," Puckle agreed.

"I'll not resign again," he went on with a yellow twinkle in his eye, "but I'm asking for leave of absence."

"Granted; best thing you could take," Puckle assured him.

"We, Betty and I, are going up to my house on the mountain pretty soon. The doctor agrees," he went on.

"He told me to-day you might start in a week, camp out, take it easy. He thinks he'll go along with you," Puckle answered.

"Yes, I understand—you and the doctor."

"Oh, we'll get you there!"

"And I shall go out up there."

"Hey?"

"Betty knows, but she doesn't know that she knows. She can stand it. She will be glad to see me through. She's that kind."

Puckle nodded. "Oh, she will have you up and around in no time," he said.

"BUT afterward," Cutmore went on as if Puckle had not said anything, "afterward it will go hard with her. You will look after her. We understand one another, you and I."

"No, we don't," Puckle retorted, blowing his nose violently. "I doubt if we do at all. You are a sick man. You've lost your kick. You'll come up presently, prancing. But whatever happens, I'll look after Betty. And you too," he put in as an afterthought.

"So long as she lives?"

"So long as either of you live!" answered this honest gentleman, playing the game to the last card, keeping up his front, betraying not a tremor of his heartache to this man who read it like an open book with the prescience of those who pass soon.

The knights are not all dead. These two measured one another, according to his valor, each after the manner of his kind, and were satisfied. Then Chevalier Puckle went down-stairs and told Betty that her husband was on the high road to health, that she was to dismiss her anxieties and begin preparations at once for that journey to Windy's mountain.

THE END

We have published seven novels by Kathleen Norris. Her latest serial, "The Love of Lucretia Lombard," opens in this number. It is her best book since "Julia Page" and "The Heart of Rachael." It is a modern romance concerned with the love-affairs of a sensitive young girl, a strong man, and a strange woman. The story keeps you in suspense until the closing chapters. Read it! It begins on page 5.

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